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**The Cambridge Edition of the Poets**

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**MILTON**

**EDITED BY**

**WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY**







*John Milton*



THE  
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF  
JOHN MILTON

Cambridge Edition



*Printed by W. G. Woodcut, St. Giles*

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text here given follows in general the edition of 1645 for the poems covered by that edition, that of 1667 for *Paradise Lost*, that of 1671 for *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. Occasional readings from the other early editions have been preferred. In the matter of spelling and capitalization a compromise has been attempted between complete modernization and complete adherence to the originals. Generally speaking, the old spelling has been retained where the frequency of its occurrence entitled it to the rank of usage, or where it may be judged to have some special value in the verse.

In regard to the prose translations of the Latin poems a word may be prefaced. With the verse translations of Cowper, Strutt, and Masson already in existence, the chief justification of a prose rendering is naturally to be looked for in its literalness. The present translator has nevertheless taken occasional liberties with the original, in order to make clear, without resort to notes, the allusive passages. Here and there, also, an epithet has been omitted, or an unimportant phrase suppressed, in order to avoid a cumbersome effect in the prose.

The dates attached to each poem are in some cases certain, in others conjectural. An attempt has been made to justify the assumption of dates only in the few cases where the usual and accepted chronology has been departed from. In the English poems, the chronological order of arrangement has been followed, except in the case of the *Nativity Ode*, which has been given a more conspicuous position than it is chronologically entitled to, and in the case of two or three short poems of the Horton period, transposed for mechanical reasons. In the Latin poems, the arrangement made by Milton has been preserved; but several short pieces of minor interest, and three bits of Greek verse, have been transferred to the Appendix.

Much of the matter usually given in notes has been incorporated in the introductions and headnotes. The notes proper have been made as brief and as strictly explanatory as possible. No notes have been furnished for the Latin poems, as an effort has been made in the prose renderings to meet all important difficulties of interpretation.

Milton has been so much written about that it is next to impossible for an editor to acknowledge specifically the aid which he has received from his predecessors in the field. No editor or biographer, however, can well omit mentioning his indebtedness to the researches of Professor Masson, though to do so is to be guilty of obviousness.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

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The portrait which fronts the title-page is that known as the Onslow portrait, from its having belonged to Speaker Onslow, but it has disappeared since the sale of Lord Onslow's pictures in 1828. It had originally belonged to Milton's widow. This photograph is after Vertue's engraving made in 1731 from the portrait then in Speaker Onslow's possession.

W. V. M.

NEW YORK, February 13, 1899.

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# THE LIFE OF MILTON

## I

### YOUTH AND COLLEGE LIFE, 1608-1632

WE are aided in the study of Milton's life by the sharpness of line which separates the three main epochs of his history: his life of student ease, during which he was preparing himself with consecration for his poetic vocation; his life of public service, when he put behind him his poetic ambitions and threw himself with fanatical ardor into the struggle for liberty; and his old age, when, blind and discredited, he sat down amid the wreck of everything for which he had given his best twenty years, to write the poem which from early youth he had felt it his mission to leave to the nation.

Milton's youth was singularly sweet and sheltered. / He was born in London on the 9th of December, 1608, the son of John Milton, a scrivener or solicitor doing business at the sign of the Spread Eagle in Bread Street. It is worth noting that for two generations at least the Miltons had exhibited intense partisanship in the religious disputes which agitated the nation. Richard Milton, the poet's grandfather, had been a stubborn Catholic recusant under Elizabeth, and John Milton, the poet's father, had broken with his family in order to join the Puritans. The Puritanism of the home in Bread Street was not, however, of an ascetic or unlovely type. The father was an accomplished musician, of some note as a composer, and could even on occasion try his hand at poetry. This mellow atmosphere of taste and cultivation, spiritualized by a sincere piety, united with larger circumstances to enrich life for the young poet. / We must remember that in Milton's childhood Shakespeare was still alive, that at the Mermaid Tavern, probably in the very street where the scrivener's house stood, Ben Jonson held his "merry meetings," and that most of the stalwart figures which had made the reign of the Virgin Queen illustrious were still to be seen about the streets of London. There was as yet hardly a hint of the passing away of those "spacious times," of the spirit of romance and adventure, which had filled Elizabethan England. His nature, therefore, was in no danger of being starved at the outset, as it must have been if his birth had fallen a few decades farther on in the struggle between the old and the new, when Puritanism had narrowed and hardened itself in order to project itself more forcibly against its enemies.

Yet perhaps it is not fanciful to see an adumbration of the new spirit soon to darken over England, in the unchildlike devotion with which the boy Milton gave himself to his studies. First under a private tutor, one Thomas Young, a Presby-

terian curate, whom he revered tenderly in later life, and afterwards at St. Paul's School, he applied himself so eagerly to his studies that, as he himself says, from his twelfth year on he rarely left his books before midnight. Besides reading the classical authors necessary for admission to the university, he was allowed to wander freely through the literature of his own tongue; the poets who have left the most distinct trace on his early work are Spenser and Sylvester, the latter in his translation of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of the French moralistic poet Du Bartas. In Milton's earliest verses, the paraphrases of Psalms CXIV and CXXXVI, written at fifteen, commentators have discerned traces of reading from such diverse authors as Chaucer, Drayton, Drummond, Fairfax (the translator of Tasso) and Buchanan. A portrait by the Dutch painter Jansen which has been preserved to us, painted, it is true, before this passion for study began, but doubtless representing faithfully enough the features which Milton retained through boyhood, shows a reassuringly healthy little face. The gaze is frank and level, though with a sweet after-seriousness; the form under the black braided dress betrays a delicate vigor, and the firm lines of the head are emphasized by the close-cropping of the auburn hair.

The one event worth chronicle in his school life is his friendship with Charles Diodati, a young Anglo-Italian whom he met at St. Paul's school. It was full of boyish generosity and emulation, and was perhaps the warmest human relationship which Milton ever experienced. It continued to grow in spite of their separation. Diodati went to Oxford, and Milton, at the age of sixteen, entered Christ's College, Cambridge.

The routine of a seventeenth-century college, with its fixed tasks and small tutorial methods, could hardly fail to be irksome to a spirit like Milton's, just awakening to the first arrogant consciousness of power. He complains that he is "dragged from his studies," and compelled to employ himself in "composing some trivial declamation." Whether on this or some other score, he got into trouble with his tutor Chappell, was rusticated for a time, and on his return was transferred to another tutor. A Latin verse-epistle (Elegy I) addressed to Diodati, recounting gaily his visits to the theatres and parks of London, marks the date of his temporary suspension. The same epistle contains a rapturous eulogy of the girls of London, the tone of which, with its youthful hyperbole and ardor, is particularly pleasant in his case.

For already he had begun to lay the foundations of that "conscious moral architecture" which was to be the dominant ideal of his life and to mark him out sharply among the spontaneous and desultory race of poets. His college companions, noting his fresh-colored oval face, his flowing auburn hair, his slender frame, his fastidiousness in manners and in morals, nicknamed him, with the happy off-hand criticism given to undergraduates, the "Lady of Christ's." What they interpreted as feminine in him was really the expression of a deep conviction on his part, — a conviction virile enough, since it was to determine his whole conscious existence, but so far removed into the realm of ideality that it may well have seemed



a little wan to his boisterous companions, even if they had taken the trouble to understand it. This conviction was that he was appointed to some great work of poetic creation, and that such a work could come only as the outgrowth of a life of austerity. As yet it was merely the delicate austerity, the fastidious abstention, of an Elizabethan; but it was of a kind to turn easily into something sterner. That this double conviction had taken complete possession of Milton's mind before he left college, two passages from his verse of this period testify. One we find imbedded in a Latin epistle to Diodati (Elegy VI), who, sending him some verses, has excused himself for their lightness of tone by the fact that they were composed in the midst of country merry-making. Milton accepts the excuse, but declares that the poet who would sing of great themes, "of wars, and of Heaven under adult Jove, and of pious heroes, and leaders half-divine, singing now the holy counsels of the gods above, and now the realms profound where Cerberus howls, — such a poet must live sparsely, after the manner of the Samian teacher. Herbs must furnish him his innocent food; clear water in a beechen cup, sober draughts from the pure spring, must be his drink. His youth must be chaste and void of offence; his manners strict; his hands without stain. He shall be like a priest shining in sacred vestment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the jealous gods. . . . Yea, for the bard is sacred to the gods: he is their priest. Mysteriously from his lips and breast he breathes Jove." There is in this perhaps an element of convention and of boyish bombast, but it is nevertheless the same thought which he expressed twenty years later, when he declared his early belief that "he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem . . . not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

Again, in the fragment entitled *At a Vacation Exercise in the College*, after singing the praises of English speech, he goes on to speak of the kind of subject upon which he longs to try its powers. He would take his hearers,

"Where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling pole, and at Heaven's door  
Look in, and see each blissful deity  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie  
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings." . . .

It is a side illustration of the remarkable unity of Milton's purpose, that, translating the pagan terms here given into Biblical ones, this subject is the one to which, in old age, he reverted for his supreme effort.

He did not content himself with theory alone. } During the seven years which he spent at Cambridge, he wrote, besides much Latin verse, a number of English poems. Of these only three or four are remarkable enough to have singled Milton out from the crowd of young poets and poeticules who then swarmed at the universities. First among these is of course the *Hymn on the Nativity*, written in the fifth year of his college residence, when he was twenty-one years old. The

opening stanzas are disfigured by the conceits and ingenuities which had been made fashionable in England by the extraordinary poems of John Donne, seconded by the example of the Italian poet Marini. But as the poem progresses, Milton's imagination takes fire, the images gain in majesty and richness, and the language gathers a kingly confidence of rhythm and phrase, a shadowed but triumphant music, like the chanting of young seraphs awe-struck at their theme, — which were altogether new in English verse. One has to know with some minuteness what poetry had been under Elizabeth and James, to realize the unique quality of voice in this Hymn. Taking the poem as a whole, one can scarcely agree with Hallam that it is "perhaps the finest ode in the English language," but again and again in its unequal lines Milton sends a herald voice into the wilderness, announcing in no dubious tones the advent of a master of song.

Clearly as we can now see Milton's gift announced in these early college efforts, they by no means stilled their author's restless desire to make that announcement more signal. The sonnet on his twenty-third birthday breathes deep dissatisfaction with his accomplishment up to that time. He grudges the "hasting days" which leave him songless, and — thinking perhaps, as Mr. Gosse suggests, of young Abraham Cowley, whose marvellously precocious productions had already made him famous in his thirteenth year — he speaks enviously of those "more timely happy spirits," the blossoming of whose genius had been seasonable. From this grudging mood he rises at the end into a tone of large resignation to the conditions under which he shall be called to work out his desires. When we consider what those conditions were to be, the words fall upon the ear with a special accent: —

"Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-master's eye."

It was in such a mood that Milton left Cambridge, after seven years' residence there. His father had intended him for the church, but such a career, although not yet rendered impossible by his broadening opinions, was distasteful because of the trammels it imposed. An academic career was no more alluring, even if it had been possible without taking orders. His discontent with the Cambridge tone comes out several times in his Latin verses and elsewhere. In his first elegy, alluding to his rustication from college, he exclaims, "How ill does that place suit with poets!" and in one of his pamphlets he makes disdainful allusion to the young graduates who "flutter off all unfledged into theology, having gotten of philology or philosophy scarce so much as a smattering," and who for theology "are content with just what is enough to enable them to patch up a paltry sermon." Upon Cambridge, therefore, and its "turba legentium prava" he turned his back, not however, to return to the house in Bread Street. His father, having acquired a competency, had retired to the little village of Horton in Buckinghamshire, seven

teen miles to the southwest of London; here, amid rural sights and sounds, Milton was to spend the next five years, the happiest of his life.

## II

## HORTON PERIOD, 1632-1638

It was fortunate for the harmonious development of Milton's genius that during the critical years between youth and manhood, years which in most men's lives are fullest of turmoil and dubiety, he was enabled to live a life of quiet contemplation. His nature was fiercely polemical, and without this period of calm set between his college life and his life as a public disputant, the sweeter saps of his mind would never have come to flower and fruitage. It was particularly fortunate, too, that this interim should be passed in the country, where the lyric influences were softest, where all that was pastoral and genial in his imagination was provoked. The special danger of men of his stamp, in whom will and doctrine are constantly president over impulse, is the loss of plasticity, the stiffening of imagination in its bonds. His "long holiday" at Horton left Milton free to capture in verse the ductile grace of youth, to have his leafy season. Afterward his work was to be less a sylvan growth, and more a monumental thing builded with hands.

The narratable facts of these five years are naturally few. Milton says himself that he "spent a long holiday turning over the Latin and Greek authors," and some volumes annotated by him have been preserved to show the wide range of reading indicated. The most notable additions to his treasury of thought were contributed by Euripides and Plato. He made occasional visits to London, for instruction in music and mathematics, to purchase books, to visit the theatres, and to call upon his married sister Anne Phillips or his younger brother Christopher, now entered as barrister at the Inner Temple. The facts of real significance, however, are the ones which cannot be chronicled, — the drama which goes on in every sensitive life between the individual soul and the spirit of nature. The episodes are nothing, — a ramble by starlight along a piece of water, a nesting bird surprised in the hedge, a speaking light at dawn, — but the results, when the one actor is young enough to meet the eternal youth of the other, are not to be measured. In the beautiful Sonnet to the Nightingale we see the habitual seriousness of Milton's nature invaded by the tenderness and soft vague passion of spring in the country; it has a troubadour grace and wistfulness discernible nowhere else among his utterances. More characteristically and with equal beauty, these new influences found expression in the twin poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, named from the two typical moods of mind in which the poet confronts the pageantry of nature, the mood of joyous receptivity and the mood of sober contemplation. In the studied symmetry of these poems, their contrapuntal answering of part to part, as well as in the objective standpoint from which they are written, there is a self-consciousness alien to the born nature poet. Such a poet indeed Milton was not

He sees nature neither with the spiritual insight of Wordsworth nor with the childlike absorption and awe of his contemporary Henry Vaughan. Standing outside nature, he uses its spectacles as text and illustration of a mood which has its origin within. He does not even draw illustration exclusively from those sights which met his eye in the landscape about Horton, but borrows eclectically, wherever in visible nature or in scenes remembered from books he finds matter to his purpose. In any exact sense, therefore, these poems are not personal. In a larger sense they are profoundly so. They are the record of a serious, scholarly mind suddenly invaded in a propitious moment of youth by the beauty of external existence, — a beauty gay or sober, as chance may determine, but always richly soliciting. In a letter to Diodati, written from Horton, Milton says: "God . . . has instilled into me, if into any one, a vehement love of the beautiful. Not with so much labor . . . is Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpina, as it is my habit day and night to seek for this idea of the beautiful . . . through all the forms and faces of things." Such pure æstheticism has on his lips a somewhat alien sound. We seem to be listening to the author of *Endymion*, rather than to the author of *Comus*.

Mark Pattison was the first of Milton's biographers to give sufficient emphasis to the pathos which these poems derive from the fact that in them, for the first and last time, Milton spoke in the free, joyous spirit of the time which was passing away forever. Even here, to be sure, the mood is chastened and objectified; but taken broad and long, in their lightness, their grace, their eager response to sensuous beauty, these poems are of the great lyric age inaugurated by Spenser, though they show a sense of form and an economy of expression which Spenser's diffuser muse could not attain. When we look forward fifteen years and see Milton grimly seconding the movements of a party whose fanaticism crushed out the joy and poetry of life in England, cut down the Maypoles, closed the theatres, broke the stained-glass windows, and tore out the organ-pipes, the lines which celebrate the "jocund rebeck," the "well-trod stage," and the "storied windows richly light," take on a peculiar significance. The man who was to be the pamphleteer champion and the bard of Puritanism is living here in the world of romantic charm which Cromwell's armies were to sweep away. The man who had written the *Sonnet to the Nightingale* was to turn that "small lute" into a trumpet whence he might blow soul-animating strains of strenuous applause.

Either shortly before or shortly after Milton left college he had been asked, probably by young Henry Lawes, at that time gentleman of the Chapel Royal and one of the King's private musicians, to furnish a portion of the words for an entertainment to be presented before the Countess Dowager of Derby, at her country-seat of Harefield, by the younger members of her family. The libretto which Milton furnished is the fragment known as *Arcades*, or the Arcadians. Harefield lay only ten miles from Horton, and it is possible that Milton may have been present on the night when the actors in the little masque, disguised as shepherds and sylvan deities, and carrying torches in their hands, approached the aged countess, seated

in state at the end of the historic avenue of elms known as the Queen's walk. The aged dowager had in her youth been Spenser's friend; and it is pleasant to dwell, with Professor Masson, upon the possibility that the eyes which had seen the first saw now also the last of the great line of Elizabethan minstrels. In any case, Lawes was so well satisfied with Milton's words that three or four years later he applied for a more elaborate piece of work of the same sort, this time to celebrate the inauguration of the countess's son-in-law, the Earl of Bridgewater, into his duties as Lord President of Wales. Lawes had under his instruction the Lady Alice, youngest daughter of the earl, as well as her sister and two brothers; he desired to put their accomplishments to service in the production of a masque gorgeous enough to suit the august occasion. The heartiness with which Milton threw himself into his part of the project is evidenced by the rich and rounded beauty of the result. He never gave his work a definite title, but it is named in modern editions from the chief *dramatis persona*, Comus, the god of revelry. All efforts to discover whether or not the young author was present when his masque was given in the banqueting-hall of the historic castle of Ludlow, on the Welsh border, have been futile.

The main motive of the poem, the power of chastity to subdue the forces of evil, is a conventional one in the literature of the time. It is only in occasional passages of deeper conviction that we can see the growth of Milton's mind away from the idyllicism of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, toward the polemic sternness which, after announcing itself in golden adumbrations of melody in *Lycidas*, was to go on gathering intensity and losing beauty until its ugly culmination in the *Reply to Salmasius*. In the light of Milton's later development, the very fact of authorship in the masque form shows the irony of events. These poem-pageants summed up all that was most gorgeous, extravagant, and pleasure-loving in the court life of the Tudors and the Stuarts. They had always constituted a covert protest against the Puritan barrenness and strictness of life, and shortly before *Comus* was written, this protest had become overt. The attack made by the Puritan barrister Prynne upon the stage, in his *Histriomastix*, had given offence to the court; a passage of ponderous invective against women-players was interpreted as an insult to the Queen, who had shortly before taken part in a masque at Whitehall. The result was a revival of the masque by court sympathizers, on a scale of unprecedented splendor, and the masque became a kind of rallying point for cavalier feeling. *Comus* belongs certainly by date and probably by intention to this demonstration against the Puritan party. It is indicative of the quiescence of Milton's mind at this time with respect to the political situation, that he should have lent his powers unwittingly to such a task.

The next three years of Milton's life at Horton were unproductive. He continued that elaborate course of intellectual and spiritual preparation which he had marked out for himself, fortifying himself in all ways for the greater task which vaguely beckoned. To Charles Diodati he writes, in response to an inquiry as to what he is thinking of, "Why, may God help me, of immortality! I am growing

my wings for a flight." For broad flight he was not yet ready, and for lesser ones the sting of occasion was lacking, until the autumn of 1637. Then news came of the sinking of a ship in the Irish Sea, and the loss of all on board, including Edward King, a fellow of Christ's and an old college-mate of Milton's. King's Cambridge friends determined to issue a little volume of commemorative verse, to which Milton, as a recent graduate, was asked to contribute. It is an odd experience now to turn over the pages of this little volume, and, after reading the well-meaning heaviness of which it is mainly composed, to come suddenly at the end upon the large threnodic rhythm of the opening lines of *Lycidas*. *Lycidas* has been called by so competent a critic as the late Mr. Pattison, the highwater mark, not only of Milton's genius, but of English lyric poetry. Superlatives are dangerous, and never more so than when dealing with work of a commanding order. It is perhaps more to our purpose to note what the same critic has suggestively pointed out, that in this poem the world of Milton's youth and the world of his manhood meet. The general tone of the lament is indistinguishable from that of the ordinary pastoral threnodies of the school of Spenser. There is the same air of deliberate convention, the same pensive beauty, the same delicious melancholy grace in the wearing of the rue. But once past the induction we come upon lines which apprise us that we are in the presence of a sterner moral conception than ever troubled the smooth pipes of the early pastoralists. In the passage beginning

" Last came and last did go  
The pilot of the Galilean lake,"

there is a "smothered and suspended menace," a passion of purification, which was soon to wreak itself upon everything in Church and State for which the House of Stuart stood, and to sweep away in its blind zeal much that was beautiful and desirable. It was to take, among other good things, that very gift of pure melody which was given to Milton's youth. He was to come out of the struggle strengthened to grapple with a vast theme, but stiffened and shorn of grace. He was to live to build language into large harmonic masses, intricate and solemn fugues, but never to recapture that simple singing voice which charms us in the poems written during his "long holiday" at Horton.

### III

#### ITALIAN JOURNEY, 1638-1639

TOWARD the end of his fifth year at Horton, Milton began to feel the cramping intellectual conditions of life in the country and to think of taking chambers in London. This project he soon abandoned for the wider one of foreign travel. The expenses of the trip were borne by his father, with that generous acquiescence which he had always shown in his son's plans of self-improvement. After a short stay in Paris Milton proceeded to Italy, then the seat of a decaying but still splendid civilization, and even richer then than now in beauty.

At Florence, where he tarried for two months, some metrical trifles in Latin, which he managed to patch up on demand, were received with egregious flattery by the various "academies" or literary clubs, where the shallow intellectual life of the time was chiefly centred. The definite eulogiums of his Florentine friends, as for instance the declaration by Francini that by virtue of these Latin poems Thames may rival Helicon, are in a tone of elaborate compliment too patently conventional to have been intended for literal interpretation. Taken broadly, however, they doubtless testify, as has been said, to a genuine impression of power made by the young English poet upon men of a temperament very alien to his own. Whatever amount of sincerity may really have attached to these panegyrics, it is certain from an interesting passage in Milton's pamphlet on Church Government, published three years later, that they added materially to his own confidence in his powers. The passage is one of many indications, hitherto unemphasized by his biographers, that in spite of his haughty self-reliance and self-assertion Milton was exceedingly sensitive to influences from without.

In Rome, whither he proceeded in November of 1638, he was treated with a distinction by no means calculated to lessen this feeling. He mentions with some complaisance his reception at a magnificent concert given by Cardinal Barberini, who "himself waiting at the door and seeking me out in so great a crowd, almost laying hold of me by the hand, admitted me within in a truly most honorable manner." It was here that he heard the famous singer Leonora Baroni, commemorated in his Latin epigrams, and possibly in the Italian sonnet beginning, —

"Diodati, e te 'l diro con maraviglia,"

a passage which would seem to show that this lady shared with the unknown beauty of Bologna to whom the other sonnets are addressed, the honor of an inroad upon the Puritan poet's austere but susceptible heart. From Rome his journey lay to Naples; here he was entertained by the aged Marquis Manso, a munificent patron of letters who had sheltered Tasso and given aid to Marini. The exchange of courtesies between the two at parting elicited one of Milton's most elegant Latin poems, memorable as containing explicit mention of a plan then maturing in his mind for an epic poem on the legendary history of King Arthur. Incidentally, a glimpse is given us of Milton's uncompromising frankness in the expression of his religious opinions; the marquis accompanies his parting gift of two richly wrought cups with the hint that his guest's outspokenness has made it impossible for him to extend a fitting hospitality.

Plans for an extended trip eastward to Greece and Palestine were cut short by serious political news from England. King Charles was about to start on his first expedition against the Scots. Milton knew enough of the acute condition of affairs in the kingdom to realize the serious nature of such a move, and started northward, thinking it shame, he says, to be taking his pleasure while his countrymen were fighting for their liberty. His return was leisurely enough, however, to allow of a two months' delay at Florence, made memorable by his meeting with Galileo.

The meeting probably occurred at the villa of Arcetri, near Florence, where the aged and blind astronomer was still held in partial confinement by the Inquisition. The painter who has given us the picture of Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* to his daughters might have found here a subject in which truth need not have been sacrificed to picturesqueness. The meeting of these two great navigators of cosmic space, bound together by a common intrepidity and a common fate, exercises a legitimate spell over the imagination. It is open to question whether Milton ever accepted Galileo's cosmic theories as true; certainly he did not see fit to admit the new astronomy into the scheme of *Paradise Lost*, except in the tentative form of a discussion of the theory between Adam and Raphael. But that he cherished the august memory of the blind philosopher, in his own days of blindness and defeat, is evidenced by the famous comparison of Satan's shield seen through the "Tuscan artist's optic glass," in *Paradise Lost*. Another reminiscence of this visit to Arcetri is the comparison of the fallen angels prostrate on the flood, to "autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa."

During February or April, 1639, Milton visited the ancestral home of the Diodati at Lucca. The hope of pleasing his bosom friend with an account of the place, which had prompted the visit, was not to be fulfilled. Diodati's death had already occurred. News of his bereavement reached Milton at Genoa, and conspired with news of the increasing gravity of the political and religious troubles in England to make his home-coming a solemn one. It is a severe loss to English literature that for the noble poem in which he enshrined the memory of his friend Milton chose the Latin instead of his native tongue. Diodati was much nearer to him than King had been; the sincere grief which makes itself felt even across the conventionalized medium of the *Epitaphium Damonis* testifies that if the poet had waited for a like moment of power, and had then poured his emotion into his native idiom, this and not *Lycidas* might be held to-day as the greatest of English threnodies. As it is the poem is an exquisite and touching work of art. Its interest is heightened by the autobiographic matter which it contains, especially concerning the projected epic dealing with the early history of Britain. We are informed that the epic is to be in English, the poet having reconciled himself, as Dante did, to the narrower but more susceptible audience thus afforded him; we learn also that it is already begun.

## IV

FROM MILTON'S RETURN TO ENGLAND TO THE LATIN SECRETARYSHIP,  
1639-1649

EACH succeeding biographer of Milton shares Dr. Johnson's feeling of bathos in the fact that after renouncing his cherished schemes of travel in order to be present at those portentous changes in English religion and politics of which he had presentiment, he should have made haste on his return to London to burden himself with the petty duties of a schoolmaster. At first he had under his tutelage only



his two nephews, John and Edward Phillips, but later more pupils were added, including some of eminent family; nor does the pamphlet war into which he soon plunged appear to have interrupted the daily routine of pedagogy. A mere ruinous waste of time, we are tempted with Pattison to declare. To see the author of *Lycidas* putting by his lyre in order to seize the sword of controversy is endurable, but to see him in the schoolroom, pottering over Frontinus's Stratagems and the egregious poet Manilius, without the excuse of pecuniary necessity, begets in us nothing but impatience. The explanation of his action, however, is tolerably obvious. During the ten years between his return to England and his appointment as Latin Secretary to Cromwell's government, Milton was in a state of extraordinary nervous unrest. He had put poetry behind him to embark in a "troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," but the part which he found to play in the struggle during these years was not eminent enough to satisfy his haughty and exigent nature, thus divorced from its natural consolation. The five pamphlets which during 1641-43 he launched against the Episcopal scheme of church government, influential as they undoubtedly were, and crowded with passages of lofty eloquence which made amends for their lack of a convincing logic, could not offer repentance for the restlessness bred of a great task deferred. In such a state of mind, mere busyness is seized upon as a form of self-justification, and incidentally serves as an excellent steadier of the nerves. Minor motives also, in Milton's case, doubtless entered in. That he had a speculative interest in the problems of teaching is attested by his Tractate on Education, with its scheme of training so curiously compounded of practical common-sense and impossible idealism. One may suspect, too, that the attitude of the teacher had, even in this small and concrete form, an attraction for one whose most splendid mental gesture was never quite free from a hint of dogmatism.

Milton's pamphlets on the church question had got him roundly abused by the adherents of Bishop Hall and the extreme prelatial party. The good bishop calls him, among other complimentary things, a "scurrilous Mime, a personated, and, as himself thinks, a grim, lowering, and bitter Fool," and describes the terse familiar Anglo-Saxon with which Milton gave idiomatic flavor to his thunderous periods, as language fit only for fish-wives. These are merely the humors of seventeenth-century controversy; his enemies were soon to have more formidable weapons put into their hands.

Edward Phillips informs us that his uncle left home suddenly in May, 1643, without stating the object of his journey, and returned a month later with a young wife and a train of bridal guests. The solemn house in Aldersgate Street was filled with merry-making for a time; then the bride's friends departed, and Milton was left with his seventeen-year old wife to discover at leisure that he had made a monstrous blunder. Mary Powell was the daughter of a Cavalier Squire holding the seat of Forest Hill, near Oxford,—a gentleman of some social pretension, though burdened with debts and a large family. A considerable portion of this debt had long been held against him by the Miltons, father and son. Whether

Milton's visit to Forest Hill was on this business, or whether he knew Mary Powell previously, we shall probably never know. Precipitancy in such a matter on the poet's part will surprise no one who has studied his character with attention. A great part of the stern self-control which belongs to the Milton of tradition was an outcome of the bitter consequences of this very marriage. He was from youth more than ordinarily susceptible to the charm of women; boyishly, as we see in the first and seventh Latin elegies; with a youth's wistful expectancy, as in the Sonnet to the Nightingale; with a young man's chivalrous ardor, as in the Italian sonnets: and this susceptibility was greatly heightened by the austerity of a life which left the springs of concrete emotion untouched. Mary Powell was probably the first young woman with whom he came into intimate contact; the freedom of a large household and the beguiling influences of country life were fuel to the fire; and if a doubt arose concerning the parity of their taste and temper, it was natural both to the lover and to the idealist to believe in the power of masculine will to shape a helpmeet to its own image. He succeeded so well that before the honeymoon was over, the girl-wife returned to her home, ostensibly on a visit, but really in lasting rebellion against her husband's authority; and the husband sat down in a white passion to write the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, on the thesis that a man has the right to put away his wife for incompatibility of temper.

The majority of Milton's biographers, catching at certain phrases of this tract, — "a mute and spiritless mate," "bound fast to an image of earth and phlegm," — have laid the rupture to the girl's hebetude. Others, notably Mr. Saintsbury, throw the weight of blame on the other side, pointing out that Milton held in the most uncompromising form the doctrine of the inferiority of woman, and that, as Dr. Garnett says, "his famous 'He for God only, she for God in him,' condenses every fallacy concerning woman's relation to her husband and to her Maker." The truth doubtless lies between. She, accustomed to the gaiety of a large household near a Cavalier garrison, was terror-stricken at the silence which fell about her in her husband's sober Puritan house. He, twice her age and full of thoughts which she could not even guess at, was at no pains to fondle and coax her into contentment with this twilight life. If he did not go so far as an anonymous pamphleteer charged him with going, to consider "no woman to due conversation accessible, except she can speak Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, and dispute against the canon law," he was doubtless unwisely exigent and perhaps cruelly intolerant of the unfurnished mind which he had found in the place of that "sweet and gladsome society" of his love-dream.

The first pamphlet on divorce bears evidence of being written at a white heat. Both in its qualities and its defects it is a peculiarly Miltonic utterance. As in his Tractate on Education he had "legislated for a college of Miltons," here he legislates for a society of seraphim. Every man is to have power to loose and bind. No law shall have authority to "force a mixture of minds that cannot unite," nor make irremediable "that melancholy despair which we see in many wedded persons." It is the positive side of his doctrine, however, which is most eloquently

put forth. Marriage as an ideal institution, "the unexpressive nuptial song," has rarely been more nobly conceived than in these pages, and the pleading against violations of the spirit by the letter of wedlock rises at times to passionate poetry. There are few English sentences as full of virile tenderness as that in which Milton says, "Then" (in case his tract is listened to) "I doubt not with one gentle stroking to wipe away ten thousand tears out of the life of men." The second edition, published after his wife's refusal to return, according to her word, at Michaelmas of 1643, is strengthened with formal arguments and addressed boldly to the Parliament. The Tract was publicly denounced by Mr. Herbert Palmer in a sermon before the Houses of Parliament, a sermon which had the more weight because of the excitement then reigning in that body over the general growth of "heresy and schism," of which Milton's pamphlet was held to be one of the blackest examples. One of the most signal, at least, it certainly was, indicative of that terrible spirit of question which was abroad in the land, to make a modern England out of the England of the Stuarts. The *Areopagitica*, or speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, the pamphlet of Milton's which has alone held an audience to our day, followed as another startling manifesto of his radical thought. Broadly viewed, it is a plea for universal toleration of opinion, — exactly what distracted England most needed, if she could only have known it.

In the last but one of his four pamphlets on divorce, *Tetrachordon*, Milton gave hint of his intention to marry again, in the significant words, "If the Law make not a timely provision, let the Law, as reason is, bear the censure of the consequences." He even went so far, according to Phillips, as to select Mary Powell's successor, a Miss Davis, to whom in all likelihood the sonnet *To a Virtuous Young Lady* was addressed. Frightened by rumors of this match, and further induced by the increasingly desperate condition of the Cavalier cause, the Powells made overtures for a reconciliation. Milton was brought, without warning, face to face with his truant bride at the home of his kinsman, Mr. Blackborough, in St. Martin's le Grand Lane. The passage in *Samson Agonistes* in which the blind captive repulses his "hyena" wife, and that in *Paradise Lost* where Adam raises up and comforts remorseful Eve, have been often pointed out as having a probable autobiographic bearing on this episode. Whether from repentance or a broken spirit, the girl-wife seems to have lived the remaining years of her short life meekly enough. During the seven years until her death, in 1652, she bore Milton three daughters and a son, the son dying in infancy, the daughters surviving to be their father's trial and reproach. Measured against her mute acceptance of the situation, there is something unpleasantly saturnine in the two sonnets with which Milton took leave of the divorce subject. The first of these, on *Tetrachordon*, is the only instance in which he deigned to degrade poetry into doggerel; for the first and last time, in verse, he threw aside his lyre of song and grasped the bastinado of contemporary satire — a fact which at least testifies eloquently to the harassed condition of his mind.

During the lull in politics following the defeat of the King at Naseby, in July,

1645, Milton got together the poems which he had written up to that time, and gave them for publication to Humphrey Moseley, a printer of disinterested enthusiasm for pure literature, to whom seventeenth-century poetry stands much indebted. It was high time that such a collection should be made. In his pamphlets Milton had made more than one reference to his vocation as poet, to the work which he hoped to accomplish, and which his nation "would not willingly let die." Such words had begun to fall upon incredulous ears, for with the exception of an unsigned edition of *Comus* published by Lawes, the Cambridge memorial volume containing *Lycidas*, and a stray piece or two in the miscellanies, none of Milton's poems were in print. The motto which he chose for the volume, —

"Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro,"

(Wreath his brow with laurel, and let no grudging tongue harm the future poet), gracefully combined modesty of claim for his present performance with a proud confidence in what was to come. As frontispiece to this famous edition of 1645 there is prefixed a portrait of the author, a spiritless and bungled engraving, as "grim, lowering, and bitter" as good Bishop Hall could have desired. When the picture was shown to Milton by the engraver, one Marshall, he made no objection to it, but gravely wrote out a Greek motto to be added beneath, which the luckless artist as gravely copied on his plate, innocent of the fact that he was handing down to posterity a biting lampoon upon his own handiwork. It was a clever practical joke, and reminds us of a remark of Dryden's, years after, that Milton's manner of pronouncing the letter *r*, the "dog-letter," betrayed a "satiric wit." The cleverness of the joke makes ill amends for its saturninity. The poet had moved many leagues from the golden clime of his birth before he permitted himself that diversion. To be sure, he had moved under bitter stress; some of the sweet saps of his youthful nature may well have been turned to satiric acids.

It is pleasant, after this, to read the sonnet to Henry Lawes, written after Milton was installed with his wife and pupils in a large house which he had taken in the Barbican; for the placid and gracious lines show returning calmness of spirit. The halcyon season, however, when the friends might please themselves with "immortal notes and Tuscan air," was short. Soon the surrender of Oxford drove the Powells in a body from Forest Hill to the house in the Barbican. The birth of a daughter, Anne, who was from the first "a kind of cripple," added to the disturbed condition of the household. The departure of the Powell family was followed by the death of Milton's father, and the poet, wearied out with the strain of the past months, resolved to give up teaching and remove to a smaller house in High Holborn, near Lincoln's Inn Fields.

His inheritance from his father had now placed him in easy financial circumstances, and the triumph of the Independent party had left his mind comparatively free. Why did he not turn now to that great task of poetic creation of which he had thought so long, and for which, as his preserved notebooks show, he had already made exhaustive study? It is impossible to say. Perhaps, in spite of the

specious calm, he divined the storms which were still rolling up from the political horizon, and had dim prescience of the part he himself should be called upon to play in the drama of the King's death and Cromwell's sovereignty. Perhaps the springs of his fancy were dried up by the harassing years just past; certainly the version of the nine psalms made at this time points to a state of extreme poetic sterility. Indeed, Milton was at no time rich in creative impulses from within. Endowed to an unmatched degree with sheer *voice*, pure potentiality of expression, he had to a less degree than many smaller men the kind of imagination which puts forth spontaneous and inevitable bloom in its season. The beautiful apparitions of *Comus* and *Lycidas* had been evoked from without; so were the sterner and vaster lines of *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* to arise in response to an occasion. But that occasion was to be no less than the overthrow of Puritan England, and for that the time was not ripe. However we explain the case, it is with a kind of impatient wonder that we see the poet, in this time of precious quiet, burdening himself with three huge tasks of compilation, — a Latin dictionary, a complete history of England from the earliest times to his own day, and a vast body of divinity, or Methodical Digest of Christian Doctrine. It should in fairness be said, perhaps, that mere encyclopædic scholarship held a much higher place in the seventeenth century than it does to-day. The immense reputation achieved by such men as Salmasius, Milton's future antagonist, apprises us how eager the world then was to set learning above wisdom. This prejudice of the age determined the direction of Milton's effort; the effort itself was doubtless prompted, as his school-teaching had formerly been, by a nervous desire to lose in busyness the impatience born of greater work deferred.

## V

## LATIN SECRETARYSHIP, 1649-1659

THE time had now come when Milton's patriot zeal was to lift him to a place of eminence in the eyes of his countrymen. He had been known hitherto, secondarily, as a poet of promise, chiefly as a vigorous pamphleteer of rather startling and indecorous opinions; but his work in neither kind had given him that "experience of great men" and that conversation with great events which he deemed necessary to the making of a poet. When he threw into the silence of consternation which followed the execution of the King at Whitehall, in January, 1649, his fearless defence of the regicides, entitled the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, the eyes of the whole country turned towards him. His was the first powerful voice lifted in greeting, as it was to be the last lifted in desperate defence, of the free Commonwealth. In tacit recognition of his service Bradshaw's Council of State offered him the Latin Secretaryship. The duties were large and ill-defined, but chiefly consisted in the translating and inditing of correspondence with foreign powers, and the replying to seditious pamphleteers who attacked the new government. Milton

accepted without hesitation. By so doing he put off once more, this time it might seem for ever, the possibility of fulfilling his secret purpose. He had not served in the armies of Parliament; indeed, when the King's forces had advanced to Brentford and thrown London into a panic, he had not even gone out with the train-bands to Turnham Green to join in repulsing the foe, but had stayed at home instead and written a sonnet to Prince Rupert's troopers, beseeching them, in the name of the Muses, to spare his house from rapine. But if he had not chosen to shoulder a musket he had shown himself able to do yeoman's service with his quill. It may well have been with the thought of making good his failure to take up the sword in the time of his country's need, that he now laid at her feet the most eloquent pen in Europe.

His first important service was a reply to the *Eikon Basilike*, a book purporting to have been written by the late King while in imprisonment, and now seized upon with devotion by the partisans of the exiled family. Against this "Royal Image" Milton wrote *Iconoclastes*, the "Image-breaker." It is a work which reflects little credit upon the author. He imputes to the dead king, as one of his crimes, a taste for Shakespeare, and makes it a prime argument of his hypocrisy that one of the prayers which he was believed to have used in his captivity was taken from a passage — a very beautiful and devout passage — of Sidney's *Arcadia*. One of the curiosities of Milton's complex character was, as Lowell has reminded us, his power to force his conviction into the service of his enthusiasm. When it was necessary for him to defend his use of blank verse in *Paradise Lost* he repudiated the value of rhyme *in toto*, though his own works were there to gain-say him; his own marriage having proved unfortunate, he was for wiping the whole institution out of existence. In the same spirit of false but absolutely sincere generalization, he turns here upon his beloved Shakespeare and honored Sidney, because he finds them made use of by a man whose memory he execrates.

Following upon these pamphlets came Milton's great opportunity for a European hearing in vindication of the Commonwealth, and he embraced it at a frightful price. Charles II., an exile at the Hague, had cast about for some man learned enough to support the cause of his house against the revolutionists. He found such a one in Salmasius, a world-famous scholar and a mighty man of Latin. Nobody to-day would dream of employing for such a task the services of a mere scholar, however colossal, but the seventeenth-century reverence for the pedantry of learning gave the name of Salmasius a portentous weight. On the appearance of his book, the *Defensio Regia*, Milton was instructed to prepare a rejoinder. He gave himself to the task with an ardor doubly inflamed by the magnitude of the quarrel and the reputation of his antagonist. He called his reply a *Defense of the English People*, but as we look at it to-day the great issues seem buried almost irrecoverably beneath a mass of very unheroic personalities. Milton sneers at Salmasius's Latinity, twits him with subjection to his wife, and exhausts the vocabulary of thieves' Latin trying to find a name of contumely adequate to character his baseness. In the midst of this work Milton's eyes showed signs of failing, and he was

warned by his physician that to persevere to the end would mean certain blindness. With stoical devotion, as splendid as it was perverted, he decided to pay the price. We groan when we think of the real insignificance of the object for which the light of those eyes was spent — spent recklessly, with a kind of frenzy of waste which shows what funds of fanaticism lay beneath the placid surface of his nature.

In the quarrel which dragged on for several years more with Morus, to whom Salmasius's cause had descended, the tone of petty personality gained steadily over the real question at issue, though at the same time the frankly autobiographic passages of Milton grow nobly dignified, and his eulogies upon the leading men of the Commonwealth, taken together, form an august vindication of their cause. It would be unprofitable to dwell upon the disagreeable aspects of the Salmasius controversy, were it not that they illustrate forcibly certain elements of the poet's nature which tradition has obscured, yet which are essential to even a primary understanding of him. Wordsworth condensed into a single line the popular misapprehension. So far from being a soul which dwelt like a star apart, Milton was one of the most inflammable, mobile, and social of beings. A slight stung him, an honor lifted him, a sneer maddened and blinded him. For poetry, indeed, he kept the clear ichor of his temperament, free from roil; and it is as a poet that he is remembered; but one who looks discerningly can detect in the very splendor and volume of that utterance the stress of a humanity more than ordinarily obvious to passion.

By 1652 Milton's blindness had become complete. He had meanwhile removed from rooms in Whitehall, assigned him during the first years of his incumbency of the Secretaryship, to a house in Petty France, pleasantly situated near St. James Park, across which he had to be led when his presence was needed at the Council. His duties were gradually lightened, the routine work being given to an assistant. Edward Phillips was still with him, to serve as amanuensis, and acquaintance with the young poet Andrew Marvell, afterwards his assistant in the Secretaryship, brought him another hand to lighten the burden of his blindness. We get from Edward Phillips and others many pleasant glimpses of the life which he now led, visited by distinguished strangers anxious for a sight of the victor in the Salmasius quarrel, "of which all Europe rang from side to side." Hints of more intimate converse we get in the sonnets to Cyriack Skinner and to young Lawrence, poetical invitations to supper and a cosy evening by the fireside, which assure us by their tone of sober gaiety how well Milton bore his misfortune. The geniality of the lines reminds us of Phillips's bit of gossip concerning the young "beaux" with whom his uncle, after his return from Italy, was accustomed to keep an occasional "gaudy-day." But that life in the little house was not all made up of amenities we can conjecture from the characters of the three young girls who had been left motherless there. During these untended years rebellion against their stern father was growing towards its sickening outcome. In 1656 their father married again, this time Katharine Woodcock, of whom nothing is known but what can be gleaned from the sonnet which he wrote upon her death, little more than a year later. To

judge from the deep marital tenderness of these lines upon his "late espoused saint," hers must have been the most gracious influence in the poet's adult life.

Up to the close of Cromwell's reign Milton continued, as a kind of Latin Secretary extraordinary, to indite those messages to foreign powers which made the period of the Protectorate the most dignified in the diplomatic history of England. The most famous of these was among the last, a letter to the Duke of Savoy concerning the Piedmontese massacre; in its official way it is as impressive as the sonnet on the same subject in which Milton gave vent to his individual horror and indignation. His duties were nominally continued under Cromwell's son Richard; but events were hastening with irresistible force toward the downfall of the Protectorate and the recall of the King. Milton was one of the last to succumb to the logic of the situation. His attitude toward the great questions of Church and State had changed many times in the twenty years that were passed. He had begun as an Episcopalian with reservations; he had written his first pamphlets in advocacy of a modified Presbyterianism; next he had gone over to the "Root and Branch" party, and advocated complete disestablishment of the Church; then, turning fiercely upon the Presbyterians, and declaring that "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large," he had joined the Independents, and had finally pushed the thesis of this party to the length of complete toleration of religious opinion. But in all these changes, except the last, he had gone with the country. His mind, as Lowell says, had not so much changed as expanded to meet new national conditions. Though he had differed stoutly from Cromwell in his later policy, he had remained unshaken in his allegiance to the idea of popular government, even in the unpropitious form of a military dictatorship. Dismissed from his office by General Monk in April, 1659, on the very eve of the return of the exiled court, he published his pamphlet entitled *A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. The very phrase was full of unconscious satire. Upon the blind poet, as he sat meditating through those days of public rejoicing, there rested a second blindness, that of the idealist resolute to see nothing but his ideal.

The King's return, however, at last became so imminent that the stoutest idealism had to succumb. Nobody knew how inclusive the royal clemency would prove to be, and Milton was too marked a man to abide the event with safety. The last glimpse we get of him for the next four months is in the shape of a conveyance of bond for four hundred pounds, to Cyriack Skinner, dated the day before the public proclamation of Charles in London. With the ready money thus furnished he went into hiding, Phillips informs us, at a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. On June 16 an order for his arrest was issued by the House of Commons, and two months later his *Eikonoklastes* and *Defense of the English People* were ordered burnt by royal proclamation. Strangely enough, however, in the final Bill of Indemnity his name is not mentioned. Why the author of the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* should have been let off scot free from the vengeance which overtook so many men essentially less implicated, constitutes a historical puzzle which Professor Masson has labored in vain to solve. Andrew Marvell afterwards obtained



from the House an abatement of the excessive fee demanded from Milton by an officious sergeant who had carried out the nullified order of arrest, and his voice was doubtless raised now in behalf of his friend and master. There is also a pleasant tradition that the poet Davenant repaid an old kindness by a like intercession. To whomever the clemency was due, however, Milton was left free by the passage of the Act of Oblivion to emerge from hiding. He was not yet perhaps wholly free from danger by mob violence. On the night before the anniversary of Charles I.'s death, the disinterred corpses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were brought for safe keeping to the Red Lion Inn, only a short distance from Milton's new lodgings in Holborn; and it was up Holborn that the crazy mob followed the carts next day to the ghastly gibbeting at Tyburn.

But to Milton's ears, in these days, the rioting of the "sons of Belial" who had come back to flout with insolence and outrage every ideal for which the men of the Commonwealth had given their lives, must have sounded dim and far away. The time had come for him to fulfil the boyish boast made more than twenty years before, when he had replied to his friend's question, "Of what am I thinking? In God's name, of immortality! I am pluming my wings for a flight." Though held under by an immense sustained effort of will, the ambition conceived so long ago had never for long been absent from his mind. Added to the sense of his mission as a singer, sent by the great Task-master to add to the sum of beauty in the world, there rested upon him now another obligation, no less impelling. The Puritan moral scheme, the new social instauration, which had failed on earth, he must carry over into the world of imaginative permanence. He must justify to men the ways of that God who had dealt so darkly with his chosen people. Already, though "long choosing and beginning late," he had carved out from the hollow dark the vast traits of his theme.

## VI

### FROM THE ACT OF OBLIVION TO THE COMPLETION OF PARADISE LOST, 1660-1665

FOR a man of Milton's temper the state of public affairs alone would have been a sufficient bitterness; but private trials added their simples to the cup. One of the minor but most satiric of these was furnished by the two nephews upon whom he had lavished his time and his educational theories. How well the youngest, John Phillips, had imbibed his uncle's teachings, he had shown long ago by publishing a *Satire Against Hypocrites* and a *Miscellany of Choice Drolleries*, which earned him a sharp reprimand from Cromwell's Council. His graver brother Edward followed the primrose path thus gallantly marked out, by publishing a volume entitled *The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, or the Arts of Wooing and Complimenting*, with a preface to the youthful gentry of England. The royalism of both was pronounced; and although Edward continued to visit the house on

terms of friendship, his presence must have been to his uncle a pretty emphatic reminder of the collapse of his own teaching.

If the defection of his nephews was satiric, the rebellion of his daughters was sordidly tragic. The eldest, Anne, a handsome girl in spite of her lameness, was now seventeen; Mary, the second, was fifteen, and Deborah eleven. They had received only the rudiments of an education, the eldest not even being able to write. In spite of this their father undertook to make them do him a service in his literary labors which they would hardly have been prepared for by a formal college training. Edward Phillips says that he used them to "supply his want of eyesight by their ears and tongues. For though he had daily about him one or other to read to him, — some, persons of man's estate, who of their own accord greedily caught at the opportunity of being his readers, . . . others, of younger years, sent by their parents to the same end, — yet, excusing only the eldest by reason of her bodily deformity and difficult utterance of speech (which, to say truth, I doubt was the principal cause of excusing her), the other two were condemned to the performance of reading and exactly pronouncing of all the languages of whatever book he should at one time or other think fit to peruse: viz. the Hebrew (and, I think, the Syriac), the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French." That young girls could have been trained to read intelligibly languages of which they did not, as Phillips declares, understand a word, is almost beyond belief; but whether literally true or not, the statement implies a sternness and a length of discipline gruesome to imagine. Rebellion on their part was natural and inevitable, but before the miserable details of their growing aversion to their father, — their conspiring with the servants in petty pilferings from his purse, their making away with his books, the remark of one of them, on hearing of her father's third marriage, that "that was no news, but, if she could hear of his death, *that* was something," — the mind turns sick, and wonders whether, if there were another *Paradise Lost* to purchase, it would be worth such a price. Taking the facts as we have them, even casuistry can make of them no clean bill of conscience for the father. The girls were, it is true, the fruit of an unloving marriage; their recalcitrancy Milton may have looked upon as a part of the grim logic of that forced "union of minds that cannot unite," and he may have found justification for his tyranny in the bitter memories of the days when he was pouring out his wrath and anguish in the tracts on divorce. The radical meanness of nature which betrays itself in their petty revenges may have served to wither affection in the bud. But such considerations explain, without extenuating, his attitude. His daughters remain the great blot upon his memory; they cannot make it less than august, but they suffice to render it, from the standpoint of the simple human charities, forbidding. They remained with him for eight years longer, when they were put out to learn feminine handicrafts. A glimpse which we get of the youngest, Deborah, many years after, gives a comforting assurance that, however she may have failed in filial duty during her father's lifetime, she cherished a sincere affection for his memory. In 1721 she was sought out by Vertue, the engraver, in the weavers' district of Spital-

fields, where she lived in obscure widowhood. Some pictures of her father were shown her, to get her opinion of their authenticity. Several she passed by, saying "No, no," to the question whether she had ever seen such a face; but when a certain picture in crayons owned by Jonathan Richardson was produced, she cried out in transport, as related by Richardson, "'T is my father, 't is my dear father; I see him, 't is him!" and then she put her hands to several parts of the face, crying, "'T is the very man! here, here!" In all her reminiscences of her father there was, her visitors report, the same tone of reverence and fondness.

Besides the robust and cheery figure of Andrew Marvell, a faithful visitor, there came to break the gloom of the Milton household a young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood. He was the son of a small country squire, and possessed of all the simplicity and heartiness proper to the character. He had embraced the Quaker faith by contagion from the enthusiasm of a family of Penningtons whom he visited, and along with his new faith felt a desire to grow in the wisdom of books. To that end, he was introduced to Milton, took a house in the neighborhood, and came every day full of joyous zeal to imbibe learning from the works which the great man set him to read aloud. Whether poor Ellwood gathered much intellectual sustenance from this haphazard diet or not, his presence must have been a wholesome and inspiring one to the solitary scholar. From him and Phillips we get some interesting hints concerning Milton's habits of composition. "Leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it," he would dictate ten, twenty, thirty lines at a sitting. Sometimes he would "lie awake all night, striving, but unable to make a single line." Then again, when the mood was on him, the verse would come "with a certain *impetus* and *aestro* as himself seemed to believe," and he would call his daughter Mary out of bed to take the words from his lips. His own statement is recorded, too, that "his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinoctial to the vernal, and that whatever he attempted (in the other part of the year) was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much."

How far *Paradise Lost* had progressed by the time of Milton's instalment in the house in Jewin Street, whither he removed from his temporary lodgings in Holborn, is only matter of conjecture. At the beginning of the third book the movement of the poem is interrupted by a splendid "hymn to light" which may mark the resumption of the task after interruption caused by the King's return. A similar break occurs at the beginning of Book VII, and references in this passage to the "evil days and evil tongues" upon which the poet has fallen, as well as to post-restoration literature and manners, the "barbarous dissonance of Bacchus and his revellers," point to this as more probably marking the time of resumption. The probability is increased by the fact that the next distinct break in the narrative, at the beginning of Book IX, would then correspond to the last serious interruption which the work could have suffered, that occasioned by Milton's third marriage, this time to Elizabeth Minshull, a handsome young woman of twenty-six, and his removal to a new house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Field. It was certainly fin-

ished by the summer of 1665. In July of that year the coming of the great Plague, the most terrible which ever visited England, made it necessary for Milton to find some refuge in the country. Ellwood found a place for him, a "pretty box" in the little village of Chalfont St. Giles, only a few miles from Harefield, the scene of *Arcades*, and not far from Horton, where in early manhood he had spent the five happy years of his "long vacation." The country sights, which in those days he had given delighted chronicle in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, could not reach him now. Those poems belonged to a world which was shut away from him by many a tragic change besides that which had quenched his bodily vision. But he carried with him, blind and fallen on evil days, the resultant of the twenty-five intervening years of battle and sacrifice, in the mighty martial rhythms and battailous imaginings of his completed epic. Honest Ellwood was rewarded for his fidelity by being the first, so far as we know, to see *Paradise Lost* in its final form. He came one day to visit Milton at the little irregular cottage in sleepy Chalfont, and thus describes the incident: "After some discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, to return it to him, with my judgment thereon. When I came home and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost*."

## VII

## MILTON'S LAST YEARS, 1666-1674

ALTHOUGH by February or March of 1666 the Plague had sufficiently abated to allow of a return to the house in Artillery Walk, it was not until September of the following year that *Paradise Lost* was published. A part of this delay was doubtless due to the great fire which raged in London from the second to the fifth of September, 1666. Among the worst sufferers were the booksellers and publishers, whose shops were clustered thickly about Old St. Paul's. When the poem did appear, it was with the imprint of an obscure publisher, one Samuel Simmons. There was for a moment some question whether even under these modest auspices it was to see the light, for a passage in the first book aroused suspicions of treason in the breast of the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, M. A., whose business it became to license the manuscript. The contract for the book is still extant, showing that the author received five pounds at the time of issue, and was guaranteed a similar amount upon the exhaustion of each succeeding issue, up to the sum of twenty pounds. The first edition of 1300 copies was exhausted in eighteen months.

Milton's life-dream was fulfilled. He had accomplished the purpose which had been the secret motive of his whole conscious existence, as well as the subject of many a proud public utterance in the midst of those noises and hoarse disputes where he had felt the need of such utterance to sustain him. But he did not for

that reason loose his grasp on the large lyre so painfully builded and strung. A chance remark of Ellwood's on returning the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* had suggested to him a companion subject. "Thou hast said much here," the young Quaker had observed ("pleasantly," as he assures us), "of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?" The poet had made no answer, but sat some time in a muse. Had he, after all, completed his task of justifying the ways of God to men? Satan he had left triumphant, man he had left outcast from Eden, earning his painful bread under the curse. Did not the real justification lie in that part of the cosmic story which he had as yet only vaguely foreshadowed, in the bruising of the Serpent's head by that greater man who should recover *Paradise*? Out of such questioning came, some time in the next two years, *Paradise Regained*. The poem was finished before the publication of *Paradise Lost*, but not published until 1671.

In this poem there is noticeable a distinct change from Milton's earlier manner, — a sudden purging away of ornament, a falling back on the naked concept, a preference for language as slightly as possible tinctured with metaphoric suggestion. A portion of this change may be due to failing vividness of imagination; certainly the abandonment of rapid narrative for tedious argumentation marks the increasing garrulity of age. Christ and Satan in the wilderness dispute with studied casuistry, until the sense of the spiritual drama in which they are protagonists is almost lost. As this same weakness is apparent also in the later books of *Paradise Lost*, we must lay it largely to the score of flagging creative energy. But in still greater measure the change seems to be a deliberate experiment in style, or perhaps more truly a conscious reproduction, in language, of that rarefied mental atmosphere to which the author had climbed from the rich valley mists of his youth. Unalluring at first, this bareness comes in time to have a solemn charm of its own, comparable, as has been said, to that of mountain scenery above the line of vegetation. Some such beauty as this Milton, himself above all a student and amateur of style, must have prized in *Paradise Regained*, unless we are to attribute to a narrow pride his refusal to tolerate the opinion of its inferiority to *Paradise Lost*. Whether deliberate or not, this same quality of style appears in the dramatic poem of *Samson Agonistes*, of the same 1671 volume, stripped of discursiveness, and wrought to the hard dark finish of bronze. By reason both of its form and of its content this last work of Milton is of absorbing interest.

Ever since the days of *Arcades* and *Comus*, Milton had cherished a fondness for the dramatic form. For several years after his return from Italy he had persevered in the intention to make his master-work a drama, and even made several tentative sketches of *Paradise Lost* in that form. The suppression of stage plays by the Long Parliament he had concurred in, but without loss of sympathy with the theatre, at least as an ideal institution. It was characteristic of the unified purpose of his intellectual life that he should go back now to gather up this, the only one of the main threads of his intention still left hanging. For a subject, too, he went back to a theme pondered thirty years before. *Samson Purso-*

phorus or the Fire-bringer, and Samson Hybristes or Samson Marrying, were among the subjects pencilled in his note-book in 1642. At that time Samson had apparently engaged his attention no more deeply than other Bible heroes whose names occur in his notes; but events had gradually been shaping his life into such a form that it now found in Samson's story its sufficient prototype and symbol. No hint escapes the poet that the many-sided correspondence of his own case with that of his hero is in his mind; the treatment is throughout sternly objective, even sculpturesque in its detachment; but the autobiographic meaning is everywhere latent, giving to the most restrained lines an ominous emphasis and to the least significant a strange kind of wintry passion. He too had been a champion favored of the Lord, and had matched his giant strength against the enemies of his people. He had sent the fire-brands of his pamphlets among their corn, and slain their strongest with simple weapons near at hand. He too had taken a wife from among the worshippers of Dagon; he had made festival with her people over the nuptials which brought him a loss as tragic as Samson's, — the loss of human tenderness, a lowered ideal, and a warped understanding of the deepest human relationships. Now, blind and fettered in the midst of an idolatrous generation, he may well have longed for another Salmasius upon whom to wreak, as Samson upon Harapha of Gath, the energy which still swelled his veins. In another year or two, when Dryden should "tag his verses," and transform his august epic into a trivial opera, he would be brought like Samson to make sport before the Philistines, as a juggler or a mime. Perhaps he might still hope, bowing his head in prayer to the God of the spirit, to bring down the temple builded by the men of the Restoration to the gods of the flesh, and bury in the ruins all the insolence and outrage of the times. With some such autobiographic second intention in mind as this, one must read the gray pages of *Samson Agonistes*. It offers perhaps the most remarkable instance in all art of an artist's personal story revealed by impersonal symbols, set forth in their traditional integrity, unmanipulated to any private end.

Milton had three more years to live after the publication of his last poems. His daughters had a year before been put out to learn, Phillips says, "some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver;" and he was left alone in the house in Bunhill Fields with his young wife Elizabeth, of whom he seems to have been fond. The publication of *Paradise Lost* had again made him a figure of some note, visited by persons of distinction. The most interesting of these visits was that made by Dryden, for the purpose of asking permission to put *Paradise Lost* into rhyme, as a kind of sacred opera. The value of rhyme over blank verse, for heroic purposes, had been the main contention of Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, and the publication of the epic shortly after had been a powerful practical manifesto on Milton's part of his opposed opinion. This difference of artistic theory only serves to emphasize the fundamental differences between the two men, spokesmen and champions of antipodal creeds. Their trivial meeting takes on a kind of moral picturesqueness when we think of them in their typical characters, — the militant

spirit of an age of fiery baptism, the time-serving spirit of an age of pleasure. There is a half-humorous recognition of the gulf set between them in Milton's "Yes, you may tag my verses," with which he granted his visitor's request. — a reply which does not gain in urbanity when contrasted with Dryden's generous and whole-souled praise of the poem he was called upon to travesty.

We get from the painter Richardson some vivid glimpses of Milton in old age. He speaks of him being led about the streets, clad in cold weather in a gray camblet coat, and wearing no sword, though " 't was his custom not long before to wear one, with a small silver hilt." And again, "I have heard that he used to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat at the door of his house, near Bunhill Fields, without Moor-gate, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality; and very lately I had the good fortune to have another picture of him from an aged clergyman in Dorsetshire. He found him in a small house, he thinks but one room on a floor. In that, up one pair of stairs, which was hung with a rusty green, he found John Milton, sitting in an elbow chair; black clothes, and neat enough, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk-stones." The Faithorne portrait, engraved in 1670, shows a face deeply seamed with lines of thought and of pain, eyes unblemished, but full of the disappointed query of blindness, hair flat over the brows and falling slightly waved to the shoulders, and a mouth of singular richness, which seems still to crave life, — the one lingering feature of the youthful mask.

Rising at four o'clock in summer and five in winter, hearing a chapter of the Bible in Hebrew read to him before breakfast, passing the day in work, with music and a little walk for diversion, and ending with a supper "of olives or some light thing," a pipe and a glass of water, — he lived placidly the meagre days left to him. Shortly before his death, being at dinner with his young wife, and finding a favorite dish prepared for him, he cried out, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest that I have left thee all." The nuncupative will thus made was contested at law by his daughters, and broken. He died on the eighth of November, 1674, "with so little pain that the time of his expiring was not perceived by those in the room." "All his learned and great friends in London," says Toland, "not without a concourse of the vulgar, accompanied his body to the church of St. Giles, near Cripplegate, where he was buried in the chancel.\*"

Many circumstances have combined to falsify for the modern mind the outlines of Milton's character. The theme most closely linked with his name as a poet has thrown about him a traditional reverence which has obscured his human lineaments. The political passions of his day are many of them still, under changed names, potent enough to distort his figure according to the direction of our approach. Added to these difficulties is the more essential one, that the harmony which he forced upon his character was made up of a hundred dissonances. He added

to the complexity of the poet the complexities of the theologian, the theorist, and the publicist. He was compelled to make himself over from Elizabethan to Cromwellian, not quietly and by slow processes, but in the centre of clashing forces. This slight sketch can at best have pointed out only the most salient material necessary to judgment of a character so variously endowed and acted upon. It will have accomplished its end if it has dissatisfied the reader with a conventional opinion.

As for his poetry, Milton must be thought of first and last as a master stylist. Keats is more poignant, Shakespeare more various, Coleridge more magical; but nobody who has written in English has had at his command the same unfailing majesty of utterance. His is the organ voice of England. The figure suggests, too, the defect of his qualities. His voice is always his own; he has none of the ventriloquism of the dramatic poets, none of the thaumaturgy by which they obscure themselves in their subject. Milton is always Miltonic, always lofty and grave, whether the subject sinks or rises. Through him we come nearest to that union of measure and might which is peculiar to the master poets of antiquity, and it is through a study of him that the defects of taste incident upon our modern systems of education can be most surely made good.

W. V. M.



PART FIRST  
ENGLISH POEMS



POEMS WRITTEN AT SCHOOL AND AT  
COLLEGE

1624-1632



## POEMS WRITTEN AT SCHOOL AND AT COLLEGE

It is hardly wrong to say that the English poems which Milton wrote before his twenty-third year are interesting chiefly because of their defects. Although he attained very early a sense of his individual power and a conviction of his mission as a singer, he was surprisingly tardy in finding his voice. Many poets have done their most characteristic work at an age when Milton was still speaking in the borrowed accents of a debased school.

During the first half of the seventeenth century English poetry lay under the spell of an enthralling personality, that of John Donne. This singular man, known in mature life by the staid titles of Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, and Prolocutor to the King's Convocation, the author of sermons and religious poems which are still read for their mystical fervor, had had a wild youth, and had produced a body of love poems of unexampled intensity. Unfortunately, along with a power of direct impassioned expression which instantly imposed itself, he had an intellectual perversity, a delight in far-fetched analogies and wire-drawn conceits, which made him the evil genius of young poets. His was the chief among many influences contributing during the reign of James and the first Charles to fill the garden of the Muses with growths of fantastic tastelessness, which all but smother the "plants and flowers of light." To see how far this perversion went even in the case of real poets, one has only to read such a production as "The Tear," by Richard Crashaw, where the eyes of the Magdalen, after being compared to everything else conceivable, are rapturously addressed as

"Two walking baths, two weeping motions,  
Portable and compendious oceans."

That Milton's boyish admiration was attracted to the tinsel gewgaws of this "metaphysical" school of poetry, as Dr. Johnson oddly named it, is plain in all his early verse. The lack of humor which was his one great congenital fault, exposed him especially to the temptations offered by the conceitful manner. His verses "On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough," with its drolly humorless title, is a perfect example of emotional and imaginative falsity, such as the school of the *conceitisti* was sure to engender in a juvenile bard who had not yet arrived at artistic self-knowledge. Even in the "Passion," written after the "Ode on the Nativity," he relapses oddly into conceitfulness. Perhaps the worst length to which he was ever tempted occurs in the closing stanzas of this poem. Speaking of the tomb of Christ, he says, —

"Mine eye hath found that sad, sepulchral rock,  
That was the caske of Heaven's richest store,  
And here, though grief my feeble hands up-  
lock,  
Yet on the softened quarry would I score  
My plaining verse as lively as before;  
For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
That they would fitly fall in ordered charac-  
ters."

The note with which he excused himself for not completing this poem, saying that he was "nothing satisfied with what he had done," has a touch of pathos. He failed to see the difficulty, which was not that the subject was "above the years he had when he wrote it," but that he was benumbed

and bewildered by contact with a perverted style.

Even thus hampered, however, his genius could not help sending out an occasional herald voice; and we do not have to look far to find exceptions to all that has just been said concerning these early efforts. Curiously enough, the very first line of his recorded composition,

'When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,'

written at fifteen, has the true Miltonic gravity and largeness. In the "Vacation Exercise," in close connection with the longing there expressed to use his native language in some great poetic emprise, we find an expression of his disgust at the ingenuities so dear to the heart of the "metaphysicals," those

"New-fangled toys and trimming slight,  
Which take our late fantastics with delight."

His lines on Shakespeare show an appreciation of that sane master completely at variance with the stiff exaggeration of its concluding verses, which are quite in the conceitistic spirit. It should not go unchronicled either, that in the lines on the death of Hobson, the University carrier, Milton showed at least a seasonable desire to be humorous.

But it is the hymn *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* which allows us to read his early title clear. A good deal of reservation, it is true, has to be made even here. The poem has to an extreme degree the Jacobean vice of diffuseness, possibly caught in this instance from the beautiful religious epic of Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Victory and Triumph on Earth and in Heaven*; the metre of the induction is certainly imitated from that poem, and an occasional quaint dulcify of expression, such as,

"See how from far upon the Eastern road  
The star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet,"

seems as certainly caught from it. The opening description of Nature's attempt to hide her sin under a covering of snow at

the moment of the Saviour's birth, the sun's shamed reluctance to rise because of the presence of a greater Sun, and the drolly prosaic figure in the next stanza from the last, where the sun is pictured in bed, with cloud curtains drawn about him and his chin pillowed upon a wave,—over all this is the trail of affectation and mistake. In places, too, where the thought becomes more sincere, the imagery remains unplastic. The descent of "meek-eyed Peace," for example, in the third stanza, reminds one of the stage-contrivances of a court masque; and the figures of Truth, Justice, and Mercy, in stanza fifteen, have the same disillusioning suggestion. But when all reservation is made, and all the unvitalized matter counted out, there remains enough true poetry in the Hymn to have furnished forth a lesser man for immortality. Scattered lines and even stanzas of splendid utterance occur throughout, but the grand manner begins in earnest with the nineteenth stanza:—

"The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving,  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
leaving.  
No nightly trance or breathèd spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from his prophetic  
cell.

"The lonely mountains o'er  
And the resounding shore  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edgèd with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn |  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thick-  
ets mourn."

These and the four stanzas which follow are not only magnificent and flawless, they are also pitched in a key before unheard in England, and colored with the light of a new mind.

The Hymn shows Milton's youthful gen-

us at its highest point; but if we would read the full record of his youth, we must turn to the Latin poems. He gradually desisted from Latin as a means of poetic expression in later life, abandoning it altogether, except for a stray trifle, after his thirty-second year. But during his life at college

he poured into this alien medium all the first fervor of his imagination. When we say, therefore, that he was, as he averred himself to be, not "timely happy," in putting out the flowers of his song, we must say it with this reservation of the Latin poems in mind.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S  
NATIVITY

(1629)

For an account in Milton's own words of the origin of this ode, the reader is referred to the closing lines of the Sixth Latin Elegy, translation, p. 339. He there calls it a "birthday gift for Christ," and says that it was begun on Christmas morning. That it was not written in response to a general invitation on the part of the academic authorities, as has sometimes been conjectured, but sprang from a personal impulse, seems clear from the context of that passage.

## I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did  
bring;

For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual  
peace.

## II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high  
council-table

To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,

Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal  
clay.

## III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred  
vein

Afford a present to the Infant God?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn  
strain,

To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team  
untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching  
light,

And all the spangled host keep watch in  
squadrons bright?

## IV

See how from far upon the Eastern road  
The star-led Wisards haste with odours  
sweet!

Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble  
ode,

And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;

Have thou the honour first thy Lord to  
greet,

And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
From out his secret altar touched with  
hallowed fire.

## THE HYMN

## I

It was the winter wild,

While the heaven-born child

All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;

Nature, in awe to him,

Had doffed her gaudy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize:

It was no season then for her

To wanton with the Sun, her lusty Para-  
mour.

## II

Only with speeches fair

She woos the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent  
snow,

And on her naked shame,

Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to  
throw;

Confounded, that her Maker's eyes

Should look so near upon her foul deformi-  
ties.

## III

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:  
She, crowned with olive green, came  
softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready Harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds  
dividing; 50  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea  
and land.

## IV

No war, or battail's sound,  
Was heard the world around;  
The idle spear and shield were high up-  
hung;  
The hookèd chariot stood,  
Unstained with hostile blood;  
The trumpet spake not to the armèd  
throng;  
And Kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord  
was by. 60

## V

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
charmèd wave.

## VI

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze, 70  
Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warned them  
thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid  
them go.

## VII.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself withheld his wonted  
speed,

And hid his head for shame, 80  
As his inferior flame  
The new - enlightened world no more  
should need:  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright Throne or burning axletree  
could bear.

## VIII

The Shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they than  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them  
below: 90  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy  
keep.

## IX

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet  
As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringèd noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 99  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each  
heavenly close.

## X

Nature, that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat the airy Region thrill-  
ing,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last ful-  
filling:  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier  
union.

## XI

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light, 110  
That with long beams the shamefaced  
Night arrayed;  
The helmèd Cherubim  
And sworded Seraphim  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings  
displayed,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-  
born Heir.



## XII

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the Sons of Morning  
 sung,  
 While the Creator great 120  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced World on hinges  
 hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy  
 channel keep.

## XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time;  
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ  
 blow; 130  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full consort to the angelic sym-  
 phony.

## XIV

For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back and fetch the Age  
 of Gold;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly  
 mould;  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the  
 peering day. 140

## XV

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 The enamelled arras of the rainbow  
 wearing;  
 And Mercy set between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds  
 down steering;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high pal-  
 ace-hall.

## XVI

But wisest Fate says No,  
 This must not yet be so;

150

The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss,  
 So both himself and us to glorify:  
 Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder  
 through the deep,

## XVII

With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang,  
 While the red fire and smouldering  
 clouds outbrake:  
 The aged Earth, aghast 160  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre  
 shake,  
 When, at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall  
 spread his throne.

## XVIII

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
 But now begins; for from this happy day  
 The Old Dragon under ground,  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
 And, wroth to see his Kingdom fail, 171  
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX

The Oracles are dumb;  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the archèd roof in words  
 deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
 leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed Priest from the pro-  
 phetic cell. 180

## XX

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard and loud la-  
 ment;  
 From haunted spring, and dale  
 Edged with poplar pale,  
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
 thickets mourn.

## XXI

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth, <sup>190</sup>  
 The Lars and Lemures moan with mid-  
 night plaint;  
 In urns, and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
 Affrights the Flamens at their service  
 quaint;  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar power forgoes his  
 wonted seat.

## XXII

Peor and Baälím  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
 With that twice-battered god of Pales-  
 tine;  
 And moonèd Ashtaroth, <sup>200</sup>  
 Heaven's Queen and Mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:  
 The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn;  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded  
 Thammuz mourn.

## XXIII

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
 In vain with cymbals' ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast, <sup>211</sup>  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

## XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
 Trampling the unshowered grass with  
 lowings loud;  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest;  
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his  
 shroud;  
 In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,  
 The sable-stolèd Sorcerers bear his wor-  
 shipped ark. <sup>220</sup>

## XXV

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand;  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky  
 eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the  
 damnnèd crew.

## XXVI

So, when the Sun in bed,  
 Curtained with cloudy red, <sup>230</sup>  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several  
 grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted Fays  
 Fly about the night-steeds, leaving their  
 moon-loved maze.

## XXVII

But see! the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
 Time is our tedious song should here  
 have ending:  
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star <sup>240</sup>  
 Hath fixed her polished car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp  
 attending;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order ser-  
 viceable.

## A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV

(1624)

To this translation there is prefixed in the original editions the words: "This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old." They are the earliest of Milton's compositions of which we have record, and the only ones dating from the period of his school-life at St. Paul's. Whether they were self-elected tasks or appointed exercises is unknown. The diction employed in them shows strongly the influence of the *Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas*, made popular in England early in the seventeenth century through Sylvester's translation.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful  
 Son  
 After long toil their liberty had won,  
 And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan-  
 land,  
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's  
 hand,

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
 His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering  
     fled,  
 And sought to hide his froth-becurlèd head  
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams  
     recoil,  
 As a faint host that hath received the  
     foil.  
 The high huge-bellied mountains skip like  
     rams  
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like  
     lambs.  
 Why fled the ocean? and why skipped the  
     mountains?  
 Why turnèd Jordan toward his crystal  
     fountains?  
 Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast  
 Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,  
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can  
     crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones  
     gush.

## PSALM CXXXVI

LET us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord for he is kind;  
     For his mercies aye endure,  
     Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,  
 For of gods he is the God;  
     For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,  
 That doth the wrathful tyrants quell; 10  
     For his, &c.

That with his miracles doth make  
 Amazèd Heaven and Earth to shake;  
     For his, &c.

That by his wisdom did create  
 The painted heavens so full of state; 19  
     For his, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain  
 To rise above the watery plain;  
     For his, &c.

That by his all-commanding might,  
 Did fill the new-made world with light;  
     For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressèd Sun  
 All the day long his course to run; 30  
     For his, &c.

The hornèd Moon to shine by night  
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright;  
     For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
 Smote the first-born of Egypt land;  
     For his, &c. 39

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
 He brought from thence his Israel;  
     For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
 Of the Erythrean main;  
     For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,  
 While the Hebrew bands did pass; 50  
     For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
 The tawny King with all his power;  
     For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
 In the wasteful Wilderness;  
     For his, &c. 59

In bloody battail he brought down  
 Kings of prowess and renown;  
     For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,  
 That ruled the Amorrean coast;  
     For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,  
 With all his over-hardy crew; 70  
     For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel  
 He gave their land, therein to dwell;  
     For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
 Beheld us in our misery;  
     For his, &c. 79

And freed us from the slavery  
 Of the invading enemy;  
     For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need;  
For his, &c.

Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth; 90  
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high,  
Above the reach of mortal eye;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

# ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH

(1625-26)

The subject of this poem, the first of the English poems dating from Cambridge, was a niece of Milton's, the child of his sister Anne and of Edward Phillips. The couple had been married but a short time, and were living in the Strand, near Charing Cross. Their baby's death occurred during the severe winter of 1625-26, which followed upon the devastating plague of the autumn, alluded to in the next to the last stanza. The reader will remember that the Edward and John Phillips who figure so prominently in Milton's biography were brothers of this child.

## I

O FAIREST Flower, no sooner blown but  
    blasted,  
Soft silken Primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-  
    lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy bloss-  
    som dry;  
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye  
    That did thy cheek envermeil, thought  
    to kiss,  
But killed, alas! and then bewailed his fa-  
    tal bliss.

## II

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel  
    got, 9  
He thought it touched his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot  
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul re-  
proach was held.

## III

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing  
    air  
He wandered long, till thee he spied from  
    far;  
There ended was his quest, there ceased  
    his care:  
Down he descended from his snow-soft  
    chair,  
But, all un'wares, with his cold-kind em-  
    brace, 20  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair  
    biding-place.

## IV

Yet thou art not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan  
    land;  
But then transformed him to a purple  
    flower:  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had  
    no power!

## V

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark  
    womb, 30  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed  
Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb.  
Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strict  
    doom?  
Oh no! for something in thy face di  
    shine  
Above mortality, that showed thou was  
    divine.

## VI

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest  
(If so be it that thou these complaints dost  
    hear)  
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hov-  
    erest,  
Whether above that high first-moving  
    sphere,  
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there  
    were), 40  
Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal  
    wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst  
    take thy flight.

## VII

Wert thou some Star, which from the ruined roof  
 Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
 Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
 Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some God-  
 dess fled  
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared  
 head?

## VIII

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before<sup>50</sup>  
 Forsook the hated earth, oh! tell me sooth,  
 And camest again to visit us once more?  
 Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling  
 Youth?  
 Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robed  
 Truth?  
 Or any other of that heavenly brood  
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world  
 some good?

## IX

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed,  
 As if to shew what creatures Heaven doth  
 breed;<sup>61</sup>  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven  
 aspire?

## X

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made  
 our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved  
 smart?  
 But thou canst best perform that office  
 where thou art.<sup>70</sup>

## XI

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
 Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
 Think what a present thou to God hast  
 sent,  
 And render him with patience what he  
 lent:

This if thou do, he will an offspring give  
 That till the world's last end shall make  
 thy name to live.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN  
THE COLLEGE, PART LATIN,  
PART ENGLISH

(1628)

Light is thrown upon this curious fragment by one of the seven *Prolusiones Oratorice*, or academic speeches, which Milton carefully preserved from his undergraduate days, and published, along with his Latin Familiar *Epistles*, in the last year of his life. The *prolusio*, of which these verses are a fragment, was prepared for one of those odd festivals, survivals of mediæval university life, in which the students of Cambridge managed to unite a half-serious, half-burlesque display of learning with fun of a more boisterous kind. This particular festival fell at the end of the Easter term and beginning of the Long Vacation, in July, 1628. Milton, then nearing the end of his undergraduate life, was chosen by the students of Christ's to be the "Father" or leader of the ceremonies, with a number of assistants or "sons" under him to help carry out the exercise which he should plan. The first part of this exercise consisted of a discourse, conceived in a heavy vein of serio-comedy, on the theme: "That occasional indulgence in sportive exercises is not inconsistent with philosophic studies." The second part consisted of a burlesque address, delivered in the person of the "Father" to his sons. Both these were in Latin. Contrary to the usual custom, Milton, at this point in the exercises, abandoned Latin for the vulgar tongue. He excused himself for the unusual liberty by pronouncing the invocation to his native language, which makes up the first part of the preserved fragment. Realizing, however, that this is a digression, he soon checks himself and turns to the business in hand; i. e., the introduction to the audience of his sons, each of whom was to deliver a speech dramatically appropriate to the character assigned him. The characters impersonated exemplify the quaint dress of pedantry in which college fun was wont in Milton's day to be clothed. Milton himself, as Father, represented Ens, or the Absolute Being, of

Aristotelian philosophy; his sons, ten in number, represented Substance and its nine conditions or accidents, Quantity, Quality, Time, Place, etc. These ten, taken together, make up the Aristotelian categories, or, as they are here called, Predicaments, of being. The second part of the verse-fragments consists of a figurative account of Substance, both in himself and as he is affected by the nine accidents. Although thus elaborately introduced, Substance does not speak, perhaps because it is only when affected by the accidents that substance becomes perceptible. The prose speeches of Quantity, Quality, and the other accidents, have not been preserved. It only remains to be noted that the part of Relation was taken by one of the two sons, George and Nizell, of Sir John Rivers, then freshmen at Christ's. The last ten lines of the fragment constitutes a punning allusion to the name.

*The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began:—*

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak,  
 Didst move my first-endeavouring tongue to speak,  
 And madest imperfect words, with childish trips,  
 Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:  
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
 That now I use thee in my latter task:  
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee.  
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
 Believe me, I have thither packed the worst:  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.  
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,  
 For this same small neglect that I have made;  
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;  
 Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight;  
 But cull those richest robes and gayest attire,

Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.

I have some naked thoughts that rove about,

And loudly knock to have their passage out,

And, weary of their place, do only stay  
 Till thou hast decked them in thy best array;

That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears.

Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use,  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,

Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar

Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door

Look in, and see each blissful Deity  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,

Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings

Immortal nectar to her kingly Sire;  
 Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,

And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,

May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,

In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;

Then sing of secret things that came to pass

When beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
 And last of Kings and Queens and Heroes old,

Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,

While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest  
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!

Expectance calls thee now another way.  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent

To keep in compass of thy Predicament.  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,

That to the next I may resign my room.

Then ENS is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten Sons; whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE with his Canons; which ENS, thus speaking, explains:—

Good luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth

The faery Ladies danced upon the hearth.

The drowsy Nurse hath sworn she did them spy 61

Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.

She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still

From eyes of mortals walk invisible.

Yet there is something that doth force my fear;

For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age, 69  
That far events full wisely could presage,  
And, in Time's long and dark prospective-glass,

Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.

"Your Son," said she, "(nor can you it prevent,)"

Shall subject be to many an *Accident*.

O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King;

Yet every one shall make him underling,  
And those that cannot live from him asunder

Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.

In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;

Yet, being above them, he shall be below them. 80

From others he shall stand in need of nothing,

Yet on his Brothers shall depend for clothing.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
Devouring war shall never cease to roar;

Yea, it shall be his natural property  
To harbour those that are at enmity."

What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not

Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose: then RELATION was called by his name.

Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,  
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born Giant, spreads

His thirty arms along the indented meads,  
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,  
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,  
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,  
Or coally Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,  
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,

Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame. 100

*The rest was prose.*

## THE PASSION

(1630)

This was begun as a companion-piece to the "Ode on the Nativity," and probably dates from the Easter Season of 1630. The chilly conceitfulness of many of the lines contrasts remarkably with the eager and inspired tone of the Ode. If it were not for the explicit statement of the opening lines, we should be inclined to attribute this poem to an earlier date.

### I

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,

And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,  
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;  
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In wintry solstice like the shortened light  
Soon swallowed up in dark and long outliving night.

### II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my Harp to notes of saddest woe,  
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10

Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,

Which he for us did freely undergo:  
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight

Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

## III

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,  
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair  
   eyes,  
 Poor fleshly Tabernacle enterèd,  
 His starry front low-roofed beneath the  
   skies:  
 Oh, what a mask was there, what a dis-  
   guise!  
   Yet more: the stroke of death he must  
   abide;  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his  
   Brethren's side.

## IV

These latest scenes confine my roving  
   verse;  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound.  
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings, otherwhere are  
   found;  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth  
   sound:  
   Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mourn-  
   ful things.

## V

Befriend me, Night, best Patroness of  
   grief!  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flattered fancy to belief<sup>31</sup>  
 That Heaven and Earth are coloured with  
   my woe;  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:  
   The leaves should all be black whereon  
   I write,  
 And letters, where my tears have washed,  
   a wannish white.

## VI

See, see the chariot, and those rushing  
   wheels,  
 That whirled the prophet up at Chebar  
   flood;  
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels  
 To bear me where the Towers of Salem  
   stood,  
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless  
   blood.<sup>40</sup>  
   There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic  
   fit.

## VII

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral  
   rock  
 That was the casket of Heaven's richest  
   store,  
 And here, though grief my feeble hands  
   up-lock,  
 Yet on the softened quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before;  
   For sure so well instructed are my tears  
 That they would fitly fall in ordered char-  
   acters.

## VIII

Or, should I thence, hurried on viewless  
   wing,<sup>50</sup>  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and  
   spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their Echoes  
   mild;  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)  
   Might think the infection of my sorrows  
   loud  
 Had got a race of mourners on some preg-  
   nant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the  
 years he had when he wrote it, and nothing sat-  
 isfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

## ON SHAKESPEARE

(1630)

These lines first appeared, along with other  
 commendatory verses by various authors, pre-  
 fixed to the second folio edition of Shake-  
 speare, published in 1632. They are, however,  
 dated two years earlier in the 1645 edition of  
 Milton's poems. The original title is, "An  
 Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet,  
 W. Shakespeare."

WHAT needs my Shakespeare, for his hon-  
   oured bones,  
 The labour of an age in pilèd stones?  
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid  
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of  
   thy name?  
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.



For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavour-  
ing art,  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each  
heart  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued  
book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression  
took;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble, with too much con-  
ceiving;  
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to  
die.

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

*Who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being  
forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague*

(1631)

Thomas Hobson, the University carrier or "expressman," was a well-known figure in Cambridge during Milton's undergraduateship. For more than half a century he had driven a coach between the university and the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate Street, London, carrying letters, parcels, and passengers. In the spring of 1630 the plague, which was then raging in various parts of England, broke out in the colleges so violently that all academic exercises had to be suspended. As a precaution against the spread of the disease, the coach communication with London was stopped, and old Hobson, at the age of 86, found his occupation gone. When the colleges opened in November the plague had abated, but Hobson was unable to resume his journeys; he died on the 1st of January, 1631, killed, Milton humorously supposes, by the tedium of his enforced idleness. In connection with his coaching, Hobson kept a stable of horses, which he let out to the students and officers of the University. These he assigned by rotation, never allowing the personal preference of a customer to determine his mount; hence arose the phrase "Hobson's choice."

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke  
his girt,  
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;  
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one  
He's here stuck in a slough, and over-  
thrown.  
'T was such a shifter that, if truth were  
known,

Death was half glad when he had got him  
down;  
For he had any time this ten years full  
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and  
*The Bull.*  
And surely Death could never have pre-  
vailed,  
Had not his weekly course of carriage  
failed;  
But lately, finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journey's end was  
come,  
And that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,  
In the kind office of a Chamberlin  
Showed him his room where he must lodge  
that night,  
Pulled off his boots, and took away the  
light.  
If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
"Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to  
bed."

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove  
That he could never die while he could  
move;  
So hung his destiny, never to rot  
While he might still jog on and keep his  
trots;  
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
Until his revolution was at stay.  
Time numbers Motion, yet (without a  
crime  
'Gainst old truth) Motion numbered out  
his time;  
And, like an engine moved with wheel and  
weight,  
His principles being ceased, he ended  
straight.  
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his  
death,  
And too much breathing put him out of  
breath;  
Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
Too long vacation hastened on his term.  
Merely to drive the time away he sick-  
ened,  
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be  
quickened.  
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-  
stretched,  
"If I may n't carry, sure I'll ne'er be  
fetched,

But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood  
 hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six bear-  
 ers." 20  
 Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge  
 right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went  
 light.  
 His leisure told him that his time was  
 come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That even to his last breath (there be that  
 say 't),  
 As he were pressed to death, he cried,  
 "More weight!"  
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal Carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30  
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his in-  
 crease.  
 His letters are delivered all and gone;  
 Only remains this superscription.

#### AN EPITAPH ON THE MAR- CHIONESS OF WINCHESTER

The subject of this epitaph was Jane, wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester, and daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage. She was noted for her beauty and intelligence; and her death in childbirth, at the age of twenty-three, evoked besides the present poem an elaborate tribute from the poet-laureate, Ben Jonson. What led Milton to write upon her death is unknown, as no record of any connection between him and the Marchioness has reached us. It is possible that the George and Nizell Rivers, addressed in the Vacation Exercise, were her relatives, since her mother was a daughter of the Earl of Rivers. If so, Milton's acquaintance with them would perhaps have afforded an adequate incentive.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honoured wife of Winchester,  
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,  
 Besides what her virtues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More than she could own from earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told; alas! too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness and with death! 10

Yet, had the number of her days  
 Been as complete as was her praise,  
 Nature and Fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth and her graces sweet  
 Quickly found a lover meet;  
 The virgin quire for her request  
 The god that sits at marriage-feast;  
 He at their invoking came,  
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame; 20  
 And in his garland, as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a cypress-bud.  
 Once had the early Matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes,  
 And calls Lucina to her throes;  
 But, whether by mischance or blame,  
 Atropos for Lucina came,  
 And with remorseless cruelty  
 Spoiled at once both fruit and tree. 30  
 The hapless babe before his birth  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth;  
 And the languished mother's womb  
 Was not long a living tomb.  
 So have I seen some tender slip,  
 Saved with care from Winter's nip,  
 The pride of her carnation train,  
 Plucked up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who only thought to crop the flower  
 New shot up from vernal shower; 40  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Sideways, as on a dying bed,  
 And those pearls of dew she wears  
 Prove to be presaging tears  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hastening funeral.  
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have!  
 After this thy travail sore,  
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50  
 That, to give the world encrease,  
 Shortened hast thy own life's lease!  
 Here, besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble House doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Wept for thee in Helicon;  
 And some flowers and some bays  
 For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60  
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in  
 glory,  
 Next her, much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian Shepherdess,  
 Who, after years of barrenness,

The highly-favoured Joseph bore  
 To him that served for her before,  
 And at her next birth, much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light:  
 There with thee, new-welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO  
 THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

(1631)

This sonnet was written at Cambridge, shortly before Milton took his Master's degree. After he had left Cambridge for Horton, he sent the sonnet to a friend, whose name is now unknown, enclosed in a letter replying to certain exhortations which that friend had made to him concerning his apparent idleness and aimlessness. After setting forth the reasons which deterred him from entering the church, Milton says: "That you may see that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take

notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some little while ago, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza."

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,

Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,

But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,

That I to manhood am arrived so near,

And inward ripeness doth much less appear,

That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

It shall be still in strictest measure even

To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,

As ever in my great Task-master's eye.



POEMS WRITTEN AT HORTON

1632-1638

AND IN ITALY

1638-1639



## L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO

The initial idea of the twin poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, may be traced with considerable probability to a poem prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book which is in the list of Milton's reading at Horton. The verses are entitled "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy; or, A Dialogue Between Pleasure and Pain." The following extracts will give a fair idea of them:—

"When I go musing all alone,  
Thinking of divers things foreknown,  
When I build castles in the air,  
Void of sorrow, void of fear,  
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,  
When to myself I act and smile,  
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,  
By a brookside or wood so green,  
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,  
Methinks I hear, methinks I see,  
Sweet music, wondrous melody,  
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;  
Here now, then there, the world is mine:  
Rare beauties, gallant ladies, shine,  
Whate'er is lovely or divine.  
All other joys to this are folly;  
Nought so sweet as Melancholy."

An idea so congenial as this to Milton's contemplative nature, and so imperfectly expressed, would naturally tease his artistic fancy, especially when the seclusion of country life gave him ample opportunity to taste the pleasures which Burton celebrates. It is not improbable that he found a further stimulus in a pretty song in Beaumont and Fletcher's play entitled *Nice Valour*. The play was not published, it is true, until 1647, fifteen years after the probable date of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; but as Francis Beaumont died in 1616,

and the play in question was a joint production of his and Fletcher's, the song was in all probability popular before Milton wrote. It begins just in the strain of *Il Penseroso*, and contains details of which certain well-known passages in the latter poem seem expansions:—

"Hence, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,  
Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves;  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.  
A midnight bell, a parting groan,  
These are the sounds we feed upon.

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;  
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely Melancholy."

The scheme of contrasts in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* may also have been suggested by Burton's verses; for he gives, as a running antithesis to the pleasures of the mild contemplative type of melancholy, alternate verses dealing with the darker aspects of that mood of mind, ending with the emphatic refrain,—

"All my griefs to this are jolly,  
None so damned as Melancholy."

Milton has lifted this contrast to the other side of the scale, placing over against the sweetness of contemplation the sweetness of frank and open mirth and delight in the outward aspects of things.

In the case of vital literature, however, such external indications of origin go at best a very little way toward explaining

its genesis. The poems noted above undoubtedly furnished an inceptive hint, and Marlowe's famous lyric, "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," supplied a line or two. Of more interest to consider are the subjective conditions antecedent to or accompanying the production of the poem. It was written in a transition period of the author's life, when the exuberance of youth was giving way to the soberness of manhood, and when, too, the Elizabethan influences in the immediate world about him were rapidly falling back before the advancing shadow of Puritanism. We are apt to think of Milton only in his grimmer shape, after his character had hardened under the pressure of his gigantic will. One has but to read, however, among the early Latin poems, the first and the seventh elegies and the verses "On the Approach of Spring" (*In Adventum Veris*), to understand that his veins in youth were full of as heady a wine as the most radical humanist could wish for him. The "Sonnet to the Nightingale," ushering in his Horton period, is a pure troubadour song, eloquent of the longing for joy which is the intolerable obsession of youth. All these centrifugal tendencies, urging him out to seek the "joy in widest commonalty spread," were opposed by constantly growing instincts toward abstraction from the world of sense, a retiring upon self to find the elements of a more visionary and abiding happiness.

*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are a kind of summing up of these two possible attitudes toward life. Milton was not prepared to champion either attitude in a partisan spirit. He felt the appeal of both in his own nature; they were the two sides of a balanced life. Yet he must have recognized the practical impossibility of combining them in their perfect fullness, and have felt a certain personal satisfaction in setting forth clearly, though in a poetic guise, the rational claims of each upon his sympathy. The problem, if such it can be called, was

of course still rather remote and unreal: he did not foresee the solution which circumstance was soon to thrust upon him, in the shape of a life lived for ideal ends through days of dusty publicity.

A good deal of discussion on the part of commentators has followed Professor Masson's remark that the two poems each narrate the events of "an ideal day, a day of twelve hours." A brief analysis will make the points of the discussion clear.

*L'Allegro* begins, after the preliminary verses in banishment of Melancholy and the invocation of Mirth and her companions, with the lark's song at dawn. Then follow, in swift succession, typical glimpses of morning life in the country, the crowing of the cock, the baying of hounds, and the winding of the hunter's horn, the milkmaid singing across the sunrise fields, the shepherd counting his sheep as they come from the fold. Through these sights and sounds the poet passes, himself "not unseen," i. e., greeted and greeting, toward the hillock whence he can view "the great sun begin his state." The landscape description which follows, of mountains, meadows, brooks, and battlemented towers, is without indication of the time of day; but the picture of Corydon and Thyrsis at their dinner of herbs apprises us that the chronological order is still adhered to. The merry-making on the green of some "upland hamlet," whither the poet now strays, may very well fall in the late afternoon, and the nut brown ale and the goblin tales by the fire bring the "ideal day" to a close. Up to this point, only one circumstance disturbs the even development of the theme, namely, the mention of the "hoar hill" on which the hunters are heard, — an autumnal detail irreconcilable with the midsummer picture.

Here, however, the development changes abruptly; and with the words, —

"Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,"

the mind is led away to the more splendid



spectacles of court and theatre, the pageantry of princely marriages, with their accompaniment of masques and processions, or to such survivals of the mediæval tournaments and courts of love as England could show under the Stuarts. It would seem to be a forcing of the "ideal day" theory of the poem to take this, not literally — as an abrupt transfer of the scene to the city, where L'Allegro, or "the cheerful man," is an eye-witness of these high festivities, — but fancifully, as something which he reads about after he has left the company of rustic story-tellers creeping to bed, and has himself retired to end his evening with his books. Either interpretation is possible, however, and the reader is free to choose for himself. It may perhaps strengthen the latter interpretation to notice that this indication, if such it is, of the kind of reading in which L'Allegro delights, is supplemented by a description of the kind of music which especially appeals to him, songs full of lively trills and cadenzas, as opposed to the sylvan dream-music, the organ peal, and the solemn anthem, which Il Penseroso loves.

The second poem answers the first, part to part. There is the preliminary banishing of Joy, in the same measure of alternate pentameters and trimeters, followed by an invocation of Melancholy with her appropriate train of attendants. The "ideal day" opens here at evening. Il Penseroso, "the meditative man," listens to the night-ingle in the woods, hears the curfew roll across the water to the headland where he stands, or walks across the mowed hay-fields watching the midnight moon. Here, however, the temporal sequence breaks down altogether; for he is one moment in the city listening to the call of the night-watch, and the next in the lonely tower of a castle or moated grange, deep in Plato and Hermes Trismegistus. It is an incidental refutation of the more fanciful interpretation of the lines in L'Allegro beginning, "Towered cities please us then," that

here, in the midnight studies of Il Penseroso, Milton gives prominence to romantic tales of chivalry which would be identical in mood with the sights which L'Allegro describes, provided both were seen only with the eye of fancy.

When the dawn comes it is ushered in, not with bird songs and cock crow, but with gusty winds and the sound of dripping eaves. The poet walks abroad, but not to note the bustle of the waking world, much less to mingle in it. Instead, he buries himself in a twilight grove, where the murmur of bees and waters invite to slumber. For him the airy stream of portraiture which dream displays is livelier than the vision of external fact. When he wakes, it is to seek the places where life comes nearest to dream, the cloister and the cathedral. The lines beginning, —

"But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,"

coming as they do in symmetrical contrast with the disputed passage of the *Allegro*, —

"Towered cities please us then," etc.,

prove by implication that the latter passage is to be taken literally. If anything more were needed to invalidate the strict application of the "ideal day" theory of the structure of the two poems, it would be supplied by the concluding passage of the *Penseroso*, where the poet looks forward to old age in a forest hermitage.

The result of the analysis seems to be that Milton did strive to give the poems continuity of development by following in some measure the typical happenings of twenty-four hours in two contrasted lives, or rather in two contrasted moods of a single life; but that he left himself perfectly free to dispense with this framework wherever by so doing he could widen the meaning or intensify the beauty of his theme.

Milton was not a minute observer of nature. He does not picture her outward

aspects with that kind of fidelity which continually makes a new and surprising revelation of common things. He has not the delicate half-savage woodcraft by virtue of which some poets surprise her at her shy rites. His nature-pictures, if not conventional, are conventionalized. He paints, for the most part, in the broad typical way of the Dutch landscape school,—a style which is fatally dull in second-rate hands, but which, in the hands of a consummate artist, leads to a classical permanency and largeness of effect. It is because Milton's hand is consummate that we can read and re-read the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, sure of a calm, renewed delight, when more thrilling poetry may have exhausted its power to charm after the first appeal.

The language of these two little masterpieces has been the despair of poets. It is not that it is so beautiful, for others have equaled or excelled it in the mere conjuring power of suggestion; but that it is, as a French critic has finely said, so *just* in its beauty. The means are exquisitely proportioned to the end. The speech incarnates the thought as easily, as satisfyingly, as the muscles of a Phidian youth incarnate the motor-impulse of his brain. Always fruition is just gently touched. To the connoisseur in language there is a sensation of almost physical soothing in its perfect poise and play.

The metre of these poems, notwithstanding its simplicity, will repay careful study. Disregarding the inductions, we perceive the metrical norm to be the line of eight syllables, the stresses falling on the even syllables,—

### L'ALLEGRO

(1633)

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and  
sights unholy,

"But come', thou God'dess fair' and free'."

This metre (iambic tetrameter) was a favorite one with Milton's predecessors and contemporaries, but had shown itself to have two great weaknesses. It was prone to degenerate into monotony and into triviality.

Milton avoids the first danger by a liberal use of seven-syllable lines, with the initial stress falling on the first syllable:—

Come', and trip' it as' you go',

a variation which gives a buoyant lilting effect to the verse, and sends it on with elastic freshness whenever it is in danger of becoming spiritless. It will be noticed, however, that this tripping measure is never introduced arbitrarily, for mere variety's sake, but always in answer to some brightening of mood in the thought itself, such as the quoted line illustrates. With this in mind, it will be instructive to compare the invocation of Mirth and her gay train with that of Melancholy and her sober attendants.

To show by what means Milton avoided the second danger to which the metre is exposed, that of degenerating into triviality, would be to put our finger on one of the mysteries of the creative mind. A great composer has recently employed the negro melodies and jigs of the southern states as the leading themes in an imposing symphony. In somewhat the same way Milton here raises a half-doggerel metre into dignity. The real artist never shows himself so well as when he works in a homely medium, communicating to it his own distinction.

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding Darkness spreads his  
jealous wings,

And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and low-browed  
rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic Wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying, 20  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as ye go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unproved pleasures free; 40  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine;  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin; 50  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before:  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great Sun begins his state, 60  
 Robed in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the lantskip round it measures: 70  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The labouring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied;  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of hearbs and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocond rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid  
 Dancing in the chequered shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holyday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail:  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat:  
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;  
 And he, by Friar's lanthorn led,  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end;  
 Then lies him down, the lubbar fend, 110  
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.  
 Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons  
 bold,

In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120  
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask and antique pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out 140  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## IL PENNEROSO

(1633)

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred !  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-  
 beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But, hail ! thou Goddess sage and holy ! 11  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,  
 Or that starred Ethiop Queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above 20  
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers of-  
 fended.

Yet thou art higher far descended:  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain.  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30  
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cypress lawn  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come; but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50  
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke 60  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, Chauntress, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering Moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon.

Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bowed, 71  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removèd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the Bellman's drowsy charm  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold 90  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Hēr mānsion in this fleshly nook;  
And of those Dæmons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or underground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.  
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower;  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, w rbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did seek;  
Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass  
On which the Tartar King did ride;  
And if aught else great Bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear, 119  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,

Not tricked and frowncd, as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or ushered with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute-drops from off the eaves. 136  
And, when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke  
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
There, in close covert, by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid. 150  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.  
But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowèd roof,  
With antick pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light. 160  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voiced Quire below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170  
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,  
And every hearb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live

## SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE

(1632-33)

This piece and the following one have sometimes been assigned to an earlier date. The identity of their tone with that of the Horton poems seems, in the absence of any definite evidence to the contrary, to warrant placing them here.

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,

Thou with fresh hopes the Lover's heart  
dost fill,

While the jolly Hours lead on propitious  
May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,

Portend success in love. O if Jove's will  
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,

Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;

As thou from year to year hast sung too late

For my relief, yet had'st no reason why.  
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,

Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## SONG ON MAY MORNING

(1632-33)

Now the bright morning-star, Day's har-  
binger,

Comes dancing from the East, and leads  
with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap  
throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale prim-  
rose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!

Woods and groves are of thy dress-  
ing;

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

## ON TIME

(1633-34)

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy  
race:

Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's  
pace;

And glut thyself with what thy womb de-  
vours,

Which is no more than what is false and  
vain,

And merely mortal dross;

So little is our loss,

So little is thy gain!

For, whenas each thing bad thou hast en-  
tomb'd,

And, last of all, thy greedy Self consumed,  
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss

With an individual kiss,

And joy shall overtake us as a flood;

When everything that is sincerely good

And perfectly divine,

With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall  
ever shine

About the supreme Throne

Of Him, to whose happy-making sight  
alone

When once our heavenly-guided soul shall  
climb,

Then, all this earthly grossness quit,

Attired with stars we shall forever sit,

Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and  
thee, O Time!

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

(1633-34)

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's  
joy,

Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and  
Verse,

Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power  
employ,

Dead things with imbreated sense able to  
pierce;

And to our high-raised phantasy present

That undisturbed Song of pure concent,

Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured  
Throne

To Him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout and solemn jubily;  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,  
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden  
     wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious  
     palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly:  
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 As once we did, till disproportioned Sin  
 Jarred against Nature's chime, and with  
     harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures  
     made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their mo-  
     tions swayed  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O, may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God  
     ere long  
 To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn  
     of light!

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION

(1634)

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors  
     bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,

First heard by happy watchful Shepherds'  
     ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,  
 Through the soft silence of the listening  
     night,—  
 Now mourn; and if sad share with us to  
     bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow.  
 He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere  
 Entered the world, now bleeds to give us  
     ease.  
 Alas! how soon our sin  
 Sore doth begin  
 His infancy to seize!  
 O more exceeding Love, or Law more  
     just?  
 Just Law indeed, but more exceeding  
     Love!  
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,  
 Were lost in death, till He, that dwelt  
     above  
 High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail  
     dust  
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;  
 And that great Covenant which we still  
     transgress  
 Intirely satisfied,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding  
     smart  
 This day; but oh! ere long,  
 Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

## ARCADES AND COMUS

## I

In order to understand the task which Milton set himself in the *Arcades* and in *Comus*, it will be necessary to glance for a moment at the history of the dramatic form which it represents. The English masque, though it received modifications from native sources, was in the main an Italian product. The southern love of spectacle, united with the Renaissance enthusiasm for classical learning, developed in Italy during the sixteenth century a peculiar species of entertainment, the nearest analogue to which in our own time and country is perhaps the annual Mardi-gras procession at New Orleans. Sometimes the Italian pageants took this precise form of a procession of gorgeously decorated cars moving through the city streets, bearing groups of symbolic figures. Sometimes, on the temporary stage of a ducal ball-room, they took the form of a more coherent series of tableaux, a kind of masque-pageant enlivened by music and dumb-show. Sometimes a connected story was acted out, with elaborate stage devices, and choric and lyric interludes. All these entertainments shared alike the qualities of spectacular gorgeousness and pseudo-classic symbolism. The mythology of Greece and Rome was ransacked for stories which could be suggested by picturesque groups of figures without much action; and upon the devising and mounting of these groups were lavished all the devices of the poet, the sculptor, the engineer, and the costumer. Architects like Palladio did not disdain to design the stage-settings; masters of color like Tintoretto and Veronese painted the scenery; mechanics like Brunelleschi arranged the machinery; distinguished musicians

and choreographers took charge of the dances and songs which enriched the meagre action. All this of course made the masque-pageant an expensive form of diversion, open only to rich municipalities, to great guilds or societies, and to courts.

It was as an adjunct to courtly merry-makings that the masque proper chiefly flourished. Just as the masque-pageant added to the decorative and mimetic elements of the simple pageant the beguilement of music, instrumental and vocal, so the masque proper added to the masque-pageant an element of spoken poetry or recitative, and also gave to the lyric ingredient a greater importance. The services of poets thus came into requisition, and it was at court that the Italian poets were apt to be found. Another reason for the popularity of the masque at court lay in the opportunity which it gave for lords and ladies, who had been blessed with little histrionic genius but with abundant physical beauty, to display themselves in decorative rôles as gods and goddesses, or as abstract virtues and passions.

When the masque passed over into England in the sixteenth century, it found there some indigenous forms of entertainment with which it had affinities, such as the pageants of the London Trade Guilds, the Morality plays, and the "mummings" which still survive, if the testimony of Mr. Hardy's *Return of the Native* is to be taken, in parts of rural England. How far the foreign importation was affected by these native products is uncertain, but there is early noticeable some substantial differences between the English masque and its Italian prototype, due to the peculiar literary conditions of England at the time. Elizabethan drama was just beginning its



wonderful career, and a crowd of playwrights stood ready to seize upon any outlet for their talents. It was not long, therefore, before the somewhat crude spectacular displays which marked, for example, the famous visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth, developed in the hands of such dramatic poets as Dekker, Marston, Heywood, and Chapman into more chastened and coherent forms, with a substantial warp of poetry to hold the structure together. Ben Jonson, who as laureate to King James was expected to furnish one or two masques a year for the court, lifted the form out of the realm of the ephemeral, and made it a vehicle for literature. Somewhere in his burly make-up Ben Jonson hid a deposit of delicate fancy and exquisite song, and he fashioned the airy substance of his masques with love, lavishing upon them vast learning and invention. He was fortunate in having as his coadjutors two men of exceptional gifts, Ferrabosco, the King's musician, and Inigo Jones, the King's architect; but Jonson refused stoutly to subordinate his text to the music of the one or to the stage devices of the other. Jonson's example led other poets to give the masque a much more conscientious treatment than it had hitherto received. His work had only to be supplemented by the exquisite lyrical sense of John Fletcher, in his *Faithful Shepherdess*, and by the magic fancy of Shakespeare, in such masque-like creations as *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest*, to prepare the instrument wholly for Milton's hand.

## II

The *Arcades* is only a fragment, and if it had not been followed by *Comus*, would be of little interest except for the two or three lovely lyric touches which it contains. But as regards the circumstances of their production, the two poems are intimately connected, and any consideration of the one

necessarily includes the other. What those circumstances were has already been briefly stated in the introductory biography. It is there assumed, in accordance with the general belief, that we owe the *Arcades* to Henry Lawes, the young musician whose name is otherwise imperishably bound up with the lyric poetry of the seventeenth century, since it was he who set to music the songs of Carew, Lovelace, Herrick, and other poets of his day. Biographers have attempted to prove, with partial success, that Milton was personally known to the Bridgewater family, and received the invitation to contribute to the Harefield masque directly from them. The matter is of small importance; certainly, from whatever source it came, the invitation cannot but have been welcome to the young poet, for several reasons. In the first place, the Countess Dowager of Derby, in whose honor the masque was performed, had been, in her youth, the friend of Milton's darling poet, Spenser, who indeed claimed kinship with her family, the Spencers of Althorpe. To her elder sisters Spenser had dedicated his *Muiopotmos* and his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, and to herself his *Tears of the Muses*. Such a connection would have been enough to throw about the venerable lady to Milton's eyes a halo of romantic interest, even had not her subsequent relations with literary men made it possible for Warton to say that "the peerage-book of this lady is the literature of her age." At the fine old estate of Harefield, she and her second husband, Sir Thomas Egerton, had been visited by Queen Elizabeth, and the stately avenue of elms in which the *Arcades* was afterwards presented derived its name of the "Queen's Walk" from a masque of welcome which was presented there on that occasion. A widow since 1617, the Countess Dowager lived in stately retirement at Harefield, engaged in works of charity. Three groups of grandchildren surrounded

her. One of these groups contained the young Lady Alice Egerton, and her boy-brothers, Thomas Egerton and Viscount Brackley, who were to act the next year in *Comus* at their father's installation as Lord President of Wales. When the children and grandchildren of the aged countess proposed to honor her with a masque which should remind her of the glories surrounding her earlier womanhood, the project doubtless enlisted Milton's eager participation.

Some less accidental considerations also contributed to make the task a welcome one. That Milton's imagination was early excited by the stage, and that in his college days he had attended the London theatres assiduously, is proven by an interesting passage in the First Elegy (see translation, p. 324). The Puritan hatred of the stage had not yet touched him. That he had seen masques performed before he was called upon to write one is suggested by a stanza of the *Ode on the Nativity*, noted by Symonds, describing the descent of "meek-eyed Peace" upon the Earth:—

"She, crowned with olive green, came softly  
sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds divid-  
ing;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and  
land,"

— a description in which it is certainly difficult not to recognize a nymph of King James's court, let down from the canvas clouds of the banqueting room at Whitehall by means of one of Inigo Jones's famous contrivances. Milton, besides, must surely have recognized the peculiar fitness of the masque form for the conveyance of moral and philosophic truth. The purely ideal realm in which the masque moves, and the wide latitude which it offers for the introduction of songs and speeches having only an ideal connection with the action in hand, made it a perfect instrument for the gracious conveyance of a serious abstract lesson.

In the fragment of the *Arcades* which it fell to Milton's lot to compose, he was not free to put it to these high uses. He could only show, in a few exquisite touches, such as "branching elms star-proof," and

"By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks,  
On old Lycæus and Cyllene hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,"

that a poet was at hand with more than Ben Jonson's delicacy and more than Fletcher's sweetness. But when in the spring of the next year (if we accept the probable date of 1633 for the *Arcades*) he was called upon once more by Lawes for the text of a masque, this time to celebrate the Earl of Bridgewater's assumption of the Lord Presidency of Wales, at Ludlow Castle in Shropshire, he was left unhampered to work out his conception, and to charge the delicate fabric of his dream with the weight of a personal philosophy.

### III

In *Comus* Milton pushed much further than Ben Jonson had done, the supremacy of the poet over the musician and the stage carpenter. Lawes, for purposes of scenic effectiveness, deftly transferred a portion of the lyric epilogue sung by the Attendant Spirit at the close, the line beginning "To the ocean now I fly," to serve as an entrance song for himself, changing "to the ocean" to "from the Heavens." In the masque as printed, however, there is no lyric element until the Sister's invocation to Echo. The bulk of the masque is dignified blank verse, unhurried by the necessity for spectacular effect, and with its serious mood unrelieved by lyrical episodes. It is as if the poet had been bent upon showing that he could dispense not only with the trumpery devices of stage mechanism, but also with music, whether his own, in the form of lyrical strophes, or his friend's, in the form of accompanying airs. Not until near the end, when the lesson has been enforced and the action is practically complete, does Milton put

aside the sober blank verse line, and lead the little play to a close in rich and delicate pulsation of melody. This is so wide a departure from the traditions of masque-writing, that some critics have denied *Comus* the title, and declared that it is no more a masque than is Lyly's *Endymion* or Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Besides this metrical sobriety, the adoption of a simple human story for the central motive instead of a more artificial and fantastic theme, marks off *Comus* from the ordinary masque, and brings it nearer to the romantic drama of the Shakespeare or Fletcher type. A tradition of long standing asserts that this central episode of the sister and brothers losing their way in the woods was based upon an actual occurrence; that the Lady Alice Egerton, with her brothers, Mr. Thomas Egerton and the Viscount Brackley, did actually go astray in this way in Haywood forest, near Ludlow, while returning by night from a visit to some relatives in Herefordshire; that the sister was in some way separated from her brothers; and that the party was rescued by a servant from the castle. It is more probable that this story is merely an outgrowth of the masque than that the masque was based upon it, since a similar motive occurs in the *Old Wives' Tale* of the early Elizabethan dramatist Peele, in a connection which makes it almost certain that Milton had that odd play in his mind when composing *Comus*.

But upon this simple human episode there is imposed a mythological element which is entirely in the masque spirit, though it is made to subserve ends of moral teaching essentially alien to the ordinary masque-writer's aim. Here in Haywood Forest dwells Comus, a strayed reveller from the Pantheon of Greece. He is the son of Bacchus and Circe. From his father, the blithe god of revel, he has beguiling beauty and gamesomeness; from his mother, the enchantress, he has a strain of dark and eerie cruelty, a sardonic de-

light in subjecting human souls to uncouth sin and fitting human bodies with features of grotesque bestiality. Like his mother, he dwells in the midst of his victims, persons whom he has changed by his spells into creatures half man and half beast, and whom he leads nightly through the forests in abhorrent carousal. When he feels, by some subtle spiritual antipathy, the presence of the Sister drawing near in the night woods, he hushes his crew, and approaches her alone, in the guise of a simple peasant, whom "thrift keeps up about his country gear." Under pretence of conducting her to a neighboring hut for shelter, he beguiles her across the threshold of his palace, builded faerily in the wilderness. Here he seats her on a throne in a room of state "set out with all manner of deliciousness," and casting aside his disguise, trusts to his beauty and eloquence to subdue her innocence to sin and bring her under the power of his deforming magic.

Then ensues the dialogue in which the moral meaning of the masque is fully developed. His Circean enchantments give the god power only over the body of his victim, not over her soul: he has but to wave his wand, and her senses are "all chained up in alabaster;" but before he can make her a part of his brute fellowship, he must corrupt her heart and subdue her will to sin. The whole device of *Comus* and his band must be regarded, if we would penetrate to the moral symbolism which lies behind the artistic propriety of their introduction, as an allegory of that Platonic doctrine of idealism which the Elder Brother thus expresses:—

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream and solemn vision  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,

And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal. But when lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul  
talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being."

The uncouth crew that follows the enchanter in his nocturnal revels typify those human souls, which, after rendering up their inner purity, have gradually become imbodied and imbruted, and lost their divine property. But such loss and such transmutation cannot be imposed from without; they are rather the inevitable result of inner yielding. So long as the heart is sound and the will firm there is nothing to fear from malice, sorcery, or evil chance, for, —

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,  
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;  
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most  
harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness. If this fail,  
The pillared firmament is rottenness  
And earth's base built on stubble."

Comus, no vulgar incarnation of sensuality, is subtle enough to understand this, and in the famous dialogue which takes place between him and the lady he seeks to melt her resolution by all the devices of sophistry and beguiling suggestion. Into the rebuttal which she makes, as well as into the speeches of the Elder Brother, Milton has put a profound moral conviction, a conviction which gave to his whole life — from the time when his college-mates, half in mockery, half in admiration, of his scrupulous purity, nicknamed him the "Lady of Christ's," to the time when he pictured Samson undone by the idolatry of sense — a singular crystalline glow. It is easy for us to underestimate the beauty and value of this "sage and serious doctrine of virginity" as it is set forth in the pages of

*Comus*; for to a nineteenth century moral sense, mellowed by a larger humanism than seventeenth century England knew, there is a suggestion of prudery, not to say priggishness, in some of the utterances. To be just, we must hold in mind the fact, too little taken account of in popular estimates of Milton's character, that he achieved this ideal only by severe struggle, and in the face of a nature uncommonly exposed to passion.

The character of Comus may fairly be regarded as an authentic creation of Milton's. Some hints, it is true, gathered here and there, helped him to the conception. In the *Eticores*, or *Imagines*, by Philostratus, a Greek author of the third century, he had seen Comus described as a winged god of revel and drunkenness. Ben Jonson had used the personification of the Greek noun *Kἄμος*, from which our word "comedy" is derived, as a personage in his masque of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, written in 1619. Milton had also doubtless read the Latin extravaganza, entitled, *Comus, sive Phagesiposia Cimmerica: Somnium*, by the Dutch writer Henrik van der Putten, or, as his scholar's name went, Erycius Puteanus. This last is a curious work in mixed prose and verse, recounting a dream in which the author beholds Comus, the revel-god, in his palace, feasting and making orgy with his guests; the description is given a certain philosophic significance by the introduction of dialogues on the hedonistic theory of life. Of these three possible sources the third was richest in suggestion for Milton's purposes. The Comus of Ben Jonson's masque is a sodden belly-god, who is hailed as "plump paunch" and, —

"Devourer of boiled, baked, roasted, or sod;  
An emptier of cups, be they even or odd."

Such a deity would have had little power over the heroine of Milton's masque. As his nature was finer than Jonson's, so his conception of sensuousness is more subtle

and thrilling. To oppose the promptings of the lady's chaste heart, he creates a nature as poignant in its way as the mightier incarnation of evil in the Lucifer of *Paradise Lost*, and as far removed as that from the imagery of popular moral terrorism.

Upon the character of Comus and his enchanted crew Milton chiefly depended for that spectacular interest and that remoteness from actuality which is proper to the masque. But he added two other *dramatis personæ* deftly calculated at once to enrich the arabesque of spectacle, to increase the opportunities for lyric embellishment, and to deepen the philosophic symbolism of the poem. These are the Attendant Spirit and the river-nymph Sabrina.

Of these, the first is the more characteristic of Milton's mind. The idea of a guardian genius, assigned by divine benevolence to watch over an individual human life, comes out in his epigram upon Leonora Baroni, the Neapolitan singer, by whose voice he was fascinated during his second visit to Rome (See Epigrams, page 344). There he says, "To every man his angel is allotted, his winged angel from the ethereal hierarchies." This conception of a "good angel" is doubtless pagan in origin, but it has been so thoroughly assimilated by Christian thought as to belong now entirely to the region of Christian imagery. Nothing is more remarkable in Milton's handling of the materials of his intellectual world than his persistent linking of classic and pseudo-classic myth with what he conceived to be permanent religious truth. The best known examples of this are to be found in *Lycidas*, where St. Peter appears in the same procession with Triton and Father Camus (a personification of the river Cam at Cambridge), and in the famous identification in *Paradise Lost* of the heathen gods with the fallen angels. But this curious blending of two divergent systems of thought and imagery appears throughout his work. He had, it is true, ample prece-

dent for such a use of classical material; for throughout the pastoral poetry of the Renaissance we can never be sure whether Olympus means the pagan or the Christian heaven, whether Pan is intended for a frolicsome nature-god or for Jehovah. But of all the pastoralists Milton accomplishes this interfusion with least effort, and draws into the synthesis the greatest number of divergent associations. Thyrsis, the Attendant Spirit, is manifestly akin to the Ariel of the *Tempest*, and even reminds us in his closing song of the Puck of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Yet this very song is a description, under a thin classic veil, of the bliss of the redeemed spirits in Heaven, and an exposition of Milton's mystic doctrine of paradisaic Love. In the magic herb Hæmomy, by means of which Thyrsis is enabled to enter the palace of the enchanter and restore the captive lady, there is a recollection of the herb Moly, which saved Odysseus from the spells of Circe. Yet there can be little doubt that the plant symbolizes Christian grace; and that when the poet declares that the golden flower which it bears under better skies cannot come to blossom in the harsh soil where the shepherd found it, he is brooding over the corruptions of the English Church, in a spirit only less intense than that which three years later found such surprising expression within the fantastic framework of *Lycidas*.

Sabrina, the nymph of the river Severn, who is called up from her watery depths by the Attendant Spirit to release the lady from the marble spell cast over her by Comus, is conceived more purely in the masque spirit. She is perhaps a recollection from Fletcher's pastoral play, *The Faithful Shepherdess*; certainly the lyric music which companions her shows the influence of that beautiful work. The entrance of the goddess and her water-nymphs, in her gorgeous chariot,

"Thickset with agate, and the azure sheen  
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,"

must have combined with the descent of the Attendant Spirit from the clouds, the pageantry of Comus's palace, and the dancing of the bewitched monsters, to give just the right touch of rococo elaborateness to the stage production.

*Comus*, more than any other youthful work of Milton, and more than any work of his maturity except *Samson Agonistes*, shows his power as an artist. It has not the pure sweetness of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, nor does it anywhere rise to the lyric heights of *Lycidas*; but over its diverse and seemingly irreconcilable elements has gone the cool hand of the master, to build and subdue. There is in it a severity of tone, a chastity of ornament, a calm artistic vision, to which most poets, even the greatest, attain only by long purging of their eyes with euphrasy and rue. On the moral side, as has been said above, there is to many minds something not quite

persuasive in *Comus*; its high doctrine comes at times a little priggishly and with a flavor of unripeness from a young man's lips. But its art is wholly admirable. Its blank verse, if it has not the thunders and the compelling wings of that of *Paradise Lost*, has all the later dignity of carriage. Its rhymed octosyllabics are in the purest pastoral mode. Its lyrics sing themselves, and shine with an unaccountable light. Above all, there presides over the poem from the first line to the last the fine economy of a mind that compels everything into the service of a dominant idea. Milton never demonstrated his character, both as artist and as man, more signally than when he made the quaint vehicle of the masque, designed to carry no heavier freightage than an evening's careless amusement, bear the burden of a profound personal philosophy, and bear it, not as a burden, but as an essence.

## ARCADES

(1633)

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some Noble Persons of her Family; who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song:*

### I. SONG

LOOK, Nymphs and Shepherds, look!  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry,  
Too divine to be mistook?

This, this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend:  
Here our solemn search hath end.  
Fame, that her high worth to raise  
Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise:  
Less than half we find expressed;  
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne  
Shooting her beams like silver threads:  
This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright  
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20  
Or the towered Cybele,  
Mother of a hundred gods?  
Juno dares not give her odds:  
Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparalleled?

*As they come forward, the GENIUS OF THE WOOD appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*

*Gen.* Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice, 30  
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good.

I know this quest of yours and free intent  
Was all in honour and devotion meant  
To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine,

Whom with low reverence I adore as  
mine,  
And with all helpful service will comply  
To further this night's glad solemnity,  
And lead ye where ye may more near be-  
hold  
What shallow-searching Fame hath left  
untold;  
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon.  
For know, by lot from Jove, I am the  
Power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the  
grove  
With ringlets quaint and wanton windings  
wove;  
And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds and blasting vapours  
chill;  
And from the boughs brush off the evil  
dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder  
blue,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet  
smites,  
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom  
bites.  
When Evening grey doth rise, I fetch my  
round  
Over the mount, and all this hallowed  
ground;  
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled  
horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
With puissant words and murmurs made to  
bless.  
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round  
On which the fate of gods and men is  
wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,

And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in measured motion  
draw  
After the heavenly tune, which none can  
hear  
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.  
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
The peerless height of her immortal praise  
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,  
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show  
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
And so attend ye toward her glittering  
state;  
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's  
hem.

## II. SONG

O'er the smooth enamelled green,  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me, as I sing  
And touch the warbled string:  
Under the shady roof  
Of branching elm star-proof  
Follow me.  
I will bring you where she sits,  
Clad in splendour as befits  
Her deity.  
Such a rural Queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

## III. SONG

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more  
By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks;  
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks;  
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
From the stony Mænalus  
Bring your flocks, and live with us;  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the Lady of this place.  
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
Such a rural Queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

## COMUS

DEDICATION OF THE ANONYMOUS EDITION PUBLISHED BY LAWES IN 1637

"To the Right Honourable John, Lord Viscount Brackley, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c."

"MY LORD. — This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

"Your faithful and most humble Servant,

"H. LAWES."

## THE PERSONS

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of *THYRSIS*.  
COMUS, with his Crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were: —

The Lord Brackley;  
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother;  
The Lady Alice Egerton.

*The first Scene discovers a wild wood.*

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's  
court

My mansion is, where those immortal  
shapes

Of bright aerial Spirits live inspired  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call Earth, and, with low-  
thoughted care,

Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true serv-  
ants

Amongst the enthronèd gods on sainted  
seats.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opes the Palace of Eternity.

To such my errand is; and, but for such,

I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn  
mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the  
sway

Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,  
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt Isles<sup>21</sup>  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
The unadornèd bosom of the Deep;

Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
By course commits to several government,  
And gives them leave to wear their sap-  
phire crowns

And wield their little tridents. But this  
Isle,

The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;<sup>22</sup>  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to  
guide

An old and haughty Nation, proud in arms:



Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely  
 lore,  
 Are coming to attend their father's state,  
 And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way  
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this  
 drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passen-  
 ger;  
 And here their tender age might suffer  
 peril,  
 But that, by quick command from sovran  
 Jove,  
 I was despatched for their defence and  
 guard !  
 And listen why; for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.  
 Bacchus, that first from out the purple  
 grape  
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds  
 listed,  
 On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not  
 Circe,  
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed  
 cup  
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling  
 swine ?)  
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his cluster-  
 ing locks,  
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe  
 youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and  
 Comus named:  
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And, in thick shelter of black shades im-  
 bowered,  
 Excels his mother at her mighty art;  
 Offering to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which  
 as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemper-  
 ate thirst),  
 Soon as the potion works, their human  
 count'nance,  
 The express resemblance of the gods, is  
 changed

Into some brutish form of wolf or bear, 70  
 Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were.  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than  
 before,  
 And all their friends and native home for-  
 get,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous  
 glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80  
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe con-  
 voy,  
 As now I do. But first I must put off  
 These my sky-robcs, spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a  
 swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied  
 song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when  
 they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods; nor of less  
 faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand,  
 his glass in the other; with him a rout of Mon-  
 sters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts,  
 but otherwise like men and women, their apparel  
 glistening. They come in making a riotous  
 and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* The star that bids the shepherd  
 fold

Now the top of heaven doth hold;  
 And the gilded car of Day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream:  
 And the slope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the other goal 100  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,  
 Midnight shout and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance and jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed;  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,

Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie. 110  
 We, that are of purer fire,  
 Imitate the starry Quire,  
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and  
 years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny  
 drove,  
 Now to the Moon in wavering morrice  
 move;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.  
 By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,  
 The Wood-Nymphs, decked with daisies  
 trim, 120  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove;  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come, let us our rites begin;  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret  
 flame  
 Of midnight torches burns! mysterious  
 Dame, 130  
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon  
 womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest  
 gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air!  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and be-  
 friend  
 Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn on the Indian steep,  
 From her cabined loop-hole peep, 140  
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry  
 Our concealed solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off! I feel the different  
 pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this  
 ground.  
 Run to your shrouds within these brakes  
 and trees;  
 Our number may affright. Some virgin  
 sure

(For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods! Now to my  
 charms, 150  
 And to my wily trains: I shall ere long  
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as  
 grazed  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illu-  
 sion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the  
 place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight;  
 Which must not be, for that's against my  
 course.  
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,  
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her  
 eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country  
 gear.  
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may her business hear.

*The LADY enters.*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine  
 ear be true, 170  
 My best guide now. Methought it was the  
 sound  
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocond flute or gamesome pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,  
 When, for their teeming flocks and granges  
 full,  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous  
 Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be  
 loth  
 To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence  
 Of such late wassailers; yet, oh! where  
 else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied  
 out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-  
 side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit

As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then when the grey-hooded  
     Even,  
 Like a sad Votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus'  
     wain. 190  
 But where they are, and why they came  
     not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis  
     likeliest  
 They had ingaged their wandering steps  
     too far;  
 And envious darkness, ere they could re-  
     turn,  
 Had stole them from me. Else, O thiev-  
     ish Night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious  
     end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars  
 That Nature hung in heaven, and filled  
     their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud  
     mirth  
 Was rife, and perfet in my listening ear;  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fanta-  
     sies  
 Begin to throng in my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows  
     dire,  
 And airy tongues that syllable men's  
     names  
 On sands and shores and desert wilder-  
     nesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not  
     astound 210  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks at-  
     tended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.  
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed  
     Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden  
     wings,  
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all  
     things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need  
     were,  
 To keep my life and honour unassailed. . . .  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud 221

Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err: there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot hallo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard  
     farthest  
 I'll venter; for my new-enlivened spirits  
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far  
     off.

## SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st  
     unseen 230  
     Within thy airy shell  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-imbroidered vale  
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth  
     well:  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
     O if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
     Tell me but where, 240  
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the  
     Sphere!  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's  
     harmonies!

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of  
     earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence.  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted  
     night, 250  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent hearbs and baleful  
     drugs,  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned  
     soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft ap-  
     plause.  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the  
     sense, 260

And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;  
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
And she shall be my Queen. — Hail, foreign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did  
never breed,

Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine  
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest  
song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall  
wood. 270

*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost  
that praise

That is addressed to unattending ears.  
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
How to regain my severed company,  
Compelled me to awake the courteous  
Echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Comus.* What chance, good Lady, hath  
bereft you thus?

*Lady.* Dim darkness and this leavy  
labyrinth.

*Comus.* Could that divide you from near-  
ushering guides?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy  
turf. 280

*Comus.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or  
why?

*Lady.* To seek i' the valley some cool  
friendly spring.

*Comus.* And left your fair side all un-  
guarded, Lady?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and pur-  
posed quick return.

*Comus.* Perhaps forestalling night pre-  
vented them.

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to  
hit!

*Comus.* Imports their loss, beside the  
present need?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my bro-  
thers lose.

*Comus.* Were they of manly prime, or  
youthful bloom?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their un-  
razored lips. 290

*Comus.* Two such I saw, what time the  
laboured ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.  
I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender  
shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they  
stood.

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300

And play i' the plighted clouds. I was  
awe-struck,

And, as I passed, I worshiped. If those  
you seek,

It were a journey like the path to Heaven  
To help you find them.

*Lady.* Gentle villager,  
What readiest way would bring me to that  
place?

*Comus.* Due west it rises from this  
shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good Shepherd,  
I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practised  
feet. 310

*Comus.* I know each lane, and every  
alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged,

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

From her thatched pallet rouse. If other-  
wise,

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low 319  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
Till further quest.

*Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,  
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls

And courts of princes, where it first was  
named,

And yet is most pretended. In a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure,

I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my

trial  
To my proportioned strength! Shepherd,  
lead on. . . . 334

#### The Two BROTHERS.

*Eld. Bro.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and  
thou, fair Moon,

That won't st to love the traveller's benison,

Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,

And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades;  
Or, if your influence be quite dammed up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,

Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady, 340  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Sec. Bro.* Or, if our eyes  
Be barred that happiness, might we but hear

The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,

'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering,

In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But, Oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister !  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her 351

From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm

Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.

What if in wild amazement and affright,  
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp

Of savage hunger, or of savage heat !

*Eld. Bro.* Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360  
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?

Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion !

I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,

As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts, 371

And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self

Offt seeks to sweet retirèd solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,

That, in the various bustle of resort,  
Were all too-ruffled, and sometimes impaired. 380

He that has light within his own clear breast

May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

*Sec. Bro.* 'T is most true  
That musing Meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,

And sits as safe as in a senate-house;  
For who would rob a Hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish, 391

Or do his grey hairs any violence ?  
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard

Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye  
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,  
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps

Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400  
Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;  
I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person

Of our own sister.

*Eld. Bro.* I do not, brother,  
Infer as if I thought my sister's state  
Secure without all doubt or controversy;

Yet, where an equal poise of hope and  
fear 410

Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
That I encline to hope rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left  
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,  
Which you remember not.

*Sec. Bro.* What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean  
that?

*Eld. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a  
hidden strength,  
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed  
her own:

'T is Chastity, my brother, Chastity: 420  
She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
And, like a quivered nymph with arrows  
keen,

May trace huge forests, and unharboured  
heaths,  
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;  
Where, through the sacred rays of chas-  
tity,

No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.  
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,  
By grots and caverns shagged with horrid  
shades, 429

She may pass on with unblenched majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
That breaks his magic chains at curfew  
time,

No goblin or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of Chastity? 440

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread  
bow,

Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness  
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at  
nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen  
o' the woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered vir-  
gin,

Wherewith she freezed her foes to con-  
gealed stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450  
And noble grace that dashed brute violence  
With sudden adoration and blank awe?

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream and solemn vision  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can  
hear;

Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind, 461  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's es-  
sence,

Till all be made immortal. But, when  
lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul  
talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows  
damp 470

Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,  
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Sec. Bro.* How charming is divine Philo-  
sophy!

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools sup-  
pose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Eld. Bro.* List! list! I hear  
Some far-off hallo break the silent air. 481

*Sec. Bro.* Methought so too; what should  
it be?

*Eld. Bro.* For certain,  
Either some one, like us, night-founded  
here,

Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at  
worst,

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.  
*Sec. Bro.* Heaven keep my sister!

Again, again, and near!  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

*Eld. Bro.* I'll hallo.  
If he be friendly, he comes well: if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be  
for us!

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.*

That hallo I should know. What are you ?  
speak.

Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes<sup>490</sup>  
else.

*Spir.* What voice is that? my young  
Lord? speak again.

*Sec. Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's  
Shepherd, sure.

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis! whose artful strains  
have oft delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweetened every musk-rose of the  
dale.

How camest thou here, good swain? Hath  
any ram

Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his  
dam,

Or straggling wether the pent flock for-  
sook?

How couldst thou find this dark seques-  
tered nook?<sup>500</sup>

*Spir.* O my loved master's heir, and his  
next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these downs is worth a  
thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But, oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

*Eld. Bro.* To tell thee sadly, Shepherd,  
without blame

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.<sup>510</sup>

*Spir.* Ay me unhappy! then my fears  
are true.

*Eld. Bro.* What fears, good Thyrsis?  
Prithee briefly shew.

*Spir.* I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fab-  
ulous

(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)  
What the sage poets, taught by the hea-  
venly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse  
Of dire Chimeras and enchanted Isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to  
Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,<sup>520</sup>  
Immured in cypress shades, a Sorcerer  
dwells,

Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,

And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleas-  
ing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that  
drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, un moulding reason's mintage  
Charactered in the face. This have I  
learnt<sup>530</sup>

Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly  
crofts

That brow this bottom glade; whence night  
by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to  
howl

Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits and guileful  
spells

To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing  
flocks<sup>540</sup>

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in  
fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove

With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,

To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close

The wonted roar was up amidst the woods.  
And filled the air with barbarous disso-  
nance;<sup>550</sup>

At which I ceased, and listened them a  
while,

Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy-fighted steeds

That draw the litter of close-curtained  
Sleep.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distilled per-  
fumes,

And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wished  
she might

Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,<sup>560</sup>

And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death. But, oh! ere  
long

Too well I did perceive it was the voice

Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.

Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;

And "O poor hapless Nightingale," thought I,

"How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!"

Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,

Through paths and turnings often trod by day,

Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place <sup>570</sup>

Where that damned wisard, hid in sly disguise

(For so by certain signs I knew), had met Already, ere my best speed could prevent,

The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey; Who gently asked if he had seen such two,

Supposing him some neighbour villager. Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed

Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung <sup>578</sup>

Into swift flight, till I had found you here; But furdur know I not.

*Sec. Bro.* O night and shades, How are ye joined with hell in triple knot

Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,

Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence You gave me, brother?

*Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still; Lean on it safely; not a period

Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats Of malice or of sorcery, or that power

Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt, Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;

Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm <sup>590</sup>

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory. But evil on itself shall back recoil,

And mix no more with goodness, when at last,

Gathered like scum, and settled to itself, It shall be in eternal restless change

Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail, The pillared firmament is rottenness,

And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!

Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven <sup>600</sup>

May never this just sword be lifted up; But, for that damned magician, let him be girt

With all the griesly legions that troop Under the sooty flag of Acheron,

Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms

'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out, And force him to restore his purchase back,

Or drag him by the curls to a foul death, Cursed as his life.

*Spir.* Alas! good ventrous youth, I love thy courage yet, and bold em-

prise; <sup>610</sup> But here thy sword can do thee little stead. Far other arms and other weapons must

Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,

And crumble all thy sinews.

*Eld. Bro.* Why, prithee, Shepherd, How durst thou then thyself approach so

near As to make this relation?

*Spir.* Care and utmost shifts How to secure the Lady from surprisal

Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad, <sup>619</sup>

Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled In every virtuous plant and healing hearb

That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.

He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;

Which when I did, he on the tender grass Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,

And in requital ope his leathern scrip, And shew me simples of a thousand names,

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.

Amongst the rest a small unsightly root, But of divine effect, he culled me out. <sup>630</sup>

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,

But in another country, as he said, Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this

soil: Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; And yet more med'cinal is it than that

Moly That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave. He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,



And bade me keep it as of sovran use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or  
damp, 640

Or ghastly Furies' apparition.  
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,  
Till now that this extremity compelled.  
But now I find it true; for by this means  
I knew the foul inchanter, though disguised,  
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off. If you have this about  
you

(As I will give you when we go) you may  
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardi-  
hood 650

And brandished blade rush on him: break  
his glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;  
But seize his wand. Though he and his  
curst crew

Fierce sign of battail make, and menace  
high,

Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll  
follow thee;

And some good angel bear a shield before  
us!

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out  
with all manner of deliciousness: soft music,  
tables spread with all dainties. COMUS ap-  
pears with his rabble, and the LADY set in  
an enchanted chair; to whom he offers his glass;  
which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

*Comus.* Nay, Lady, sit. If I but wave  
this wand,

Your nerves are all chained up in alabas-  
ter, 660

And you a statue, or as Daphne was,  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*Lady.* Fool, do not boast.  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my  
mind

With all thy charms, although this corpo-  
ral rind

Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees  
good.

*Comus.* Why are you vexed, Lady?  
why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from  
these gates

Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the plea-  
sures

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,

When the fresh blood grows lively, and re-  
turns 670

Brisk as the April buds in primrose sea-  
son.

And first behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal  
bounds,

With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups  
mixed.

Not that Nepenthes which the wife of  
Thone

In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature  
lent 680

For gentle usage and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you received on other  
terms,

Scorning the unexempt condition  
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tired all day without re-  
past,

And timely rest have wanted. But, fair  
virgin, 689

This will restore all soon.

*Lady.* 'T will not, false traitor!  
'T will not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banished from thy tongue  
with lies.

Was this the cottage and the safe abode  
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects'  
are these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy  
guard me!

Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul  
deceiver!

Hast thou betrayed my credulous inno-  
cence

With vized falsehood and base forgery?  
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me  
here

With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?  
Were it a draught for Juno when she ban-  
quets, 701

I would not taste thy treasonous offer.  
None

But such as are good men can give good  
things;

And that which is not good is not delicious  
To a well-governed and wise appetite.

*Comus.* O foolishness of men ! that lend  
 their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic  
 tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence !  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties  
 forth <sup>710</sup>  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and  
 flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumera-  
 ble,  
 But all to please and sate the curious  
 taste ?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-  
 haired silk,  
 To deck her sons; and, that no corner  
 might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hatched the all-worshiped ore and pre-  
 cious gems,  
 To store her children with. If all the  
 world <sup>720</sup>  
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on  
 pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear  
 but frieze,  
 The All-giver would be unthanked, would  
 be unpraised,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet de-  
 spised;  
 And we should serve him as a grudging  
 master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her  
 sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her  
 own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility:  
 The earth cumbered, and the winged air  
 darked with plumes ; <sup>730</sup>  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords;  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the  
 unsought diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the  
 Deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inured to light, and come at  
 last  
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless  
 brows.  
 List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened  
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity.

Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be  
 hoarded,  
 But must be current; and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss, <sup>741</sup>  
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languished  
 head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workman-  
 ship.  
 It is for homely features to keep home;  
 They had their name thence: coarse com-  
 plexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to  
 ply <sup>750</sup>  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's  
 wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the  
 Morn ?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts;  
 Think what, and be advised; you are but  
 young yet.  
*Lady.* I had not thought to have un-  
 locked my lips  
 In this unhalloved air, but that this Jug-  
 gler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as  
 mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's  
 garb.  
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments  
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her  
 pride. <sup>761</sup>  
 Impostor ! do not charge most innocent  
 Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riot-  
 ous  
 With her abundance. She, good Cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance.  
 If every just man that now pines with  
 want  
 Had but a moderate and beseeeming share  
 Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast ex-  
 cess, <sup>771</sup>  
 Nature's full blessings would be well-dis-  
 pensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumbered with her  
 store;

And then the Giver would be better  
thanked,

His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony  
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous  
feast,

But with besotted base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemous his Feeder. Shall  
I go on?

Or have I said enow? To him that dares  
Arm his profane tongue with contemptu-  
ous words <sup>781</sup>

Against the sun-clad power of Chastity  
Fain would I something say; — yet to what  
end?

Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
The sublime notion and high mystery  
That must be uttered to unfold the sage  
And serious doctrine of Virginity;  
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not  
know

More happiness than this thy present lot.  
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetoric,  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling  
fence; <sup>791</sup>

Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.  
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt  
spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence  
That dumb things would be moved to sym-  
pathize,

And the brute Earth would lend her nerves,  
and shake,

Till all thy magic structures, reared so  
high,

Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false  
head.

Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do  
fear <sup>800</sup>

Her words set off by some superior power;  
And, though not mortal, yet a cold shud-  
dering dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus  
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissem-  
ble,

And try her yet more strongly. — Come,  
no more!

This is mere moral babble, and direct  
Against the canon laws of our foundation.  
I must not suffer this; yet 't is but the  
lees

And settlings of a melancholy blood. <sup>810</sup>  
But this will cure all straight; one sip of  
this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and  
taste . . .

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.*

Spir. What! have you let the false En-  
chanter scape?

O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his  
wand,

And bound him fast. Without his rod re-  
versed,

And backward mutters of dissevering  
power,

We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

Yet stay: be not disturbed; now I bethink  
me, <sup>820</sup>

Some other means I have which may be  
used,

Which once of Melibæus old I learnt,  
The soothest Shepherd that ere piped on  
plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from  
hence,

That with moist curb sways the smooth  
Severn stream:

Sabrina is her name: a virgin pure;  
Whilom she was the daughter of Loocrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pur-  
suit

Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen, <sup>830</sup>  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
That stayed her flight with his cross-flow-  
ing course.

The water-Nymphs, that in the bottom  
played,

Held up their pearly wrists, and took her  
in,

Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;  
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank  
head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,  
And through the porch and inlet of each  
sense <sup>839</sup>

Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made Goddess of the river. Still she re-  
tains

Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve

Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling Elf delights to make,  
 Which she with pretious viald liquors heals:  
 For which the Shepherds, at their festivals,  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream, 850  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.  
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,  
 If she be right invoked in warbled song;  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need. This will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG

Sabrina fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting 860  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save !

Listen, and appear to us,  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace; 870  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook;  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands;  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks;  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance;  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answered have.  
Listen and save !

*SABRINA rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,

My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,

That in the channel strays:  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread.  
 Gentle swain, at thy request 900  
 I am here !

*Spir.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distressed  
 Through the force and through the wile  
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

*Sabr.* Shepherd, 't is my office best  
 To help insnared Chastity.  
 Brightest Lady, look on me. 910  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept of pretious cure;  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip:  
 Next this marble venomèd seat,  
 Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour 920  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* Virgin, daughter of Locrine,  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 May thy brimmèd waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills:  
 Summer drouth or singèd air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood 930  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl and the golden ore;

May thy lofty head be crowned  
With many a tower and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us  
grace,

Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the Sorcerer us entice 940  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste or needless sound  
Till we come to holier ground.  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide;  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your Father's residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wished presence, and beside 950  
All the Swains that there abide  
With jigs and rural dance resort.  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there  
Will double all their mirth and cheer.  
Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,  
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid  
sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and  
the President's Castle: then come in Country  
Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT,  
with the two BROTHERS and the LADY.*

### SONG

*Spir.* Back, Shepherds, back! Enough  
your play

Till next sun-shine holiday.  
Here be, without duck or nod, 960  
Other trippings to be trod  
Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
As Mercury did first devise  
With the mincing Dryades  
On the lawns and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to their Father  
and Mother.*

Noble Lord and Lady bright,  
I have brought ye new delight.  
Here behold so goodly grown  
Three fair branches of your own.  
Heaven hath timely tried their youth, 970  
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
And sent them here through hard assays  
With a crown of deathless praise,

To triumph in victorious dance  
O'er sensual Folly and Intemperance.

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.*

*Spir.* To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky.  
There I suck the liquid air, 980  
All amidst the Gardens fair  
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
That sing about the Golden Tree.  
Along the crisped shades and bowers  
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring;  
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours  
Thither all their bounties bring.  
There eternal Summer dwells,  
And west winds with musky wing  
About the cedarn alleys fling 990  
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
Iris there with humid bow  
Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hue  
Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
And drenches with Elysian dew  
(List mortals, if your ears be true)  
Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,  
After her wandring labours long,  
Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal Bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010  
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.  
But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the Moon.  
Mortals, that would follow me,  
Love Virtue, she alone is free;  
She can teach ye how to climb 1020  
Higher than the speary chime:  
Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

## LYCIDAS

## I

*Lycidas* is an elegy, and as such offers no peculiar difficulties of interpretation for a modern reader; but it is also a pastoral elegy, and belongs therefore to a type of literature which has fallen so completely into disuse that an act of the historic imagination is required to place us in the proper attitude toward it. Unless we understand something of the theory underlying the pastoral poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and something of the mental conditions lying behind that theory, we can with difficulty do justice to a poem like *Lycidas*, which moves in a world of deliberate artifice, where the restrictions and the liberties are alike fantastic. Dr. Johnson's amusingly jejune animadversions upon *Lycidas* represent in its extremest form the danger of judging such a poem by standards of mere "common-sense." The letter of such criticism as his is often true, but the spirit is grotesquely false, because it leaves out of account both the general differences which mark off poetry from prose, and, still more flagrantly, the particular mould into which the pastoral poets deliberately chose to cast their thoughts.

The rise and progress of pastoral poetry on the Continent and in England forms one of the most curious chapters in the history of literature. From Portugal, where it took its rise in the fourteenth century, it spread rapidly through the whole of civilized Europe, and persisted in various forms until late in the eighteenth century. It enlisted the pens of the greatest writers, — Cervantes in Spain, Tasso and Boccaccio in Italy, Spenser, Fletcher, and Milton in England. It invaded the drama; it found its way into politics, and into religion. In France it produced at least one great

painter, Watteau, and built up a system of manners and sentiments which not even the subtle laughter of Moliere could overthrow. The mock village where Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her court played at being shepherdesses and milkmaids still stands in the park of the Petit Trianon at Versailles; and the royal toy, with its pathetic associations, reminds us how persistent was the enthusiasm for the pastoral idea, and in what curious ramifications the enthusiasm worked itself out. No movement of mind ever takes place on such a scale as this unless it springs from deep causes; the art products which accompany it, however artificial and perverse they may seem on the surface, minister to real spiritual needs of the age wherein they appear.

The source of the pastoral poetry and romance of the Renaissance is to be found, naturally, in the country idylls of the Sicilian poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, and in the *Bucolics* of Virgil. Even the earliest and simplest of the Sicilian idylls have a note of artificiality, in that they are studies of country life from the outside, by minds more or less artistically sophisticated. Virgil, essentially an urban poet, though with a keen sensibility to the idyllic aspects of country life, took still more plainly this outside point of view, — a view exactly opposite (to choose a modern instance) from that which Wordsworth constantly tried to assume. This primary bent away from realism received, when the pastoral forms of poetry began to be received in southern Europe, a great reinforcement from the nature of the Renaissance itself. The life of the Renaissance was an urban life; beyond the circumvallations of defense within which the great revival ran its course still lay the shadow of mediævalism. Any real sympathy with the life of the woods and fields on the part of a man of the town was

impossible. Still, just there beyond the walls the country lay, and for the seeing eye of the artist could not but have an irresistible appeal. Being chiefly external and visual, this appeal naturally came first to the painters and worked itself out in those conventionalized but still lovely backgrounds of hill and river which the early artists put behind their madonnas. The poets were not slow to take the hint, and to provide a country setting for their fancies. But they came to nature with their minds full of classical images. They saw nature only across a vague mist of literary recollection. They peopled their landscapes with nymphs and goddesses, satyrs and fauns, because the poets they revered had done so. The whole topography, fauna, and flora of the country where the poet lived suffered a change into something remembered from Latin or Greek poetry.

In the midst of this fantastic landscape, with its mythological accessories, they set, not real country-folk, of whose characters and modes of mind an understanding was denied to them, but men and women of their acquaintance, disguised in bucolic costume, and following, in the intervals of love-making and song-piping, the mildest of bucolic pursuits. The result of all this was a type of literature perhaps more completely separated from fact than any other that has ever existed under the sun. This unreality, however, so far from lessening the hold of pastoral literature on men's minds, proved to be the chief element of its charm. Men welcomed with eagerness this odd, remote world of the pastoral, where existence smoothed itself out into languid summer sweetness, where time and its tragedies were a tale told in the shade, and where no fact intervened to break with harsh angle the soft sky line of fancy. The pastoral ministered to the longing for evasion, for an escape from the tyranny of the actual, which is a constant element in the human imagination. It was at the same time a facile *genre* to cultivate. It

appealed to the finest talents by reason of its ideality, as strongly as it attracted mediocre wits by the easy successes which it offered.

When the pastoral went over into England, in the wake of the Italianizing school headed by Spenser and Sidney, two changes took place in it. It gained in spontaneity of nature-feeling, chiefly in the hands of Spenser and William Browne, and it gained in moral earnestness, especially in the work of George Wither and Phineas Fletcher. The pastoral form came to Milton's hands, therefore, with all its original quaint remoteness and fantastic ideality unimpaired, but with a new freshness of feeling added to it, and the proved possibility that its pretty fictions could be used to convey a serious message.

## II

In the late summer of 1637 news came to Milton of the drowning of Edward King off the Welsh coast; and after the opening of the fall term at Cambridge, he was asked to contribute to a memorial volume of verse to be dedicated to King's memory. When he began to cast about for a form in which to put his thought, several considerations urged him toward the pastoral elegy. Because its classical origin and prototypes, that form had a traditional academic flavor appropriate to the circumstances. The pastoral fiction had moreover been used by two generations of English poets as a vehicle for affectionate communication with each other in verse; and King, though not a gifted singer, had at least justified his shepherdship by frequent verse-making. These, however, were minor considerations. Of much more moment in determining Milton's choice must have been his perception of the double fact that his real interest in King and his fate was a symbolic rather than a personal one, and that the pastoral was of all forms of poetry the most amenable to symbolic treatment.

Much misprision of *Lycidas*, from Dr. Johnson down, has resulted from a failure to accept the first of these premises. We do not, it is true, know exactly what the personal relations of young King and his future elegist were, during their common term of residence within the walls of Christ's College. King was Milton's junior, however, and so far as we can judge from his preserved writings, not of a type of mind to attract an isolated and haughty personality. Milton was not a man to contract those easy miscellaneous friendships open to a less exigent nature, nor was he a man to let a genuine friendship, once contracted, go unchronicled, as his letters and poems to Charles Diodati testify.

But no such *a priori* argument to prove the case is needed. *Lycidas* itself bears convincing testimony that it grew not out of a poignant personal grief, such as inspired three years later the elegy upon Diodati, but out of a passion no less intense for being more generalized and imaginative. King was, everything goes to show, one of those men upon whom there rests in youth an indefinable light of promise, the same in kind if not in degree as two centuries later touched the imaginations of another group of young Cantabrigians gathered about Arthur Hallam. His death could stand, therefore, before the eye of the poet, as a type of touching unfulfillment. No one who has studied the psychology of the poetic mind will doubt the kindling power of such an abstraction. But if this pathos of mortality had not been enough (and for a spirit of Milton's martial cast it might not have been) King's death had another symbolic significance. He had been in preparation for the ministry; he was a type of the "good shepherd" who should enter the sheep-folds of the church and save the flock from hirelings and thieves. Already in *Comus* Milton had given a hint of his growing indignation over the corruptions of the church, and during the three years of silence which

followed the writing of that poem he had been brooding angrily upon the laxity and worldliness of the Episcopal establishment. Here was his chance to speak out. He seized upon the symbol without much regard to King's actual worth or power, broadening and dignifying the individual instance to fit the might of his denunciation.

The symbolic bearing of his theme, as has been said, naturally pointed Milton to the pastoral form, which by its ideal remoteness lent itself with peculiar readiness to symbolism. It will not do, however, to press this point too far, since the fact must be borne in mind that for the expression of what was unquestionably deep personal grief, he chose, in the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the same general form. But between the *Epitaphium Damonis* and *Lycidas* there is this notable difference: the first is in the pure style of the early Sicilian pastoralists, and belongs, therefore, to a simple personal type of elegy; *Lycidas* is in the mixed rococo style of the pastoralists of the late Renaissance, and belongs to a type which had long been put to ulterior uses and overlaid with deposit upon deposit of literary second-thought. We can see, indeed, in this last particular, an additional reason why the form should have recommended itself to Milton, as well as one prime source of the wonderful beauty which gathered about the theme under his hand. For his mind was of the kind which delights to draw together into one substance the thought-material of all climes and times. Into this magic vessel of the Renaissance pastoral he gathered the mythologies of Greece and Rome, the mongrel divinities of the academic myth-makers, dim old druidical traditions, the miracles of Palestine, the symbolism of the Catholic church, the angelic hierarchies of mediæval theologians, and the mystical ecstasies of the redeemed in Paradise, — all set in a frame-work of English landscape, in the midst of which a Sicilian shepherd sat



piping strains of a double meaning. Surely there was never a more strangely compounded thing than *Lycidas*. Surely there was never a more astonishing instance of the wizardry of the imagination than this, where at a compelling word a hundred motley and warring suggestions are swept together and held suspended in airy unity.

## III

The structure of *Lycidas* is unique in English verse; loose analogues are to be found in the lyric choruses in Guarini's famous play of *Pastor Fido*, to which Milton undoubtedly gave careful study. The form stands midway between that of the strict ode, with set stanzas, lines of fixed length, and rhymes of fixed recurrence, such as we find in Shelley's *Adonais*, and the complete lawlessness of the so-called Pindaric ode invented by Cowley and familiarized to us by Dryden's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*. Though printed without stanza breaks, *Lycidas* groups itself into eleven distinct sections of varying length, happily termed by Professor Masson "free musical paragraphs." These are composed of iambic five-foot lines, occasionally varied by the introduction of a line of three feet, which is subtly contrived to relieve the rhythmic monotony by imparting a kind of swirl or eddy to the onward flow of the verse. The rhyme system is very free. Sometimes the lines rhyme in couplets, sometimes alternately; again, as in the eight lines at the close, they interlace themselves in the Italian form known as *ottava rima*. The boldest and most successful device which Milton used, however, was the prolongation of a single rhyme-sound through a whole passage, in rich replications and echoes. An example of this occurs in the opening passage of the poem. Another daring innovation is illustrated by the first line of all, which stands detached, with no rhyme-word to answer it. A number of these isolated lines occur

throughout the elegy: to a sensitive ear they heighten the poignancy of the music by introducing an element of momentary dissonance or unfulfillment, which is at once lost in the wealth of concord, with an effect somewhat like that of a suspension and resolution in instrumental music.

## IV

Through the succession of these "free musical paragraphs" the thought and imagery unfold themselves, — capriciously, even incoherently, it would seem to the hasty glance. Let us try to trace this unfolding scheme, and to perceive the intellectual framework upon which the poet has woven his music. Such analysis is more than ordinarily needful in the study of *Lycidas*, because its unity is compounded of so many simples, and the thought moves from group to group of imagery through such subtly modulated transitions.

The poem opens without any warning of its pastoral character, or of the fact that the author is concealing his personality under the figure of a shepherd plaining for his lost companion: —

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and  
crude" . . .

Just beneath the surface of the passage there is a plain autobiographic intention. For three years (since the manuscript of *Comus* had been sent to Lawes) Milton had written no poetry, and here he declares that only "bitter constraint" and "sad occasion dear" compel him to break silence now. From other sources we know the reason of his silence, namely, that he was "mewing his mighty youth," and strengthening himself for a flight beside which his previous efforts would dwindle into insignificance. The myrtle boughs with which he hoped one day to bind his brow were still harsh and crude, unmellowed by the long year of his preparation. But sorrow

for his friend is a theme too cogent to be resisted, and the Muses must come, in spite of their denials.

Then, to make tangible the sources of that sorrow, follows a picture of the life which the two friends had led together. Under the beautiful pastoral imagery, Milton conveys a veiled description of their college pursuits. It is not wise to push the dual meaning very far. If we are too eager to translate the Satyrs and cloven-heeled Fauns who dance to the oaten pipes of Lycidas and his companion, into Cambridge undergraduates applauding Milton's and King's Latin exercises, and old Dæmetus into the tutor Chappell or Sir Henry Wotton, we shall spoil the poetry beyond repair; but, on the other hand, we shall quite fail to appreciate the spirit of the pastoral unless we manage to see behind the veil of imagery a quaint procession of fact.

A stanza of lament over the "heavy change" which the death of Lycidas and the ceasing of his song has brought upon the countryside, leads naturally into a querulous questioning of the Muses which should have protected him, as to their whereabouts at the moment of his danger: "Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard  
stream."

The artistic intention behind this is to bring before the mind, indirectly and tentatively, the tragic circumstances and romantic surroundings of Lycidas's death. At the same time it subserves a further purpose. It enriches the classical theme by suggestion drawn from a dim barbarian cycle of poetry and myth, and it prepares the reader for the more magnificent and shadowy apparition, further on, of the "fable of Belerius old," and the great vision of St. Michael keeping guard upon his mount.

One idea in this passage is sufficiently curious in itself and sufficiently significant of Milton's habit of mind, for us to linger over, even at the risk of losing the thread of the analysis. Milton calls the Druid priests bards of the classic Muses, not in the general sense, because they practised poetry, but with reference to a legend which he afterward elaborated in his Latin poem to Manso. There, defending England against the imputation of poetic barrenness, he says: "We, too, worship Apollo; of old we sent him gifts to his island, borne by a chosen band of Druids. Often, in memory of this pilgrimage, the Greek girls circle the altars in grassy Delos, and in glad songs commemorate Loxo, and prophetic Upis, and Hecaërgæ of the yellow hair,—Druid maids, whose nude breasts were stained with Caledonian woad." This idea of a physical connection between the legendary singers and seers of Britain and the gods of Greek song and prophecy, had a peculiar fascination for a mind like Milton's, which constantly craved to bring the diverse elements of the world's thought into unison. In its position here, the allusion aids greatly in making plausible the picture of Greek divinities disporting themselves upon the shores of the Irish sea.

Across the mood of complaint strikes suddenly the desolating thought of the impotence of the Muses to help their votaries:—

"Ah me, I fondly dream  
'Had ye been there' . . . for what could that  
have done?"

Behind the gracious divinities of song looms a darker figure, omnipotent to destroy. Wistfully for a moment the poet turns to watch the gay hedonists of his generation, and to question whether it were not better done to distil the earthly happiness of love than to watch and agonize for the guerdon of the "clear spirit," since the blind Fury waits to "slit the thinspun life" at the very instant of its fulfilment. The ignoble despondency lasts only for a moment, and

then is nobly transcended. Phœbus, conceived of suddenly in his mystical and universal character, touches the poet's ears, the seat of memory, with a gesture of sacred significance:—

“‘But not the praise,’

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.” . . .

It is difficult to render clear to one's consciousness what it is which makes this transition so thrilling. Perhaps the phrase “trembling ears” suggests a kind of exquisite sensitiveness to the presence of the god, such as an animal would feel at an invisible human presence, which makes more intense the words of mystical comfort, as the mind is led upward to that place where the poet's fame lives and spreads aloft by the pure eyes of the everlasting Judge.

The theme has now been lifted too high above the pastoral key, and is brought back by an invocation of Arethusa, the fountain of Theocritus, and Mincius, Virgil's river. Then there passes across the scene a weird procession,—Triton, come from Neptune to hold a court of question concerning the death of Lycidas; Æolus, defender of the Winds against the imputed crime; Father Camus, a personification of the college river, bewailing the loss of his child; and last, the figure of St. Peter, bearing the mitre of spiritual sovereignty and the keys of power to bind and loose. Then, by a curious blur, the conception of the dead man as a shepherd under Apollo merges into the conception of him as a shepherd of the flocks of Christ. In the perfect ease of the transition there is more than a hint of Milton's exalted theory of the poet's function. For him, the poet and the preacher are one voice. The shallow ornateness of a hireling's sermon and the scrannel pipings of a rhymester are alike profanations of the temple. Here, without a word of warning, he transfers the whole apparatus of pastoral imagery from its received meaning as symbolic of the poetic

life, and applies it to the life of Christian ministry. At the same time the expression takes on a biblical fervor of denunciation and the metaphor becomes hurried and turbid. The wonderful anathema of “blind mouths,” and the confusion of image which makes the preaching of a corrupt ministry at once a flashy song and a rank mist, prepares the mind for the apocalyptic vagueness of the “two-handed engine at the door,” which may mean anything from the two-edged sword of Revelations to the two houses of the English Parliament.

The next transition is abrupt but exquisite. The theme has again, as it were in the poet's despite, risen above the pastoral tone into a region of fiery thought, from which the river-gods and the mild Muses of pastoral poetry shrink in fear. So, as the visionary shape of St. Peter departs muttering vague menaces, the poet calls, —

“Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past

That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues,” . . .

and the roll-call of the flowers which follows, with its delicate characterization and sweet fancy, brings back gradually the pastoral atmosphere. But to the poet himself it is only a device “to interpose a little ease,” — to cheat into momentary quiet his imagination, which keeps tending passionately outward toward the tragic and perturbed suggestions of his theme. The sudden breaking away from these pretty floral fancies to follow the drowned body beyond the stormy Hebrides and through the monstrous world of the ocean depths, is the finest enharmonic change in the poem; and the nine lines which close in shadowy diapaason with “the fable of Bellerus old,” and the “great Vision of the guarded mount,” are among the miracles of imaginative utterance.

Throughout the elegy we have noticed a constant struggle of the thought to break

through the pastoral conventions. It is largely this struggle on the one hand and repression on the other, which gives the poem its remarkable intensity. At the close the poet abandons himself entirely to his impulse, and the theme soars softly into a region of mystical light, where all that is most gracious in the Hellenic conception of Elysium and all that is most touching in the Hebraic dream of Heaven, meet in lovely unison, after which the lines,

"Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood" . . .

### LYCIDAS

(1637)

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,  
Ye Myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
Compels me to disturb your season due;  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he  
knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth  
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the  
string.

Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:  
So may some gentle Muse

lead the mind down again by a matchless gradation to the picture of the solitary shepherd piping in the evening fields; and the poem comes to a close on the quiet pastoral levels where it began.

Of the language of *Lycidas* perhaps the less said the better, for no analysis can hope to capture its secret. In its union of the soft and the thrilling, of the exquisite and the august, of music and might, it has not been surpassed, even by Milton himself. Indeed, the oftener one reads *Lycidas*, the more inclined one is apt to be to accept Mark Pattison's dictum, that here Milton touched the high-water mark of his poetry.

With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same  
hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and  
rill;

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-  
peared

Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry  
horn,

Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of  
night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening  
bright

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his  
westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;  
Tempered to the oaten flute

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with  
cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be absent  
long;

And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou  
art gone,

Now thou art gone and never must re-  
turn!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert  
caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine  
o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn.  
The willows, and the hazel copses green,

Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft  
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that  
graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe  
wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the re-  
morseless deep<sup>50</sup>  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lyci-  
das?

For neither were ye playing on the steep  
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids,  
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard  
stream.

Ay me! I fondly dream  
"Had ye been there," . . . for what could  
that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus  
bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,<sup>60</sup>  
When, by the rout that made the hideous  
roar,

His gory visage down the stream was  
sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian  
shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's  
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neëra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth  
raise<sup>70</sup>

(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to  
find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred  
shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the  
praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling  
ears:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal  
soil,

Nor in the glistering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour  
lies,<sup>80</sup>

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure  
eyes

And perfit witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy  
meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured  
flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal  
reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,  
That came in Neptune's plea.<sup>90</sup>

He asked the waves, and asked the felon  
winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle  
swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked promon-  
tory.

They knew not of his story;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon  
strayed:

The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,<sup>100</sup>  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses  
dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend Sire, went footing  
slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the  
edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with  
woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dear-  
est pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;<sup>109</sup>

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-  
spoke:—

"How well could I have spared for thee,  
young swain,

Anow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the  
fold!

Of other care they little reckoning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know  
how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least 120

That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs !

What recks it them ? What need they ?  
They are sped ;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;  
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy

paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

But that two-handed engine at the door 130  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past  
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian

Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither

cast  
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing  
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely  
looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled  
eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honeyed  
showers, 140

And purple all the ground with vernal  
flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken  
dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked

with jet,  
The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-  
bine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive  
head,

And every flower that sad embroidery  
wears ;

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid  
lies. 151

For so, to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-  
mise.

Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sound-  
ing seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are  
hurled ;

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming

tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;

Or whether thou, to our moist vows de-  
nied,

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160  
Where the great Vision of the guarded

mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's

hold.  
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt

with ruth :

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless  
youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep  
no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery

floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-span-

gled ore 170  
Flames in the forehead of the morning

sky :

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that

walked the waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams

along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the best kingdoms meek of joy and

love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies, 179  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,

And wipe the tears for ever from his  
eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no  
more ;

Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to the oaks  
and rills,  
While the still Morn went out with sandals  
grey:

He touched the tender stops of various  
quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the sun had stretched out all the  
hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay.  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle  
blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures  
new.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN ITALY

In the absence of evidence to the contrary, we must assume that Milton wrote his six Italian poems in 1638-39, during his stay in Italy. Whether the lady whom they celebrate was a creature of flesh and blood or merely an abstraction of the southern type of beauty (*sotta nova idea pellegrina bellezza*) has been a matter of dispute, though, it would seem, somewhat unnecessarily. The first sonnet gives her dwelling-place as the "grassy vale of Reno;" and as the Reno flows near Bologna, that city is presumably meant. If Milton had been addressing an abstraction he would hardly have given it so definite a local habitation, or, even if he had done so, he would hardly have selected Bologna for the purpose. It was not until late in his Italian sojourn, after he had seen Florence, Rome, and Naples, and after the first keenness of impression had worn off, that he saw Bologna and its women. The conclusion seems in-

escapable that the "donna leggiadra" of the sonnets was a Bolognese beauty, whom he encountered perhaps at Florence or Rome, and whose novel charms subdued his susceptible heart. The matter is after all of slight importance; for the poems show that the passion was a manageable one, of the right sort to be played with prettily in a foreign tongue, where necessarily the author's chief concern was to avoid the pitfalls of solecism. He did not succeed altogether in avoiding them; but he did succeed in catching tolerably well the lighter amatory manner of the Italian sonnetteers and canzonists.

These poems have been several times translated, notably by Cowper, Langthorne, Masson, and Pattison. The present translator follows Pattison's plan of rendering line for line, in an irregular metre, without rhyme.

## SONNET

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora  
L'erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,  
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
Qual tuo spiro gentil non innamorà,  
Che dolcemente mostrasi di fuora,  
De' sui atti soavi giammai parco,  
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
Là onde l'alta tu virtù s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
Guardi ciascun agli occhi ed agli orecchi

L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, innanti  
Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s'inviechi.

## TRANSLATION

LADY gay and gracious, whose fair name  
honors  
The grassy vale of Reno, and the noble pass,  
Surely that man is empty of all worth  
Whom thy gentle spirit doth not enamour,—  
Thy spirit, that sweetly manifests itself,  
Never niggard of delightful actions,

Nor of those gifts (Love's arrows and his  
bow)  
Wherewith thy virtue high enflowers it-  
self.  
When thou speakest in thy beauty, or sing-  
est in thy joy —  
Sounds that might move the firm trees  
from the mountains —  
Let whoso finds himself unworthy of thy  
service  
Guard well the gateway of his sight and  
hearing;  
Grace from above avail him  
Ere amorous desire lodge in his heart !

## SONNET

QUAL in colle aspro, all' imbrunir di sera,  
L' aveva zia giovinetta pastorella  
Va bagnando l' erbetta strana e bella  
Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,  
E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bell' Arno.  
Amor lo volse, ed io all' altrui peso  
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno  
A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

## TRANSLATION

As on a rough hillside, at dusk of evening,  
A little shepherd girl, as she is wont,  
Goes watering some fair flower that moves  
her wonder,  
A stranger in that clime, ill flourishing  
Far from the comfort of its native spring-  
time, —  
Even so doth Love upon my eager tongue  
Rear the new flower of a foreign speech,  
While I of thee, haughty and gracious one,  
Sing, of my own good folk not compre-  
hended,  
And change fair Thames for the fair Arno.  
Love willed it, and at others' cost  
I learned that Love wills nought in vain.  
Ah, that my slow heart and rude breast  
might be  
As kind a soil to Him who plants from  
Heaven !

## CANZONE

RIDONSÌ donne e giovani amorosi  
M' accostandosi attorno, e "Perchè scrivi,  
Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi ?  
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
E de' pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi !"  
Così mi van burlando: "Altri rivi,  
Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,  
Nelle cui verdi sponde  
Spuntati ad or ad or alla tua chioma  
L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.  
Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?"  
Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi:  
"Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir è il mio  
cuore,  
' Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.'"

## TRANSLATION

THE ladies and young lovers laugh at me,  
Standing in circle round me, and "Why  
write, —  
Why write thus in a language strange, un-  
mastered,  
Versifying of love ? How dost thou dare  
it ?  
Speak, as thou wilt have thy hope not vain,  
And of thy thoughts the best betide thee !"  
So they go mocking at me: "Other rivers,  
Other shores await thee, other waters,  
On whose green banks  
Now, even now, grows for thy hair  
The immortal guerdon of unfading fronds.  
Why on thy shoulders the superfluous  
load ?"  
Canzone, I will tell thee, and do thou  
make answer:  
"My Lady saith (and her speech is my  
heart)  
' This is Love's language, of which Love is  
boastful.'"

## SONNET

DIODATI (e te 'l dirò con maraviglia),  
Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar solea  
E de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,  
Già caddi, ov' uom dabbene talor s' impig-  
lia.  
Nè treccie d' oro nè gancia vermiglia  
M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea



Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua più d' una,  
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero  
 Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna;  
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## TRANSLATION

DIODATI (I tell it thee with wonder)  
 That stubborn I, who did disparage love,  
 And often mocked his wiles, have fallen al-  
 ready

Where worthiest men sometimes ensnare  
 themselves.

Nor golden tresses nor a vermeil cheek  
 Undo me thus, but under novel guise  
 A type of foreign beauty steeps my heart,  
 A high and modest port, and in the eye-  
 brows

The quiet splendor of a lovely darkness,  
 Rich words, and more than from a single  
 language,

And song that from her middle hemisphere  
 Might draw the moon o'er-toiled;  
 And from her eyes proceeds so strong a fire,  
 To stop my ears with wax would help me  
 little.

## SONNET

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,  
 Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole;  
 Sì mi percuocon forte, come ei suole,  
 Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (nè senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia.

Parte rinchiusa e turbida si celsa  
 Scossomi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia o s' in-  
 giela;

Ma quanto agli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,  
 Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.

## TRANSLATION

IN sooth, your beauteous eyes, my Lady,  
 Cannot be other than my sun;  
 So sore they smite me, as he smiteth

The traveller in the sands of Libia;  
 From that side where I feel my pain, out-  
 gushes

A burning vapor, never felt before,  
 Which mayhap lovers in their language  
 Call sighs; for me, I know not what it  
 be.

A part within lurks pent and turbid,  
 Shaking my breast; a part forth-issuing  
 Congeals and freezes in the air about;  
 But whatso findeth passage to my eyes  
 Is wont to darken all my nights with rain,  
 Till Thou return, my day-spring crowned  
 with roses.

## SONNET

GIOVANE, piano, e semplicetto amante,  
 Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' umil dono  
 Farò divoto. Io certo a prove tante  
 L' ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono.  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il  
 tuono,

S' arma di se, d' intero diamante;  
 Tanto del forze e d' invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori e speranze al popol use,  
 Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

## TRANSLATION

A YOUNG, and meek, and simple lover,  
 Perplexed how I shall flee from my own  
 self,

Lady, the humble offering of my heart  
 To you I dedicate: be sure, in many trials  
 I found it faithful, constant, valorous,  
 Gracious of thought, discreet, and good.

When the great sky roars, or bursts the  
 thunder,

With itself it arms itself, with entire ada-  
 mant,—

As heedless of all violence or spite,  
 Of vulgar hopes and fears,  
 As 't is in love with noble gifts and worth,  
 With the sonorous lyre, and with the  
 Muses.

In one sole part thou 'lt find it not so  
 strong,

Where Love set his immedicable sting



POEMS WRITTEN DURING THE CIVIL WAR  
AND THE PROTECTORATE

1642-1658



## LATER SONNETS

From 1642, when he entered actively into the national struggle for liberty, until 1658, when the duties of his Latin secretaryship ceased, Milton wrote no English verse except in the way of some rather wooden translations from the Scriptures, and scattered sonnets, — seventeen sonnets in seventeen years. The translations may be dismissed without comment, but the sonnets are of manifold interest. They are the fugitive outcroppings of "that one talent which is death to hide," and constitute the only relief which he allowed himself from his resolution to efface the singer in the fighter so long as his country's fate hung in the balance. Even in them, he does not throw off the weight of that resolution; for such of them as are not actual political manifestoes still cling closely to matter of fact. They are, in a word, occasional poetry; but they are lifted into permanence by the presence in them of the whole of a great personality, capable of giving to the most ordinary words an unaccountable resonance and distinction.

The sonnets written after 1642 divide themselves into three groups, — those addressed to personal friends, both men and women, those dealing with some aspect of public affairs, especially as represented by the great men of the time, and those of a purely autobiographic nature.

Of the first group, the sonnets "To a Virtuous Young Lady," "To the Lady Margaret Ley," and "To Mistress Catherine Thomson," are of particular interest, as showing the poet's growth away from the mere schoolboy amorousness of the Latin elegies and the gentle troubadour gallantry of the Italian Sonnets toward

a high Puritan ideal of womanhood. Of these, the sonnet "To the Lady Margaret" is pitched in the lowest key. It was written shortly after Mary Powell's desertion. Phillips says of Milton's relations with the Lady Margaret, that "being now as it were a single man again, he made it his chief diversion now and then of an evening to visit" her, and that she, "being a woman of great wit and ingenuity, had a particular honor for him, and took much delight in his company, as likewise Captain Hobson, her husband, a very accomplished gentleman." The tone of the sonnet may have been determined by Milton's rumination upon the springs of his own domestic misfortunes. Eight of the fourteen lines are devoted to a eulogy of the lady's father, James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, Lord President of the Council under Charles and one time Lord High Treasurer, whose death was believed to have been hastened by the sudden breaking up of Charles's third Parliament, as that of Isocrates was caused by news of the battle of Chæronea. Milton deems it a sufficient encomium upon the daughter to say that she reflects the honor of the father. In other words, what attracted him in her was probably the dignity with which she bore a great and good name, a dignity thrown into relief by what must have seemed to him the low-bred and selfish impulsiveness of his own wife, the daughter of a shifting cavalier squire. It is, one may say, the civic ideal of womanhood to which this sonnet gives a celebration quite Roman in its pith and measure.

The sonnet "On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson" is perhaps

the least successful of the whole series. The personification of the lady's good deeds, azure-winged and purple-clad, guided by Faith and Love to Heaven, there to intercede for the soul of their mistress, is marked by the conceitfulness which was the bane of Milton's early manner. It is the only one of the sonnets which lacks the accent of simple conviction. Some interest attaches to it, however, in that it presents another aspect of the Puritan conception of woman, as she reveals herself in a life of active charity.

A more sincere eulogy of Christian womanhood appears in the sonnet "To a Virtuous Young Lady." It has been plausibly conjectured that the person addressed was that Miss Davis whom Milton appears to have had some intention of marrying, in practical exemplification of the free doctrines proclaimed in his divorce tracts. Whether this be true or not, the sonnet is very tender and exalted. The closing picture of the wise virgin, waiting, her odorous lamp filled with "deeds of light," to find entrance

... "when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends

Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,"

seems breathed upon by the very breath of passion; but whether passion for the woman or for the thing she typifies it is hard to say. In his youth, all the warm and gorgeous imagery which clusters about the Hebraic idea of paradisaic love had had a strong attraction for Milton, a stronger attraction than it has had for any other English poet except Crashaw. In *Lycidas* and in the *Epitaphium Damonis* he had appropriated the idea with startling completeness. This sonnet is the latest expression of this mystical strain in his nature; for in *Paradise Lost* the idea, though put forward with emphasis, has become somewhat intellectualized and pallid. In losing it, he lost one of those vital conceptions, at once sensuous and spiritual, which take hold of all the fibres of a poet's nature, —

which may, indeed, be called the poet's peculiar dower.

The other sonnets addressed to intimate friends are three in number. Two of them, the sonnet to Mr. Lawrence and the first to Cyriack Skinner, seem to be nothing more nor less than "poetical invitations to dinner," in the manner suggested by Horace's "Quid bellicosus Cantaber." Both Lawrence and Skinner were frequent visitors at Milton's house in Petty France. Lawrence was the son of the President of Cromwell's Council, and about twenty years old at the earliest date, 1656, which can be assigned to the sonnet. Skinner, grandson of the famous jurist Sir Edward Coke, was a young barrister, a member of the famous republican debating club called the "Rota," which held its meetings at the Turk's Head in Palace Yard. The sonnets mark that bright spot in the poet's adult life which followed upon his second marriage. They offer an unusual combination of gravity and grace in the treatment of a trivial subject. Pattison says of them, "In these two sonnets he has shown that he could lay his hand gently on the strings, and take it off again. Milton's, indeed, is not the delicate touch of Desaugiers or Béranger, those masters of '*la chose légère*;' but what is wanted in suppleness is made up by dignity and religious resignedness of which the libertine song writer is incapable."

The last sonnet of this group, that to Henry Lawes, has a higher interest, extrinsic and intrinsic. Milton's friendship with Lawes, beginning possibly in the poet's boyhood, at the house in Bread Street, strengthened by his growing taste for music and by their collaboration in the *Arcades* and *Comus*, must have been one of the most genial influences in the poet's life. The sonnet in question, though it first appeared in print prefixed to a collection of *Choice Psalms*, published by Lawes and his brother in 1648, had been written two years before, probably in the period of

brief tranquillity which followed Milton's reconciliation with his wife, — a time when he would most have appreciated the delicate solace of his friend's art. Certainly a more exquisite word of praise than

"Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee  
higher

Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory"

was never given by one artist to another, unless it be that which Dante himself gave to Casella on the seashore at the foot of the mount of Purgation.

A second group into which the sonnets fall, those dealing with public affairs and public men, includes, besides the lines on the New Forcers of Conscience, the famous tributes to Cromwell, Fairfax, and Vane, and the still more famous outburst upon the Piedmontese massacre. The first of these, written probably in 1646, marks the date of Milton's break with the Presbyterians and his adherence to the Independent party. The Westminster Assembly had made it clear that Presbyterianism, although it had freed England from Laud, her "prelate lord," and had "renounced his liturgy" by supplanting the Prayer Book with the Directory, was no more inclined to allow real intellectual liberty than Laud had been. Milton's contempt wreaks itself here upon the pamphleteer supporters of Presbyterianism, such as Adam Steward ("mere A. S."), and Edwards, who, in his *Gangraena*, had named Milton among the heretics, and upon two members of the Westminster Assembly, Samuel Rutherford and George Gillespie ("Scotch what d'ye call," because of his harsh northern name). The contemptuous tone of the sonnet is subtly intensified by a dash of colloquialism in the diction, as if the Muse had forgotten her dignity in her disgust. The peculiar sonnet form used also contributes to the same end. The *sonnetto colla coda*, or tailed sonnet, had been long in use among Italian poets for purposes of satire and burlesque. The addition of the coda,

by destroying the formal symmetry which gives the sonnet its peculiar distinction, made it a fitter weapon for attack upon a despised foe. It is instructive to read this sonnet in connection with the two on *Te-trachordon*, in which Milton poured out his contemptuous wrath upon his opponents in the divorce controversy. When he wrote these the iron had entered very deep into his soul. Many times he had used and was still to use poetry as a weapon against his enemies, but always with a biblical majesty of attack. Here he fights for once with the bitter rudeness and blind irritation of his pamphleteering mood, — a degradation of his ideal of poetry which could have come only from extreme weariness.

The sonnets to Fairfax and to Cromwell were written on definite occasions, and are to be considered less as eulogies than as appeals. Some misconception has resulted from a failure to note the special juncture of affairs which brought forth these appeals. Fairfax, in July, 1648, had just cooped up in Colchester the Kentish insurgents who had risen to aid the Duke of Hamilton in his invasion from the north. By his skill and valor Fairfax was bringing to a close the "second civil war," as he had broken the force of the first at the battle of Naseby. Looking forward to assured victory, Milton appeals to Fairfax to enter upon the nobler task of cleansing the counsels of the nation from those jobbers and self-seekers who, in the national crisis, had taken advantage of the opportunity for fraud. The Lord General was of a character to invite such an appeal. Besides being a great soldier, he was a man of scholarly cultivation, of poetic imagination, of pure and upright life. Milton's admiration for Fairfax was staunch enough to survive the defection of the great and gentle patriot from the popular cause in 1649, when he drew back in horror from the plan of putting his king to death. As Milton appealed to Fairfax to free the secular power from corruption, so four years later

he exhorted Cromwell to save the spiritual kingdom from bondage. In addition to the old foes of the pure church, the Presbyterians, there had sprung up new foes in the shape of men who, though nominally Independents, desired to see ministers of the Gospel supported at the public expense. Of these Cromwell, doubtless from practical considerations of state, proved to be one. Milton represented the extreme radical wing of Independency, which not only held in abhorrence every interference of the secular power with the church, but declared that all ministers who accepted pay for their ministrations were "hireling wolves." This sonnet is Milton's cry to Cromwell to turn back into the true road. The exhortation was not heard; yet as had been the case before with Fairfax, Milton retained his admiration for his chief in the face of vital differences of thought.

The sonnet on young Henry Vane, unlike the foregoing two, was not prompted by any definite public crisis, but sprang from a train of thought similar to that which had led to the Cromwell sonnet. The young statesman who, at twenty-four, had been governor of Massachusetts, and had then and afterwards learned to know

"Both spiritual power and civil, what each  
means,  
What severs each,"

stood as a pillar of hope to the poet in these years when he was brooding jealously upon "the bounds of either sword."

The sonnet on the Piedmontese massacre disputes with the sonnet on his blindness the honor of first place among Milton's efforts in this form. No subject could have been more calculated to touch the innermost springs of passion in him. The Vaudois had cherished, long before Luther's time, presumably indeed from the earliest Christian centuries, a form of worship and a theology conceived in the purest spirit of the Reformation. Amid the intense religious ferment of the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries they had stood as a type of the *prisca fides* of the early church, a survival of the golden age of apostolic faith. In January, 1655, the Duke of Savoy determined to suppress them. An edict was issued ordering the inhabitants of three valleys either to leave the country or to embrace the Catholic religion. On their refusal to comply, a general massacre was instituted, and carried out with frightful refinements of cruelty. The news filled Protestant Europe with horror. Behind the slow, measured denunciation of Milton's sonnet we can feel a mighty bulk of public wrath. In these wonderful lines the poet's art is at once at its soberest and at its intensest. Pattison has finely said of it: "It would not be easy to find a sonnet in any language of equal power to vibrate through all the fibres of feeling. Yet with what homely materials is the effect produced! Not only is there not a single purple patch in the wording, but of thought, or image, all that there is is a borrowed thought, and one repeatedly borrowed, — namely, Tertullian's saying, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church;' yet we may say that with a familiar quotation for its only thought, and with diction almost below ordinary, its forceful flood of suppressed passion sweeps along the hackneyed biblical phrases of which it is composed, just as a swollen river rolls before it the worn pebbles long ago brought down from the mountain side. From this sonnet we may learn that the poetry of a poem is lodged somewhere else than in its matter or its thoughts or its imagery or its words. Our heart is here taken by storm, but not by any of these things. The poet hath breathed on us, and we have received his inspiration. In this sonnet is realized Wordsworth's definition of poetry, 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling.'"

Only one more group remains to be considered, the sonnets purely personal and autobiographic. Of these there are four,



"When the Assault was intended to the City," the two on his blindness, and one on his second wife. The first of these presents Milton in a characteristic and at the same time unexpected light. On the thirteenth of November, 1642, the king's forces had advanced from their victory at Edgehill to Turnham Green, on the outskirts of London. An immediate assault was expected, and Essex hastened out with regular forces and trainbands to the number of 24,000 to engage the enemy. The occasion was one of such imminent danger that Milton's attitude in staying quietly in his study to write a sonnet pleading that his own house be spared from rapine by the cavalier troopers, seems rather chilly and ungenerous, not to say unvirile. The fact is, that he was at once unusually open to the enthusiasm of ideas, and unusually callous to the raw excitement of events. He had by nature much of the wanness of the idealist; it is, indeed, not difficult to believe that a conception of his failing in this respect, and the hope of overcoming it, biased his acceptance of public office when, a few years later, it was offered him. Now, with the brute force of arms drawing near, it was natural for him to retire haughtily into the kingdom of the mind, and especially to that city of the kingdom where his power was most absolute. The curious thing is that this haughtiness is tempered by an unexpected humility. The poet seems to bow his head before the conqueror, and to offer his music as the price of leniency, with a Greek submission to the Fates strangely at variance with his habitual temper.

The first sonnet on his blindness shows submission to fate in a larger sense and in a deeply Christian mood. His blindness had been total for three years, and he had not yet seen his way to using, in darkness, "that one talent which is death to hide." He seemed to have made the last and great sacrifice. The manner in which the human

pinning of a strong man after the work denied him to do emerges here into contemplation of the sufficiency of the divine Worker, is so fine as to be beyond the reach of praise. The poet seems to stand by the battle chariot of God, powerless with wounds, but martial and attentive, while His aides and ensigns bear messages of the strife still waging. The second sonnet on his blindness, addressed to Cyriack Skinner, takes a more everyday view. It is pathetic to see Milton comforting himself in his calamity with the belief that his second pamphlet against Salmasius, with its scurrility, its personal abuse, and its poor logic, was worth the price of his eyes; and the touch of vanity in the opening lines only adds to the pathos. Yet the purely human courage which this second sonnet breathes, its refusal to "bate a jot of heart or hope," its determination to "still bear up and steer right onward," is almost as fine as the more exalted resignation of the first.

The last of Milton's sonnets, that on his dead wife, is the tenderest of all his utterances. He had married Katharine Woodcock on the 12th of November, 1656. Two years later she died in child-birth, and a month later her baby followed her. We know nothing of her or her relations with Milton beyond what the sonnet gives; but that is enough. The fact that he had never seen her face in life gives to this account of his veiled vision of her in sleep a peculiar poignancy; and the closing lines,

"But O! as to embrace me she inclined  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night,"

are in effect his farewell to the warmer human side of life. Henceforth his heart, too, was to dwell in darkness. The double darkness was given him as a background upon which to trace his vision of heaven and earth and hell in stupendous lines of light.

## SONNETS

## WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

(NOVEMBER, 1642)

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors  
     may seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from  
     harms.  
 He can requite thee, for he knows the  
     charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and  
     seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle  
     warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and  
     tower  
 Went to the ground; and the repeated  
     air  
 Of sad Electra's Poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin  
     bare.

## TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY

(1644)

LADY! that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the  
     green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the Hill of Heavenly Truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with  
     Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of  
     light,  
 And Hope that reaps not shame; therefore  
     be sure,  
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feast-  
     ful friends

Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and  
     pure.

## TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY

(1644-5)

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once Presi-  
     dent  
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both unstained with gold  
     or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself con-  
     tent,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Killed with report that old man eloquent,  
 Though later born than to have known the  
     days  
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by  
     you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet:  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise  
 That all both judge you to relate them  
     true  
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

## ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

(1645-6)

A BOOK was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and  
     style;  
 The subject new: it walked the town a  
     while,  
 Numbering good intellects; now seldom  
     pored on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a  
     word on  
 A title-page is this!" ; and some in file  
 Stand spelling false, while one might  
     walk to Mile-  
 End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than  
     Gordon,

*Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?*

Those rugged names to our like mouths  
grow sleek  
That would have made Quintilian stare  
and gasp.  
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John  
Cheek,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or  
asp,  
When thou taught'st Cambridge and  
King Edward Greek.

### ON THE SAME

(1645-6)

I DID but prompt the age to quit their  
clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When straight a barbarous noise envi-  
rons me  
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and  
dogs;  
As when those hinds that were transformed  
to frogs  
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
Which after held the Sun and Moon in  
fee.  
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,  
That bawl for freedom in their senseless  
mood,  
And still revolt when Truth would set  
them free.  
Licence they mean when they cry Lib-  
erty;  
For who loves that must first be wise and  
good:  
But from that mark how far they rove  
we see,  
For all this waste of wealth and loss of  
blood.

### ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CON- SCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT

(1646)

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate  
Lord,  
And with stiff vows renounced his Litur-  
gy,  
To seize the widowed whore Plurality,  
From them whose sin ye envied, not ab-  
horred,

Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
To force our consciences that Christ set  
free,  
And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,  
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Ruther-  
ford?

Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure  
intent,  
Would have been held in high esteem  
with Paul

Must now be named and printed heretics  
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-  
d' ye-call!

But we do hope to find out all your  
tricks,

Your plots and packing, worse than those  
of Trent,

That so the Parliament  
May with their wholesome and preventive  
shears

Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your  
ears,

And succour our just fears,  
When they shall read this clearly in your  
charge:

*New Presbyterian* is but old *Priest* writ large.

### TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS

(1646)

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured  
song

First taught our English music how to  
span

Words with just note and accent, not to  
scan

With Midas' ears, committing short and  
long,

Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the  
throng,

With praise enough for Envy to look  
wan;

To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth air couldst humour  
best our tongue.

Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must  
lend her wing

To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus'  
quire,

That tunest their happiest lines in hymn  
or story.

Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee  
higher

Than his Casella, whom he wooed to  
sing,  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY  
OF MRS. CATHERINE THOM-  
SON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,  
DECEASED DEC. 16, 1646

(1646)

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from  
thee never,  
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with  
God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy  
load  
Of death, called life, which us from life  
doth sever.

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good en-  
deavour,  
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were  
trod;

But, as Faith pointed with her golden  
rod,

Followed thee up to joy and bliss for  
ever.

Love led them on; and Faith, who knew  
them best

Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with pur-  
ple beams

And azure wings, that up they flew so  
drest,

And speak the truth of thee on glorious  
themes

Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid  
thee rest,

And drink thy fill of pure immortal  
streams.

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIR-  
FAX AT THE SIEGE OF COL-  
CHESTER

(1648)

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through  
Europe rings,  
Filling each mouth with envy or with  
praise,  
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,  
And rumours loud that daunt remotest  
kings,

Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
Victory home, though new rebellions  
raise

Their Hydra heads, and the false North  
displays

Her broken league to imp their serpent  
wings.

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand  
(For what can war but endless war still  
breed?)

Till truth and right from violence be  
freed,

And public faith cleared from the shame-  
ful brand

Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour  
bleed,

While Avarice and Rapine share the  
land.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROM-  
WELL, ON THE PROPOSALS OF  
CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE  
COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGA-  
TION OF THE GOSPEL

(1652)

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through  
a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless forti-  
tude,

To peace and truth thy glorious way hast  
ploughed,

And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work  
pursued,

While Darwen stream, with blood of  
Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises  
loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much  
remains

To conquer still; Peace hath her victo-  
ries

No less renowned than War: new foes  
arise,

Threatening to bind our souls with secular  
chains.

Help us to save free conscience from the  
paw

Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their  
maw.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE  
YOUNGER

(1652)

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel  
old,  
Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not  
arms, repelled  
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states hard to be  
spelled;  
Then to advise how war may best, up-  
held,  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and  
gold,  
In all her equipage; besides, to know  
Both spiritual power and civil, what  
each means,  
What severs each, thou hast learned,  
which few have done.  
The bounds of either sword to thee we  
owe:  
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion  
leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN  
PIEMONTE

(1655)

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints,  
whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains  
cold;  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure  
of old,  
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and  
stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient  
fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that  
rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their  
moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven. Their martyred blood and  
ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth  
sway  
The triple Tyrant; that from these may  
grow  
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS

(1655)

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days in this dark world and  
wide,  
And that one Talent which is death to  
hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul  
more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and pre-  
sent  
My true account, lest He returning chide,  
"Doth God exact day-labour, light de-  
nied?"  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to pre-  
vent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth  
not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts.  
Who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.  
His state  
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without  
rest;  
They also serve who only stand and  
wait."

## TO MR. LAWRENCE

(1656)

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank, and ways  
are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by  
the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be  
won  
From the hard season gaining? Time will  
run  
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh at-  
tire

The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## TO CYRIACK SKINNER

(1656)

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught,  
 our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench,  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth that after no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

## TO THE SAME

(1655)

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes,  
 though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,

Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

## ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

(1658)

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.  
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint  
 Purification in the Old Law did save,  
 And such as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.  
 Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
 So clear as in no face with more delight.  
 But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

## TRANSLATIONS

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE,  
LIB. I.*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.*

Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,

Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou

In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he

On faith and changed gods complain, and seas

Rough with black winds and storms  
Unwonted shall admire,

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;

Who always vacant, always amiable,

Hopes thee, of flattering gales

Unmindful! Hapless they

To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed

Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung

My dank and dropping weeds

To the stern God of Sea.

## THE ORIGINAL

## AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos affirmat esse miseros.*

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ

Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiæ? Heu, quoties fidem

Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera

Nigris æquora ventis

Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus auræ;

Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,

Sperat, nescius auræ

Fallacis! Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer  
Votivâ paries indicat uvida  
Suspendisse potenti  
Vestimenta maris Deo.

NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE  
INTO METRE

Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the original.

(April, 1648.)

## PSALM LXXX

- 1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,  
Give ear in time of need,  
Who leadest like a flock of sheep  
Thy loved Joseph's seed,  
That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright,  
Between their wings outspread;  
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
And in Manasseh's sight,  
Awake<sup>1</sup> thy strength, come, and be seen  
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again; thy grace divine  
To us, O God, vouchsafe;  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy<sup>2</sup> smoking wrath, and angry brow,  
Against thy people's prayer?
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;  
Their bread with tears they eat;  
And mak'st them largely<sup>3</sup> drink the tears  
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey  
To every neighbour foe;  
Among themselves they<sup>4</sup> laugh, they<sup>4</sup> play,  
And<sup>4</sup> flout at us they throw.

<sup>1</sup> Gnorera.

<sup>3</sup> Shalish.

<sup>2</sup> Gnashanta.

<sup>4</sup> Mignugu.

- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,  
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*; 30  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine*,  
And drov'st out nations *proud and haughty*,  
To plant this *lovely Vine*.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
And root it deep and fast,  
That it *began to grow apace*,  
And filled the land *at last*. 40
- 10 With her *green shade* that covered all  
The hills were *overspread*;  
Her boughs as *high as cedars* tall  
*Advanced their lofty head*.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*  
Down to the sea she sent,  
And *upward* to that river wide  
Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
And broken down her fence, 50  
That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence*?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
Upturns it by the roots;  
Wild beasts there browse, and make  
their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots*.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts; look down  
From Heaven, thy seat divine;  
Behold us, *but without a frown*,  
And visit this *thy Vine*. 60
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long*,  
And the young branch, that for thy-  
self  
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,  
And cut *with axes* down;  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;  
Upon the Son of Man, whom Thou  
Strong for thyself hast made. 70
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame*;  
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we  
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,  
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe* :  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe. 80

## PSALM LXXXI

- 1 To God our strength sing loud and  
*clear*;  
Sing loud to God *our King*;  
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,  
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song;  
The timbrel hither bring;  
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
And harp with pleasant *string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon,  
With trumpets' *lofty sound*, 10  
The appointed time, the day whereon  
Our solemn feast comes round.
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*  
For Israel to *observe*,  
A law of Jacob's God to *hold*,  
*From whence they might not swerve*.
- 5 This he a testimony ordained  
In Joseph, *not to change*,  
When as he passed through Egypt-  
land;  
The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,  
I set his shoulder free;  
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,  
Delivered were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,  
*On me then* didst thou call,  
And I to free thee *did not fail*,  
*And led thee out of thrall*.  
I answered thee in <sup>1</sup>thunder deep,  
With clouds encompassed round; 30  
I tried thee at the water steep  
Of Meriba *renowned*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well* :  
I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock* of Israel,  
If thou wilt list to me:
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien God shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee. 40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
Thee out of Egypt-land;  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
Nor hearken to my voice;  
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,  
Misliked me for his choice.  
<sup>1</sup> Be Sether ragnam.



- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wandering mind; <sup>50</sup>  
Their own conceits they followed still  
Their own devices blind.
- 13 Oh that my people would be wise,  
To serve me all their days!  
And oh that Israel would advise  
To walk my righteous ways!
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
That now so proudly rise,  
And turn my hand against all those  
That are their enemies. <sup>60</sup>
- 15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain  
To bow to him and bend;  
But they, his people, should remain;  
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them from the shock  
With flour of finest wheat,  
And satisfy them from the rock  
With honey for their meat.

## PSALM LXXXII

- 1 GOD in the <sup>1</sup> great <sup>1</sup> assembly stands  
Of kings and lordly states;  
<sup>2</sup> Among the gods <sup>2</sup> on both his hands  
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye <sup>3</sup> pervert the right  
With <sup>3</sup> judgment false and wrong,  
Favouring the wicked by your might,  
Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 <sup>4</sup> Regard the <sup>4</sup> weak and fatherless;  
<sup>4</sup> Despatch the <sup>4</sup> poor man's cause; <sup>10</sup>  
And <sup>5</sup> raise the man in deep distress  
By <sup>5</sup> just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that help demands.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand;  
In darkness they walk on;  
The earth's foundations all are <sup>6</sup> moved,  
And <sup>6</sup> out of order gone. <sup>20</sup>
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all  
The sons of God Most High;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other princes die.
- 8 Rise, God; <sup>7</sup> judge thou the earth in  
might;  
This wicked earth <sup>7</sup> redress;  
For thou art he who shalt by right  
The nations all possess.

<sup>1</sup> Bagnadath-el.  
<sup>2</sup> Tishphetu gnavel.  
<sup>3</sup> Hatzdiku.

<sup>4</sup> Bekerev.  
<sup>5</sup> Shiphtu-dal.  
<sup>6</sup> Jimmotu.  
<sup>7</sup> Shiphta.

## PSALM LXXXIII

- 1 BE not thou silent now at length;  
O God, hold not thy peace:  
Sit thou not still, O God of strength;  
We cry and do not cease.
- 2 For lo! thy furious foes now <sup>1</sup> swell,  
And <sup>1</sup> storm outrageously;  
And they that hate thee, proud and fell,  
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they <sup>2</sup> contrive  
<sup>3</sup> Their plots and counsels deep;  
<sup>4</sup> Them to ensnare they chiefly strive  
<sup>5</sup> Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,  
"Till they no nation be;  
That Israel's name for ever may  
Be lost in memory."
- 5 For they consult <sup>6</sup> with all their might,  
And all as one in mind  
Themselves against thee they unite,  
And in firm union bind. <sup>20</sup>
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of scornful Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,  
And hateful Amalec,  
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands,  
And doth confirm the knot; <sup>30</sup>  
All these have lent their armed hands  
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,  
That wasted all the coast;  
To Sisera, and as is told  
Thou didst to Jabin's host,  
When at the brook of Kishon old  
They were repulsed and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled  
As dung upon the plain. <sup>40</sup>
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
So let their princes speed;  
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,  
So let their princes bleed.
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said,  
"By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and will now invade  
<sup>7</sup> Their stately palaces."
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel;  
No quiet let them find; <sup>50</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jehemajun.  
<sup>2</sup> Jithjagnatsu gnal.  
<sup>3</sup> Lev jachdau.

<sup>4</sup> Jagnarimu.  
<sup>5</sup> Tsephuneca.  
<sup>6</sup> Neoth Elohim bears both.

- Giddy and *restless* let them reel,  
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 *As, when an aged wood takes fire*  
*Which on a sudden strays,*  
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher,  
Till all the mountains blaze;
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 <sup>1</sup> And till they <sup>1</sup> yield thee honour due,  
Lord, fill with shame their face. <sup>60</sup>
- 17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,  
Troubled and shamed for ever,  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, and *scape it never*.
- 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose  
name  
Jehovah is, alone  
Art the Most High, and thou the same  
O'er all the earth art *One*.

## PSALM LXXXIV

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair !  
O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
The *pleasant* tabernacles are  
*Where thou dost dwell so near !*
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die  
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from*  
*wrong,*  
Hath found a house of rest; <sup>10</sup>  
The swallow there, to lay her young,  
Hath built her *brooding* nest;  
Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode;*  
*And home they fly from round the coasts*  
*Toward thee, my King, my God.*
- 4 Happy who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise !
- 5 Happy whose strength in thee doth  
bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways ! <sup>20</sup>
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,  
*That dry and barren ground,*  
As through a fruitful watery dale  
Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to  
strength  
*With joy and glad some cheer,*  
Till all before our God at length  
In Sion do appear.

<sup>1</sup> They seek thy name : *Heb.*

- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my  
prayer,  
O Jacob's God, give ear: <sup>30</sup>
- 9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the  
face  
Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts to be  
Is better *and more blest*  
Than in the joys of vanity  
A thousand days at best.  
I in the temple of my God  
Had rather keep a door  
Than dwell in tents *and rich abode*  
With sin for evermore. <sup>40</sup>
- 11 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,  
Gives grace and glory *bright* ;  
No good from them shall be withheld  
Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,  
That man is *truly* blest  
Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV

- 1 THY land to favour graciously  
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;  
Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe,  
And all their sin *that did thee grieve*  
Hast hid *where none shall know*.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
And *calmly* didst return <sup>10</sup>  
From thy <sup>1</sup> fierce wrath, which we had  
proved  
Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
Turn us, and us restore;  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
Toward us, *and hide no more*.
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
For ever angry thus ?  
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
From age to age on us ? <sup>20</sup>
- 6 Wilt thou not <sup>2</sup> turn and *hear our voice,*  
And thus again <sup>2</sup> revive,  
That so thy people may rejoice,  
By thee preserved alive ?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;  
To us thy mercy shew;

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.* : The burning heat of thy wrath.<sup>2</sup> *Heb.* : Turn to quicken us.

- Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 And now what God the Lord will speak  
 I will go straight and hear, <sup>30</sup>  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints *full dear*;  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace:  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
 Salvation is at hand,  
 And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.* <sup>40</sup>
- 10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed*,  
 Now *joyfully* are met;  
*Sweet* Peace and Righteousness have  
 kissed,  
*And hand in hand are set.*
- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*  
 Shall bud and blossom then;  
 And Justice from her heavenly bower  
 Look down on mortal men.
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good; <sup>50</sup>  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits *to be our food*.
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,  
*His royal harbinger*;  
 Then<sup>1</sup> will he come, and not be slow;  
 His footsteps cannot err.

## PSALM LXXXVI

- 1 *Thy gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;  
 O hear me, *I thee pray*;  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul; for <sup>2</sup> I have trod  
 Thy ways, and love the just;  
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
 I call; 4 Oh make rejoice <sup>10</sup>  
 Thy servant's soul! for, Lord, to thee  
 I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art  
 prone

- To pardon; thou to all  
 Art full of mercy, thou alone,  
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
 Give ear, and to the cry  
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
 Thy hearing graciously. <sup>25</sup>
- 7 I in the day of my distress  
 Will call on thee *for aid*;  
 For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,  
 And answer *what I prayed*.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
 O Lord; nor any works  
*Of all that other gods have done*  
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
 Shall come, and *all shall frame* <sup>30</sup>  
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
 And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
 By thy strong hand are done;  
 Thou in *thy everlasting seat*  
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*;  
 I in thy truth will bide;  
 To fear thy name my heart unite;  
*So shall it never slide.* <sup>40</sup>
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
 With my whole heart, and blaze  
 abroad  
 Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
 And thou hast freed my soul,  
 Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul*.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
 And violent men are met <sup>50</sup>  
 To seek my life, and in their eyes  
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most  
 mild,  
 Readiest thy grace to shew,  
 Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 Oh turn to me *thy face at length*,  
 And me have mercy on;  
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
 And save thy handmaid's son. <sup>60</sup>
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes *then* see,  
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,  
 Dost help and comfort me.

<sup>1</sup> Heb.: He will set his steps to the way.<sup>2</sup> Heb.: I am good, loving, a doer of good & holy things.

## PSALM LXXXVII

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains high  
Is his foundation fast;  
*There seated in his sanctuary,  
His temple there is placed.*
- 2 Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more  
Than all the dwellings fair  
Of Jacob's land, *though there be store,  
And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee abroad are spoke. 10  
I mention Egypt, *where proud kings  
Did our forefathers yoke;*
- 4 I mention Babel to my friends,  
Philistia full of scorn,  
And Tyre, with Ethiop's utmost ends :  
Lo ! this man there was born.
- 5 But twice that praise shall in our ear  
Be said of Sion last :  
This and this man was born in her ;  
High God shall fix her fast. 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,  
That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
When he the nations doth enroll,  
That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing and they who dance  
*With sacred songs are there ;  
In thee fresh brooks and soft streams  
glance,  
And all my fountains clear.*

## PSALM LXXXVIII

- 1 LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,  
All day to thee I cry,  
And all night long before thee weep,  
Before thee prostrate lie.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer,  
*With sighs devout, ascend ;*  
And to my cries, *that ceaseless are,*  
Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,  
Surcharged my soul doth lie ; 10  
My life, *at death's uncheerful door,*  
Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckoned I am with them that pass  
Down to the dismal pit ;  
I am a <sup>1</sup> man but weak, alas !  
And for that name unfit,
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite  
Among the dead to sleep,  
And like the slain in bloody fight

<sup>1</sup> Heb. : A man without manly strength.

- That in the grave lie deep ; 30  
Whom thou rememberest no more,  
Dost never more regard :  
Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,  
*Death's hideous house hath barred.*
- 6 Thou, in the lowest pit profound,  
Hast set me all forlorn,  
Where thickest darkness hovers round,  
In horrid deeps to mourn.
- 7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,  
Full sore doth press on me ; 30  
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
<sup>1</sup> And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And mak'st me odious,  
Me to them odious, *for they change,  
And I here pent up thus.*
- 9 Through sorrow and affliction great  
Mine eye grows dim and dead ;  
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread. 40
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
Shall the deceased arise  
And praise thee from their loathsome bed  
*With pale and hollow eyes ?*
- 11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell  
On whom the grave hath hold ?  
Or they who in perdition dwell  
Thy faithfulness unfold ?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand  
Or wondrous acts be known ? 50  
Thy justice in the gloomy land  
Of dark oblivion ?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry  
*Ere yet my life be spent ;  
And up to thee my prayer doth hie  
Each morn, and thee prevent.*
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake  
And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruised, and <sup>2</sup> shake  
With terror sent from thee ; 60  
Bruised and afflicted, and so low  
As ready to expire,  
While I thy terrors undergo,  
Astonished with thine ire ?
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;  
Thy threatenings cut me through :
- 17 All day they round about me go ;  
Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
And severed from me far : 70  
They fly me now whom I have loved,  
And as in darkness are.

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew bears both.<sup>2</sup> Heb. : Pre concussions.

## PSALM I

(1653)

BLEST is the man who hath not walked  
astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorers hath not sat; but in the great  
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watery streams, and in his season  
knows  
To yield his fruit; and his leaf shall not  
fall;  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper  
all.<sup>10</sup>  
Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which  
fanned  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not  
stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows the upright way of the  
just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

## PSALM II

(August 8, 1653—*Terzetti*)

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the na-  
tions  
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth  
upstand  
With power, and princes in their congre-  
gations  
Lay deep their plots together through each  
land  
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
"Let us break off," say they, "by  
strength of hand,  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to  
wear,  
Their twisted cords." He who in Hea-  
ven doth dwell  
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them,  
then severe  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his  
fell<sup>10</sup>  
And fierce ire trouble them. "But I,"  
saith he,

"Anointed have my King (though ye  
rebel)  
On Sion my holy hill." A firm decree  
I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,  
"Thou art my Son; I have begotten  
thee  
This day; ask of me, and the grant is  
made:  
As thy possession I on thee bestow  
The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be  
swayed,  
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou  
bring full low  
With iron sceptre bruised, and them dis-  
perse<sup>20</sup>  
Like to a potter's vessel shivered so."  
And now be wise at length, ye kings  
averse;  
Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with  
fear  
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he ap-  
pear  
In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
If once his wrath take fire, like fuel  
sere.  
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

## PSALM III

(August 9, 1653)

*When he fled from Absalom*

LORD, how many are my foes!  
How many those  
That in arms against me rise!  
Many are they  
That of my life distrustfully thus say,  
"No help for him in God there lies."  
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory;  
Thee, through my story,  
The exalter of my head I count:  
Aloud I cried<sup>10</sup>  
Unto Jehovah; he full soon replied,  
And heard me from his holy mount.  
I lay and slept; I waked again:  
For my sustain  
Was the Lord. Of many millions  
The populous rout  
I fear not, though, encamping round about,  
They pitch against me their pavilions.  
Rise, Lord; save me, my God! for thou  
Hast smote ere now<sup>20</sup>  
On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorred  
Hast broke the teeth. This help was  
from the Lord;  
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

## PSALM IV

(August 10, 1653)

ANSWER me when I call,  
God of my righteousness;  
In straits and in distress  
Thou didst me disenthral  
And set at large: now spare,  
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.  
Great ones, how long will ye  
My glory have in scorn?  
How long be thus forborne  
Still to love vanity? 10  
To love, to seek, to prize  
Things false and vain, and nothing else but  
lies?  
Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
Chose to himself apart,  
The good and meek of heart  
(For whom to choose he knows),  
Jehovah from on high  
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.  
Be awed, and do not sin;  
Speak to your hearts alone 20  
Upon your beds, each one,  
And be at peace within.  
Offer the offerings just  
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
Many there be that say  
"Who yet will show us good?"  
Talking like this world's brood;  
But, Lord, thus let me pray:  
On us lift up the light,  
Lift up the favour, of thy count'nance  
bright. 30  
Into my heart more joy  
And gladness thou hast put  
Than when a year of glut  
Their stores doth over-cloy,  
And from their plenteous grounds  
With vast increase their corn and wine  
abounds.  
In peace at once will I  
Both lay me down and sleep;  
For thou alone dost keep  
Me safe where'er I lie: 40  
As in a rocky cell  
Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me  
dwell.

## PSALM V

(August 12, 1653)

\* JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
My meditation weigh;  
The voice of my complaining hear,  
My King and God, for unto thee I pray.  
Jehovah, thou my early voice  
Shalt in the morning hear;  
I' the morning I to thee with choice  
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou  
appear.  
For thou art not a God that takes  
In wickedness delight; 10  
Evil with thee no biding makes;  
Fools or mad men stand not within thy  
sight.  
All workers of iniquity  
Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;  
The bloody and guileful man doth God de-  
test.  
But I will in thy mercies dear,  
Thy numerous mercies, go  
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,  
Will towards thy holy temple worship  
low. 20  
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
Lead me, because of those  
That do observe if I transgress;  
Set thy ways right before where my step  
goes.  
For in his faltering mouth unstable  
No word is firm or sooth;  
Their inside, troubles miserable;  
An open grave their throat, their tongue  
they smooth.  
God, find them guilty; let them fall  
By their own counsels quelled; 30  
Push them in their rebellions all  
Still on; for against thee they have re-  
belled.  
Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
Their joy, while thou from blame  
Defend'st them: they shall ever sing,  
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy  
name.  
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
To bless the just man still:  
As with a shield thou wilt surround  
Him with thy lasting favour and good  
will. 40

## PSALM VI

*(August 13, 1653)*

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,  
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
And very weak and faint; heal and amend  
me:

For all my bones, that even with anguish  
ache,

Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled  
sore;

And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn,  
Lord; restore

My soul; oh, save me, for thy goodness'  
sake!

For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
Who in the grave can celebrate thy  
praise? <sup>10</sup>

Wearied I am with sighing out my days;  
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
Through grief consumes, is waxen old  
and dark

I' the midst of all mine enemies that  
mark.

Depart, all ye that work iniquity,  
Depart from me; for the voice of my weep-  
ing

The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath  
heard my prayer;

My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his  
keeping. <sup>20</sup>

Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed  
With much confusion; then, grown red  
with shame,

They shall return in haste the way they  
came,

And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

## PSALM VII

*(August 14, 1653)*

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against  
him.*

LORD, my God, to thee I fly;  
Save me, and secure me under  
Thy protection while I cry;  
Lest, as a lion (and no wonder),

He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought  
Or done this; if wickedness  
Be in my hands; if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace; <sup>10</sup>  
Or to him have rendered less,  
And not freed my foe for naught:

Let the enemy pursue my soul,  
And overtake it; let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust, and there outspread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire;  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage <sup>20</sup>  
Of my foes that urge like fire;  
And wake for me, their fury assuage;  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right:  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright <sup>25</sup>  
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me: cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness,  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies; <sup>40</sup>  
In him who, both just and wise,  
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets; his bow hath bend-  
ed  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold <sup>50</sup>

He travails big with vanity;  
 Trouble he hath conceived of old  
 As in a womb, and from that mould  
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delled it deep,  
 And fell into the pit he made:  
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,  
 Turns on his head: and his ill trade  
 Of violence will undelayed  
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
 According to his justice raise,  
 And sing the Name and Deity  
 Of Jehovah the Most High.

### PSALM VIII

(August 14, 1653)

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the  
 earth,  
 So as above the heavens thy praise to  
 set!  
 Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,  
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings  
 thou  
 Hast founded strength, because of all  
 thy foes,

To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's  
 brow,  
 That bends his rage thy providence to  
 oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,  
 The moon and stars, which thou so  
 bright hast set 10  
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
 Oh, what is man that thou rememberest  
 yet

And think'st upon him, or of man begot  
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art  
 found?

Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his  
 lot;

With honour and with state thou hast  
 him crowned.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st  
 him lord;

Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All flocks and herds, by thy commanding  
 word,

All beasts that in the field or forest  
 meet, 20

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through  
 the wet

Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know  
 no dearth.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all  
 the earth!



PARADISE LOST

1658-1665



## PARADISE LOST

### I

In the Cambridge "Vacation Exercise" we get the first trace of the epic ambition forming in Milton's mind, where the young poet longs to sing

"Of kings and queens and heroes old,  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs feast."

In the Latin verses, *In Quintum Novembris*, also, Professor Masson detects some embryos of *Paradise Lost* in those passages which have to do with the "personality and agency of Satan, and the physical connection between Hell and Man's world." Milton's naïve confession to Diodati, at Horton, that he was "pluming his wings for a flight," meant doubtless some effort of a much more sustained sort than *Lycidas*, which immediately followed. But it was the unstinted praise which he received at the hands of the Italian academies, together with his reading of Tasso, Ariosto, and Boiardo, which first set him seriously thinking of a poem of heroic dimensions.

The first subject to which he gave much thought was the legendary history of King Arthur, as he explicitly states in the Latin poem to Manso, his Neapolitan host, and in the *Epitaphium Damonis*. The latter, written shortly after his return from abroad, informs us that he had decided to write in English, and that he had, indeed, already begun. One portion of this passage arouses interesting conjecture. He says,

"I will not say what lofty strain my pipe was sounding — 't is now the twelfth day since — and perchance it was to new reeds that I had set my lips, when they burst their fastenings, and refused longer to endure the grave sounds."

Whether the "new reeds" meant a new stanza, a new verse-line, the untried epic form, or the English language put to novel uses, it is certain that when burst they were thrown aside forever, so far as this particular poem was concerned.

Without definitely casting aside the subject of King Arthur, Milton undertook, during the comparatively unemployed time between 1639-1642, a systematic course of reading in the Bible, in the chronicle-histories of Holinshed and Speed, and in the older chronicles of Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and William of Malmesbury, with the design of setting down all the hopeful subjects which occurred to him in perusal. These jottings have been preserved to us among the Milton manuscripts in Trinity College, Cambridge. They consist of ninety-nine subjects, of which two thirds are from old and new testament Scripture, and the remainder from British history. For the most part the subjects are barely indicated, but in some cases pains have been taken to elaborate a little outline of treatment. Among these last, the subject of the fall of Adam stands out conspicuously; there are two outlines and two elaborated drafts of it, occupying in all nearly a page and a half of the seven pages of notes. All the drafts are for dramas; the possibility of epic treatment is not suggested. The first presents merely a list of *dramatis personæ*, — chief among which, after the human pair, are Michael and Lucifer: there is a chorus of angels and a number of allegorical figures, Heavenly Love, Conscience, Death, etc., introduced as "mutes." In the second draft Moses takes the place of Michael. The third is elaborated to show the course of the action and

the division into acts. The fourth is of sufficient interest to be given entire:—

“ADAM UNPARADISED:—The Angel Gabriel, either descending or entering—showing, since the globe is created, his frequency as much on Earth as in Heaven—describes Paradise. Next the Chorus, showing the reason of his coming—to keep his watch, after Lucifer’s rebellion, by the command of God—and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent and new creature, Man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a Prince of Power, passes by the station of the Chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew of Man, as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage.—After this, Lucifer appears, after his overthrow; bemoans himself; seeks revenge upon Man. The Chorus prepares resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs; whereat the Chorus sing of the battle and victory in Heaven against him and his accomplices, as before, after the first Act, was sung a hymn of the Creation.—Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and consulting on what he had done to the destruction of Man. Man next and Eve, having been by this time seduced by the Serpent, appear confusedly, covered with leaves. Conscience, in a shape, accuses him; Justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the meantime the Chorus entertains the stage and is informed by some Angel of the manner of the Fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam’s fall.—Adam and Eve return and accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife—is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer’s example of impenitence.—The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but, before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a masque of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs. At last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises him the Messiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, Charity; instructs him. He repents, gives God the glory, submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes.—Compare this with the former Draft.”

As will appear below, not only the idea of the dramatic form, but the specific handling here indicated, were beyond reasonable doubt suggested to Milton in Italy, where several dramas treating of the fall

of Man, notably the *Adamo* of Andreini, can hardly have failed to fall under his notice. Though temporarily fascinated by these showy productions, he could not abandon the epic form without long debate. The following passage from the *Reason of Church Government*, published in 1641, while this course of reading and pondering was still in progress, is interesting, aside from the nobility of its diction, as showing his hesitation:—

“Time serves not now . . . to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuit of her musings, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether that Epic form whereof the two poems of Homer and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; . . . or whether those Dramatic constitutions wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation.”

He balances, too, the idea of a national historical Epic over against that of a drama or pastoral play drawn from Holy Writ:—

“As Tasso gave to the prince of Italy his choice whether he would command him to write of Godfrey’s expedition against the infidels . . . or Charlemagne against the Lombards, if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted . . . it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, [for me] to present the like offer in our ancient stories. . . . The Scripture also affords us a divine Pastoral Drama in the song of Solomon . . . and the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately Tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.”

Whatever should be the subject and form selected, the selection was to be made from the point of view of the moral teacher. Milton is already determined to be the assertor of Eternal providence:—

"Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave . . . with a solemn and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight . . . that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

There is plainly apparent here the temper which would ultimately have decided Milton against a purely romantic theme, and in favor of that one among those drawn from the Bible, which was most instinct with ethical and religious doctrine, even if national circumstances had not thrown him more and more inevitably upon the subject of Satan's rebellion and revenge. Just when his decision was finally made, either as to subject or form, it is impossible to say. We do know, on the authority of Edward Phillips, that as early as 1642 Milton made a tentative beginning upon a drama such as had been indicated in his notes. Several verses which now form part of Satan's speech as he stands for the first time on earth and beholds the splendor of the sun in Heaven (Book IV, 32-37) formed the opening lines of this incipient drama. The suppression of stage plays and closing of the theatres by Parliament in 1642, and the great distrust of the drama felt by all Puritans, may have been instrumental in diverting Milton's intention. The next positive information concerning the growth of *Paradise Lost* is Phillips's statement that his uncle began the composition of it in its present form "about two years before the king came in," i. e., about 1658, while he was still Cromwell's secretary. Its further progress, until it was shown to young Ellwood at Chalfont in 1665, has been traced, conjecturally, in the introductory biography.

Two editions of *Paradise Lost* appeared

in Milton's lifetime. In the first edition, 1667, the poem appears in ten books; in the second, 1674, this number is increased to twelve by a division of the seventh and tenth books into two each. A third edition appeared in 1678.

## II

It has been shown that the subject of *Paradise Lost* took tolerably definite shape in Milton's mind as early as 1641-2. During the twenty odd years between this date and the completion of the poem, the theme lay in the background of his consciousness, accreting to itself a rich alluvium, slowly deposited from reading and reflection. A portion of the patience with which he bore the delay of his project was undoubtedly due to the necessity he felt for a long preparation. His poem was not one, he says in the *Reason of Church Government*, "to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amonist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit which can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altars, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added *industrious and select reading*, steady observation, insight into all seemly arts and affairs." The underscored words are significant. During those years of preparation Milton travelled through an immense cycle of reading, constantly selecting and assimilating. The question of the "origins" of *Paradise Lost* is therefore a very complicated one, leading in a hundred unexpected directions, traversing indeed, in one form or another, nearly the whole area of European literature. Of the thirty or forty works which have been cited by commentators, many, such as the *Divine Weeks and Works* of

Du Bartas, the *Adamus Exul* of Grotius, the *Scena Tragica d' Adamo ed Eva* of Lancetta, the *Bellum Angelicum* of Taubmann, and the *Sospetto d' Herode* of Crashaw, we may put aside as exhibiting vague, slight, or merely verbal resemblances. A few books, however, remain, which are so closely connected with Milton's work that some consideration of them is imperative. They are taken up here in the order in which Milton probably encountered them.

1. In 1627, while Milton was still at Cambridge, there was published a long poem in Latin entitled *Lucustæ*, and an English version of the same under the title of *The Apollyonists*. The author was Phineas Fletcher, a Cambridge man, better known as the author of *The Purple Island*. He was already a poet of considerable fame, especially in academic quarters, and his book could hardly have escaped falling into Milton's hands at once; nor can it have failed to make a strong impression, both because of its vigor and of its timely subject. It deals with the origin and culmination of the Gunpowder Plot, tracing the conspiracy to the newly-founded order of Jesuits, who are represented as urged on by infernal powers. The opening cantos narrate the gathering of the fallen angels in council, and their deliberations. The description of the gathering, and the arguments put forth by the various chiefs in the course of debate, the final selection of Apollyon to be sent forth on the errand of guile, and the breaking up of the Satanic parliament, — all bear remarkable resemblance to well-known passages in the opening books of *Paradise Lost*. The earlier picture placed beside the later is like some odd laborious German woodcut beside an altar-piece of Tintoretto; but the curious similarity of the main traits in each compels the belief that the impression made by Fletcher's poem upon Milton's mind at its most sensitive period emerged as a determining force in his imagination thirty

years later, when he began to write his epic. The belief is strengthened by a similar correspondence between *Paradise Regained* and the *Christ's Victory* of Phineas Fletcher's brother Giles. The relations traceable between *Paradise Lost* and the *Sospetto d' Herode* of another Cambridge poet, Richard Crashaw, are, compared with those just mentioned, insignificant.

2. Voltaire, while residing in England in 1727, stated positively, though without giving his authority, that Milton had seen at Florence a comedy called *Adamo*, by one Andreini, and that "piercing through the absurdity of that performance to the hidden majesty of the subject," he had taken "from that ridiculous trifle the first hint of the noblest work which human imagination has ever attempted, and which he executed twenty years after." Voltaire could not have read the play in question, for it is neither a comedy nor a ridiculous trifle, but a sacred drama of no little dignity, in spite of some minor lapses in taste. It goes over the whole ground covered by *Paradise Lost* except the fall of the Angels and the creation of the world, which events have already taken place when the action opens. Two circumstances lend weight to the theory of Milton's indebtedness to Andreini: the first is that after his return from Italy, when Andreini's play would have been still fresh in his mind, he proposed to treat the subject of Adam's fall in dramatic form, though he had thought only of the epic form for the Arthurian legends; the second is that in the early drafts of the proposed drama various allegorical personages appear, corresponding in some cases precisely to those profusely employed by Andreini, and so long before abandoned by serious dramatists in England that their presence in Milton's sketch points forcibly to an outside influence.

3. The indebtedness of Milton to the Dutch poet Joost van den Vondel was in 1885 investigated by Mr. George Edmundson, whose conclusions are somewhat start-

ling. He points out the close acquaintance with the public affairs and even with some of the private gossip of the Low Countries, exhibited in Milton's pamphlets against Morus. He proves also that Milton was taught the Dutch language by Roger Williams, during the visit of the latter to England in 1651-54. He then attempts to show by copious excerpts "not only that the language and imagery of the Lucifer" (the only work of Vondel referred to by previous critics) "exercised a powerful and abiding influence on the mind of Milton, and have left indelible traces upon the pages of *Paradise Lost*, but that other writings of Vondel have affected in no less degree all the great poems of Milton's later life." These other writings are *John the Baptist*, published in 1661, believed by Mr. Edmundson to have influenced both *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*; *Adam in Banishment*, published in 1664, and offering "remarkable coincidences with the ninth and tenth books, which were probably written after its appearance;" *Reflections on God and Religion*, a didactico-religious poem, published in 1661, passages from which are "almost reproduced in portions of the eighth book of *Paradise Lost*;" and *Samson*, a drama published in 1660, which "exhibits all the features" of *Samson Agonistes* "which have been regarded as most peculiar." A good deal must be deducted from all this on the score of pioneer enthusiasm, but after all deductions are made, the bulk of evidence remains considerable.

Professor Masson discredits all investigation into the origins of Milton's poetry as futile, and "for the most part laborious nonsense." Surely, however, some good has been achieved in the process. In the first place we have arrived thereby at a far truer understanding of the texture of Milton's mind and of its workings than would otherwise have been possible. It was perhaps the most extraordinarily assimilative mind in the history of poetry. In its ear-

liest as well as its latest phases, it shows the same sensitiveness to literary impression. Its richness is made up of a hundred borrowed dyes. As Shakespeare's mind held, as in a magic mirror, all the faces and forms of the world of men, Milton's held those of the world of books. The cases noted above are the chief ones in which an influence upon the large outlines of his work can be traced, but on every page, almost in every line, there is an echo of some earlier singer. In one sense Milton is the least original of poets. Over against his haughty independence as a man, we find in him as a poet a supple yielding to the fascination of voice or gesture in those to whom he listened. This is doubtless the case with all poets in youth; Milton is unique in having preserved to old age this instinct of eager assimilation.

But if we left the case here, we should leave unstated the essential element of his power, — a mysterious element, which it is possible only to suggest by saying that with him the assimilation is complete. The borrowed particle is transmuted not only into a different thing, but always into a Miltonic thing; and after such transmutation, it takes its place in the whole poetic structure, not as something added but as something organic. So that *Paradise Lost*, in spite of its immense freight of erudition, has a clean-limbed athletic movement very different — to go to the drama for a comparison — from that of the *Sejanus* of Ben Jonson, in whose work a similar vastness of learning is scarcely assimilated at all.

A second worthy outcome of investigation into the sources of *Paradise Lost* has been to reveal the fact that the subject had for a long time lain upon the imaginations of poets throughout Europe with a kind of obsession. In the first half of the seventeenth century at least a score of serious efforts were made, in Italy, Spain, France, the Low Countries, and even in Germany, to grapple in verse with the problem of the origin of evil as set forth in

Genesis. The figures of Adam and Eve, Lucifer and Michael, had exerted over the poets a fascination which was in part pictorial, in part due to the religious questioning of the age. With most of these works Milton was doubtless familiar, and he was acting according to true epic tradition when he gathered into a work of commanding scope and unity the detached attempts of his predecessors. In this restricted but still significant sense, *Paradise Lost* is a "natural epic," with a law of growth like that of *Beowulf*, or the *Iliad*.

### III

*Paradise Lost* is eminently a cosmological poem, and demands on the part of the reader a clear visualization of the scheme of the universe which it presupposes. This scheme is so remote from our present conception that a few words of explanation or reminder may be called for.

In spite of the announcement by Copernicus, a century before Milton began to consider his subject, of the true physical order, and in spite of the work of Kepler and Galileo, establishing the theory on a secure basis, the new astronomy had made, by the middle of the seventeenth century, little progress toward supplanting the old Ptolemaic system which had held its place since the first century of the Christian era. This old system, discarded by a few advanced scientific minds, still furnished the cosmologic outline for the world's thought, and was endeared to men's minds by a thousand associations of poetry and religion. Whether for such reasons or because of his own skepticism concerning the new theory, Milton cast his poem into the traditional mould, making, however, some important reservations and changes.

The fundamental difference between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican system is that in the old one the earth, not the sun, was made the centre about which all other bodies revolve. These other bodies, more-

over, instead of moving freely through space, held in leash only by the force of gravitation (or, as was at first believed, by magnetic attraction), were conceived of as firmly fastened in concentric spheres or shells of some indeterminate transparent material, which shells moved upon one another in such a way as to bring about the bewildering irregularities noticeable in the movements of the bodies they carried. The order of these spheres was, beginning with the one nearest the earth, immediately surrounding the terrestrial air-belt:—first, the sphere of the Moon; second, the sphere of Mercury; third, the sphere of Venus; fourth, the sphere of the Sun; fifth, the sphere of Mars; sixth, the sphere of Jupiter; seventh, the sphere of Saturn; eighth, the sphere of the Fixed Stars. This eighth sphere was known as the Firmament, because of its supposed function of steadying the more volatile spheres within. According to the original Ptolemaic scheme, this eighth sphere formed the outside limit of the created universe,—the Mundus or Macrocosm; but later speculation added a ninth, called the Crystalline, to account for the precession of the equinoxes, and a tenth, called the Primum Mobile, or "First-moved." This last sphere, unlike the others, was conceived of as solid and non-transparent. It carried along by its momentum the spheres within, in their various revolutions; and it served, conveniently for the finite imagination, as a sort of necessary containing envelope for the whole.

Thus far, Milton's conception is identical with that of the mediæval cosmologists. In his account of the creation (Book VII., 192–550) he does not, it is true, take account of the Ptolemaic spheres, perhaps because of the wavering state of his belief in them, but more probably because of his desire to keep close to the Biblical account. But elsewhere (Book III., 481–483) he makes clear his adoption of the traditional belief concerning them. As to what lay outside the Primum Mobile,



however, *Paradise Lost* makes some innovations. The mediæval belief had been that through this outside region, of infinite extent, spread the radiant Empyrean, or Heaven of Heavens, the mysterious seat of the God-head, and the pinnacle (to use a term of one dimension) of that graduated hierarchy of heavens of which the sphere of the Moon was the lowest, and in all which dwelt angelic presences. Before Milton's day, this conception of Heaven as including the ten spheres of the Mundus or material universe, had become at least obsolescent; and Heaven had been transferred, in most minds, entirely to the mystical realm which spread beyond the envelope of the Primum Mobile,—in other words, it had been made identical with the Empyrean, till then set apart as the crown and culmination of the heavenly orbs. But as it was extremely difficult to picture Heaven thus as a sphere, enveloping the material universe on all sides, a further contraction naturally followed, and Heaven came to be thought of as "above," that is, as situated in the zenith-portion, humanly speaking, of extra-cosmic infinitude.

This naïve popular conception Milton followed, and made even more picturesque and tangible. He is careful to say that wherever he speaks of heavenly things concretely, it is always as symbols that they are to be understood; but this is only a theologian's apology. As poet, his business was with concretions, and he took pains at every point to make the setting of his drama optically rememberable. Heaven he represents as a place of radiance in the "zenith portion" of infinite space, separated by walls and towers of light from Chaos, a dark amorphous region of warring elements beneath. Before the fall of the rebellious angels and before the creation of the Mundus, or world of Earth and its enveloping spheres, Chaos occupied all this lower portion of infinitude; but after those events, Hell was hollowed out in the nadir portion of Chaos to receive the

defeated armies of Lucifer; and the Earth with her enveloping spheres was also created out of Chaos to receive Man, the inheritor of the divine affection forfeited by the rebel angels at their fall.

Not content with even so tangible a division of space as this, Milton makes unmistakable the relative positions of Heaven, the Universe, and Hell, as well as telling us something of their comparative sizes and distances. The Universe hangs by a golden chain from the floor of Heaven, or rather from its brink,—for of course, for purposes of visualization, a length and breadth limit must be set to the region. When Satan far off in Chaos catches sight of the world-ball hanging thus from the luminous stretch of Heaven, he likens it to "a star of smallest magnitude close by the moon." Hell, we are further told, is situated three times as far from Heaven as the centre of the earth is distant from the Primum Mobile, or, in other words, three semi-diameters of the world-ball beneath Heaven, and nearly one semi-diameter beneath that ball itself. To complete the "stage-setting" of the action, we must add a few details. A ladder of light reaches downward from the gate of Heaven to an opening directly beneath in the Primum Mobile; this ladder constitutes the regular means of communication between God and his World, and can be raised at will when not needed by his angelic messengers. After the temptation and fall of Adam, a corresponding means of communication between Hell and the Universe comes into existence in the shape of a bridge built by Sin and Death across the dark and warring abyss of Chaos. If we will push the visual image to its last point of exactness, we must conceive this bridge stretching from Hell-gate upward to a point on the outer surface of the Primum Mobile near the foot of the heavenly ladder, since there alone is ingress afforded into the spheres which encircle the earth.

The extreme exactness of Milton's delin-

ation tempts one to an ungenerous urging of discrepancies. How, one may ask, is the idea of the ladder and the chain to be reconciled with the idea of the revolving motion of the world-spheres? And how, if the outer shell of the Universe is non-transparent, can Satan liken it to a star hanging by the moon? Of course this is to inquire too curiously. For the purposes of his action the delineation is consistent enough, and although to our minds, accustomed to the spacial immensities and harmonious physical law which the modern astronomy has demonstrated, Milton's cosmology seems, when thus stripped to its skeleton, curiously arbitrary and wooden, his handling makes it august enough.

The question remains an interesting one whether Milton still held as true the Ptolemaic astronomy, or whether he adopted it because of its hold on the popular imagination and its adaptability to poetic treatment. A famous passage in the poem (Book VIII., 15-178) seems to betray a wavering state of mind, a distrust of the new system coupled with dissatisfaction over the arbitrariness and complexities of the old. We should have expected Milton, with his intellectual daring, his radical temper, and his virile imagination, to be the first to welcome the new theories, especially after his meeting with Galileo in Italy. But he was held back by the most powerful of checks. The whole passion of Puritanism went to dignify the individual, to place man face to face with his Creator, and to make his salvation or damnation the Almighty's chief concern. The degradation of the earth from its proud station immovable at the centre of ten ministrant spheres, to the position of an insignificant satellite of the sun, would have seemed to belittle Man, to deny his spiritual prerogative. This aspect of the new cosmology could not but make it peculiarly repellent to a mind like Milton's, in which the Puritan conception of human dignity and responsibility was unusually stern. It is

probable that he shut his mind more or less deliberately to the rational appeal of the Copernican theory.

We cannot be sorry that he did so. The lack of definite outline in the new cosmology would have rendered it difficult for concrete treatment, even if it had been possible for the poet to assimilate suddenly ideas involving such a complete restatement of his thought-world. In reading the poem, there are two things which a reader has to do,—first, to visualize in all its concreteness the picture of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, and the Universe, as the poet has given them physical embodiment; second, to accept his reservation that these are pictures merely, symbols made tangible to human sense, of mysteries which are spiritual.

#### IV

It was in Italy, as we have seen, that Milton's vague literary ambitions crystallized, and it was the Italian heroic poems which turned his thoughts toward the epic form. The influence of the romantic poetry of the south came to him while he was still in the Elizabethan mood, and, reinforcing as it did the glamour of Spenser with the spell of Italian syllables, sank so deeply into his mind that it lingered on after the native romance of his temperament had evaporated. It is curious to see how recollections of Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso throw even across the umber and gray of *Paradise Regained* purpureal illuminations, the unexpectedness and incongruity of which are almost ghostly. The epic subject which he determined upon while in Italy, the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, was perhaps the nearest parallel in British legend to the themes which these poets had treated, though its greater ethical possibilities made a special appeal to Milton's nature. He rejected, in the end, this purely romantic material, but he did not reject the romantic manner of treatment learned in the southern school

*Paradise Lost* is the last great episode in the movement of imagination of which Ariosto and Tasso in Italy, Camoëns in Portugal, and Spenser in England, are exemplars. With one of these, indeed, Camoëns, Milton stands in a peculiarly interesting relation. The *Lusiad* of Camoëns treats of the voyages of the famous Portuguese navigators; its theme, therefore, is taken from recent, almost contemporary, history. This theme, however, is treated, one may say, centrifugally, the imagination of the poet circling out in such a way as to invest it with all manner of religious and mythopœic suggestion. Milton, on the other hand, starting with a great religious and mythic theme, impressed upon it, consciously or unconsciously, the traits of the Puritan revolution in England.

For not only are the theology of the poem and its doctrine of social relations entirely Puritan, but, as has often been remarked, its chief figure and real hero, Lucifer, is an embodiment of that very spirit of revolt against arbitrary authority which swept Charles I. from the throne. Roughly speaking, Satan is an unsuccessful Cromwell, refusing to bow before the tyranny of irresponsible might, and Jehovah is a triumphant Stuart, robed in the white light of omnipotence. The theology and the politics of the poet are at variance, and this fact introduces into much of the poem an unconscious insincerity. The words of the rebel angel have an intense eloquence, and the account of his doings and of his domain a persuasive vividness and majesty, which contrasts oddly with the pedantic woodenness of many of the passages consecrated to the Deity. It was largely in the attempt to overcome this paradox by which his villain insisted upon being his hero, that Milton lost himself in those long disquisitions that make some of the later books of the poem rather dreary reading.

Perhaps another fact contributing to the same result was that the writing of *Para-*

*dise Lost* was, as Taine suggests, really a feat of anachronism. Milton was producing a cosmology in an age of psychology. The whole tendency of Puritanism had been to make men look within, to fix attention upon the individual spirit and its responsibilities; Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* was therefore the significant book for the times, significant, at least, for one half the nation; the other half was drifting fast toward the spirit of pure criticism. It is not strange, under these conditions, that Milton felt a constant temptation to abandon the picture for the sermon. His solemnly avowed intention to "justify the ways of God to men" was in the end a serious drag upon him.

There lurked in the subject another difficulty. The title *Paradise Lost*, although it suggests the central point about which the action moves, does not adequately suggest that action itself. The fall of man from innocence is only the point of convergence for a cosmic drama, the theatre of which is all space, and the time of which extends far back into the abyss before Time was. In this unimaginable vastness the earth hangs a mere drop, and the little drama of the Garden of Paradise dwindles necessarily almost into insignificance. Milton was never able to overcome this fault of perspective; however much he lingers over the human pair he is never able to centre our interest there. It is as if our eyes, accustomed to the glooms of Hell and the glories of Heaven, had lost their power to see the temperate small sights of earth with keenness.

When all deductions are made, however, *Paradise Lost* remains for us one of the greatest of poems. With the exception of *Beowulf*, which by its language and subject lies remote from our every-day appreciation, it is the only English poem with sufficient largeness of theme and breadth of treatment to deserve the name of epic. It is of course not an epic of the Homeric type, springing spontaneously in an unlet-

tered age from the imaginative life of a whole nation; but granted the age of sophistication in which it was produced, it did in a remarkable way seize and draw together the imaginative elements of English thought. The Bible was in Milton's day the very centre and substance of that thought. It was for many years almost the only book accessible to the nation at large, and that too at a time when intellectual curiosity was profoundly stirred by the impulses of the Renaissance. The stories of the Bible, its cosmogony, its chronology, its imagery, had sunk into the tissue of English thought like a rich and sombre dye. When Milton adopted the story of Genesis as his subject, he was seizing with true epic instinct upon material genuinely national, — much more national than the story of King Arthur or any of the historical British kings could have been, because not only the belief but the passion of the race was engaged by it.

Unfortunately for one part of Milton's appeal, the fabric upon which he wrought had in it elements of decay of which no one of his generation, and he least of all, had an inkling. As we have come to apprehend more clearly the essentials of religious truth as distinguished from its accidental outlines, one great hold which the poem had over the minds of readers has failed.

But in this case "less is more." Our fathers saw in *Paradise Lost* a system of irrefragable truth such as we cannot see, but as a consequence of this falling away of the veil of dogma, we see in it qualities of beauty which escaped their pious gaze. No crash of systems can drown its noble music, and the fading away of dogma leaves the splendor of its symbolism only the more essentially worthy of regard. Then, too, as we get farther away from the conditions which gave the poem birth, its human meaning takes on a pathos which the very sternness of their belief prevented our forefathers from seeing.

It is style, both in the broad and in the narrow sense, which gives *Paradise Lost* its surest claim to enduring admiration. Everywhere there is an indefinable distinction of thought and image; the imagination speaks with a divine largeness of idiom. Or if not quite everywhere, — if Christ's marking off of the creation with golden compasses, if the description of Sin and Death as guardians of the gates of Hell, if the cannonading of the celestial armies in Heaven, are instances of unplastic imagination, — these exceptions serve only to throw into relief a myriad other pictures of commanding vitality and splendor. It is questionable whether any other poem except the *Divine Comedy* affords so many unforgettable pictures. Milton's blindness, which at first thought might be deemed crushingly against him here, really helped him. Cut off forever from the light of the sun, he turned his imagination passionately in upon the memories of color and form which he had carried with him into darkness, and took delight in giving to the obscure shades of hell and the vague glories of heaven a startling concreteness and actuality. And these pictures, almost without exception, possess a quality very rare in the history of imagination, a quality which can only be hinted at by the abused epithet "sublime." Even the pictures of Dante, placed beside them, have an everyday colloquial look. Milton's all "dilated stand like Teneriffe or Atlas." De Quincey was right in declaring that the pervading presence of this quality gives *Paradise Lost* its unique worth, and makes of it a work which, if lost, could not be guessed at from the work of other minds. And to match this quality in the manner of thought there is everywhere present a corresponding quality of expression, a diction and a rhythm so large that they seem made for more than mortal lips to tell of more than earthly happenings, yet so harmoniously adjusted to their task that their largeness is felt less than their justice. William Blake,

in one of his prophetic books, says that Milton's house in the Spiritual Kingdom is Palladian, not Gothic. Palladian it is, and in this century we have dwelt by preference in the Gothic house of mind, loving the

wayward humor of its adornment, the mysticism and confusion of its design. But from time to time we must purify our vision with the more ample and august lines of the house which Milton has builded.

## ON PARADISE LOST

[PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION]

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender book his vast design unfold —  
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All — the argument

Held me a while misdoubting his intent,  
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred truths to fable and old song  
(So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite),

The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I liked his project, the success did fear —  
Through that wide field how he his way should find

O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;

Lest he perplexed the things he would explain,

And what was easy he should render vain.

Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill-imitating would excel,)  
Might hence presume the whole Creation's day

To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet; nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
But I am now convinced, and none will dare

Within thy labours to pretend a share.

Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,

And all that was improper dost omit;  
So that no room is here for writers left,  
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

The majesty which through thy work doth reign

Draws the devout, deterring the profane.  
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state

As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
At once delight and horror on us seize;  
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,  
And above human flight dost soar aloft  
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
The bird named from the Paradise you sing  
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?

Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?

Just Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,  
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure

With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure;

While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,

And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.

Their fancies like our bushy points appear;  
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

I too, transported by the mode, offend,  
And, while I meant to praise thee, must commend.

Thy verse, created, like thy theme sublime,  
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rime.

ANDREW MARVELL.

## THE VERSE

The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin — rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings — a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

## BOOK I

## THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject — Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall — the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things; presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell — described here not in the Centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed, but in a place of utter darkness, thence called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven — for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the World, and all our  
woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret  
top

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire

That Shepherd who first taught the chosen  
seed

In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that  
flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost pre-  
fer

Before all temples the upright heart and  
pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from  
the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings out-  
spread,

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is  
dark

Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That, to the highth of this great argument,  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first — for Heaven hides nothing  
from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell — say first what  
cause

Moved our grand Parents, in that happy  
state,

Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the World be-  
sides.

Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose  
 guile,  
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived  
 The mother of mankind, what time his  
 pride  
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all  
 his host  
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equalled the Most  
 High,  
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim <sup>40</sup>  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle  
 proud,  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty  
 Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal  
 sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamant chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.  
 Nine times the space that measures day  
 and night <sup>50</sup>  
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,  
 Lay vanquished, rowling in the fiery gulf,  
 Confounded, though immortal. But his  
 doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the  
 thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful  
 eyes,  
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast  
 hate.  
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild. <sup>60</sup>  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace flamed; yet from  
 those flames  
 No light; but rather darkness visible  
 Served onely to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where  
 peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all, but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared  
 For those rebellious; here their prison or-  
 dained <sup>71</sup>  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,

As far removed from God and light of  
 Heaven  
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost  
 pole.  
 Oh how unlike the place from whence they  
 fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'er-  
 whelmed  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous  
 fire,  
 He soon discerns; and, weltering by his  
 side,  
 One next himself in power, and next in  
 crime, <sup>79</sup>  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named  
 BEELZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,  
 And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with  
 bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—  
 “If thou beest he — but Oh how fallen!  
 how changed  
 From him! — who, in the happy realms of  
 light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst  
 outshine  
 Myriads, though bright — if he whom mu-  
 tual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 Joined with me once, now misery hath  
 joined <sup>90</sup>  
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest  
 From what highth fallen: so much the  
 stronger proved  
 He with his thunder: and till then who  
 knew  
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for  
 those,  
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,  
 Though changed in outward lustre, that  
 fixed mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injured  
 merit,  
 That with the Mightiest raised me to con-  
 tend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought  
 along <sup>100</sup>  
 Innumerable force of Spirits armed,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me pre-  
 ferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power op-  
 posed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,

And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?

All is not lost — the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome? 109  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late  
Doubted his empire — that were low indeed;

That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength  
of Gods,

And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;  
Since, through experience of this great  
event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,

We may with more successful hope resolve 120

To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs', and in the excess of  
joy

Sole reigning holds the tyranny of  
Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in  
pain,

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;

And him thus answered soon his bold Compeer: —

"O Prince, O Chief of many throned  
Powers

That led the imbattled Seraphim to war  
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful  
deeds 130

Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual  
King,

And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or  
fate!

Too well I see and rue the dire event  
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,  
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty  
host

In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences  
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains

Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140  
Though all our glory extinct, and happy  
state

Here swallowed up in endless misery.  
But what if He our Conqueror (whom I  
now

Of force believe almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'erpowered such  
force as ours)

Have left us this our spirit and strength  
entire,

Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?  
What can it then avail though yet we feel  
Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-  
Fiend replied: —

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,  
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure —  
To do aught good never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160  
As being the contrary to His high will  
Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil;  
Which oftentimes may succeed so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destined  
aim.

But see! the angry Victor hath recalled  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous  
hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
The fiery surge that from the precipice  
Of Heaven received us falling; and the  
thunder,

Winged with red lightning and impetuous  
rage,

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases  
now

To bellow through the vast and boundless  
Deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn  
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and  
wild, 180

The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid  
flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us  
tend



From off the tossing of these fiery waves;  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;  
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most of-  
fend

Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from  
hope, 190

If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest Mate,  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed; his other parts be-  
sides

Prone on the flood, extended long and  
large,

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on  
Jove,

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.  
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway  
foam,

The pilot of some small night-foundered  
skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.  
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-  
Fiend lay,

Chained on the burning lake; nor ever  
thence 210

Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the  
will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others, and enraged might see  
How all his malice served but to bring  
forth

Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn  
On Man by him seduced, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance  
poured. 220

Forthwith upright he rears from off the  
pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the  
flames

Driven backward slope their pointing spires,  
and, rowled

In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his  
flight

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
He lights — if it were land that ever burned  
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,  
And such appeared in hue as when the  
force 230

Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side  
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible  
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,  
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
And leave a singèd bottom all involved  
With stench and smoke. Such resting found  
the sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next  
Mate;

Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian  
flood.

As gods, and by their own recovered  
strength, 240

Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the  
clime,"

Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat  
That we must change for Heaven? — this  
mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since  
He

Who now is sovran can dispose and bid  
What shall be right: fardest from Him is  
best,

Whom reason hath equalled, force hath  
made supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors!  
hail, 250

Infernal World! and thou, profoundest  
Hell,

Receive thy new possessor — one who  
brings

A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of  
Heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here  
at least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not  
built

Here for his envy, will not drive us  
hence: 260

Here we may reign secure; and, in my  
choice,  
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :  
Better to reign in Hell than serve in  
Heaven.

But wherefore let we then our faithful  
friends,

The associates and co-partners of our loss,  
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their  
part

In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in  
Hell ? ” 270

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub  
Thus answered: — “ Leader of those armies  
bright

Which, but the Omnipotent, none could  
have foiled !

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest  
pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers — heard so  
oft

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults  
Their surest signal — they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they  
lie

Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of  
fire, 280

As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;  
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth ! ”

He scarce had ceased when the superior  
Fiend

Was moving toward the shore; his ponder-  
ous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast. The broad circumfer-  
ence

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose  
orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290

Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
His spear — to equal which the tallest pine

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand —

He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle, not like those steps

On Heaven’s azure; and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called

His legions — Angel Forms, who lay en-  
tranced 301

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the  
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
High over-arched imbower; or scattered  
sedgè

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves  
o’erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating car-  
cases 310

And broken chariot-wheels. So thick be-  
strown,

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the  
flood,

Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He called so loud that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded: — “ Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven — once  
yours; now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal Spirits ! Or have ye chosen this  
place

After the toil of battle to repose 319

Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds  
Cherub and Seraph rowling in the flood  
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates dis-  
cern

The advantage, and, descending, tread us  
down

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf ? —

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen ! ” 330

They heard, and were abashed, and up

they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,  
On duty sleeping found by whom they  
dread,

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well  
awake.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not  
feel;

Yet to their General’s voice they soon  
obeyed

Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
Of Amram’s son, in Egypt’s evil day,

Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy  
cloud <sup>340</sup>

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh  
hung

Lake Night, and darkened all the land of  
Nile;

So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they  
light

On the firm brimstone, and fill all the  
plain: <sup>350</sup>

A multitude like which the populous North  
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass  
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous  
sons

Came like a deluge on the South, and  
spread

Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

Forthwith, from every squadron and each  
band,

The heads and leaders thither haste where  
stood

Their great Commander — godlike Shapes,  
and Forms

Excelling human; princely Dignities;  
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on  
thrones, <sup>360</sup>

Though of their names in Heavenly records  
now

Be no memorial, blotted out and rased  
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er  
the earth,

Through God's high sufferance for the trial  
of man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and the invisible  
Glory of Him that made them to trans-  
form <sup>370</sup>

Oft to the image of a brute, adorned  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities:

Then were they known to men by various  
names,

And various idols through the heathen  
world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who  
first, who last,

Roused from the slumber on that fiery  
couch,

At their great Emperor's call, as next in  
worth

Came singly where he stood on the bare  
strand,

While the promiscuous crowd stood yet  
aloof. <sup>380</sup>

The chief were those who, from the pit  
of Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst  
fix

Their seats, long after, next the seat of  
God,

Their altars by His altar, gods adored  
Among the nations round, and durst abide

Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned  
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed

Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,  
Abominations; and with curs'd things

His holy rites and solemn feasts pro-  
faned, <sup>390</sup>

And with their darkness durst affront His  
light.

First, Moloch, horrid King, besmeared with  
blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;

Though, for the noise of drums and tim-  
brels loud,

Their children's cries unheard that passed  
through fire

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,  
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest  
heart <sup>400</sup>

Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right against the temple of  
God

On that opprobrious hill, and made his  
grove

The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet  
thence

And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.  
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's  
sons,

From Aroar to Nebo and the wild  
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with  
vines, <sup>410</sup>

And Eleale to the Asphaltick Pool:

Peor his other name, when he enticed

Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile

To do him wanton rites, which cost them  
woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged  
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they who, from the bordering flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts <sup>420</sup>  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general  
names

Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth* — those male,  
These feminine. For Spirits, when they  
please,

Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of  
bones,

Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape  
they choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their aery purposes, <sup>430</sup>  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented  
left

His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial gods; for which their heads, as  
low

Bowed down in battle, sunk before the  
spear

Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called  
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent  
horns;

To whose bright image nightly by the  
moon <sup>440</sup>

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;  
In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built  
By that uxorious king whose heart, though  
large,

Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next be-  
hind,

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native  
rock <sup>450</sup>

Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch

Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive  
Ark

Maimed his brute image, head and hands  
lopt off,

In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge, <sup>460</sup>  
Where he fell flat and shamed his worship-  
ers:

*Dagon* his name, sea-monster, upward man  
And downward fish; yet had his temple  
high

Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the  
coast

Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful  
seat

Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was  
bold: <sup>470</sup>

A leper once he lost, and gained a king —  
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
God's altar to disparage and displace  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
Whom he had vanquished. After these  
appeared

A crew who, under names of old renown —  
*Qsiris*, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their train —  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries  
abused

Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek <sup>480</sup>  
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish  
forms

Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape  
The infection, when their borrowed gold  
composed

The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox —  
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed  
From Egypt marching, equalled with one  
stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating  
gods.

*Belial* came last; than whom a Spirit more  
lewd <sup>490</sup>

Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to  
love

Vice for itself. To him no temple stood  
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he  
In temples and at altars, when the priest

Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled  
 With lust and violence the house of God ?  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury and outrage; and, when night  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the  
 sons 501

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that  
 night

In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in  
 might:

The rest were long to tell; though far re-  
 nowned

The Ionian gods — of Javan's issue held  
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and  
 Earth

Their boasted parents; — *Titan*, Heaven's  
 first-born, 510

With his enormous brood, and birthright  
 seized

By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure  
 found;

So *Jove* usurping reigned. These, first in  
 Crete

And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian  
 cliff,

Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields, 520  
 And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost  
 Isles.

All these and more came flocking; but  
 with looks

Downcast and damp; yet such wherein ap-  
 peared

Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found  
 their Chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves  
 not lost

In loss itself; which on his countenance east  
 Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted  
 pride

Soon recollecting, with high words, that  
 bore

Semblance of worth, not substance, gently  
 raised

Their fainting courage, and dispelled their  
 fears: 530

Then straight commands that, at the war-  
 like sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared  
 His mighty standard. That proud honour  
 claimed

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:

Who forthwith from the glittering staff  
 unfurled

The imperial ensign; which, full high ad-  
 vanced,

Shon like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540

At which the universal host up-sent  
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and be-  
 yond

Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were  
 seen

Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
 With orient colours waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging  
 helms

Appeared, and serried shields in thick ar-  
 ray

Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550  
 Of flutes and soft recorders — such as  
 raised

To highth of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and un-  
 moved

With dread of death to flight or foul re-  
 treat;

Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts,  
 and chase

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow  
 and pain

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus  
 they, 559

Breathing united force with fixed thought,  
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes that  
 charmed

Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil.  
 And now

Advanced in view they stand — a horrid  
 front

Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in  
 guise

Of warriors old, with ordered spear and  
 shield,

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief

Had to impose. He through the armèd  
files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views — their order  
due,  
Their visages and stature as of Gods; 570  
Their number last he sums. And now his  
heart  
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his  
strength,  
Glories: for never, since created Man,  
Met such imbodyed force as, named with  
these,  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warred on by cranes — though all the  
giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each  
side  
Mixed with auxilial gods; and what re-  
sounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
When Charlemain with all his peerage  
fell  
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread Commander. He, above the  
rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590  
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not  
lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-  
risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the  
moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet  
shon  
Above them all the Archangel: but his  
face 600  
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and  
care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold

The fellows of his crime, the followers  
rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned  
For ever now to have their lot in pain —  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced  
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours  
flung 610  
For his revolt — yet faithful how they  
stood,  
Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire  
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain  
pines,  
With singèd top their stately growth,  
though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now pre-  
pared  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks  
they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him  
round  
With all his peers: Attention held them  
mute.  
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of  
scorn,  
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth:  
at last 620  
Words interwove with sighs found out  
their way: —  
“O myriads of immortal Spirits! O  
Powers  
Matchless, but with the Almighty! — and  
that strife  
Was not inglorious, though the event was  
dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter. But what power of  
mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have  
feared  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know re-  
pulse? 630  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-  
ascend,  
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,  
If counsels different, or danger shunned  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who  
reigns  
Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640

Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed —

Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,

So as not either to provoke, or dread

New war provoked: our better part remains

To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not; that he no less  
At length from us may find, Who overcomes

By force hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife <sup>650</sup>

There went a fame in Heaven that He ere long

Intended to create, and therein plant

A generation whom his choice regard

Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps

Our first eruption — thither, or elsewhere;

For this infernal pit shall never hold

Cælestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired; <sup>660</sup>

For who can think submission? War, then, war

Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake; and, to confirm his words, out-flew

Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs

Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze

Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged

Against the Highest and fierce with grasped arms

Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,

Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose griesly top <sup>670</sup>

Belched fire and rowling smoke; the rest entire

Shon with a glossy scurf — undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,

The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,

A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands

Of pioners, with spade and pickaxe armed,  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on —

Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell  
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts <sup>680</sup>

Were always downward bent, admiring more

The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,

Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed

In vision beatific. By him first

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,

Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands

Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth

For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew

Opened into the hill a spacious wound,

And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire <sup>690</sup>

That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best

Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those

Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell

Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,

Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,

And strength, and art, are easily outdone

By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour

What in an age they, with incessant toil

And hands innumerable, scarce perform.

Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,

That underneath had veins of liquid fire <sup>700</sup>

Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.

A third as soon had formed within the ground

A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;

As in an organ, from one blast of wind,

To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge <sup>710</sup>

Rose like an exhalation, with the sound

Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet —

Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid

With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures  
graven:

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babilon  
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
Equalled in all their glories, to inshrine  
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat <sup>720</sup>  
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria  
strove

In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile  
Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight  
the doors,

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide  
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude <sup>730</sup>  
Admiring entered; and the work some  
praise,

And some the Architect. His hand was  
known

In Heaven by many a towered structure  
high,

Where sceptred Angels held their resi-  
dence,

And sat as Princes, whom the supreme  
King

Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
Men called him Mulciber; and how he  
fell <sup>740</sup>

From Heaven they fabled, thrown by an-  
gry Jove

Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from  
morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day, and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they  
relate,

Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught availed him  
now

To have built in Heaven high towers; nor  
did he scape

By all his engines, but was headlong  
sent, <sup>750</sup>

With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.  
Meanwhile the winged Haralds, by com-  
mand

Of sovran power, with awful ceremony

And trumpet's sound, throughout the host  
proclaim

A solemn council forthwith to be held  
At Pandæmonium, the high capital  
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons  
called

From every band and squared regiment  
By place or choice the worthiest: they anon  
With hundreds and with thousands troop-  
ing came <sup>760</sup>

Attended. All access was thronged; the  
gates

And porches wide, but chief the spacious  
hall

(Though like a covered field, where cham-  
pions bold

Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's  
chair

Defied the best of Panim chivalry  
To mortal combat, or career with lance),  
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in  
the air,

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.  
As bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus  
rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the  
hive <sup>770</sup>

In clusters; they among fresh dews and  
flowers

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and  
confer

Their state-affairs: so thick the aerie crowd  
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the  
signal given,

Behold a wonder! They but now who  
seemed

In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow  
room

Throng numberless — like that pygmean  
race <sup>780</sup>

Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the  
Moon

Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course: they, on their  
mirth and dance

Intent, with jocond music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart re-  
bounds.



Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
 Reduced their shapes immense, and were  
     at large, <sup>790</sup>  
 Though without number still, amidst the  
     hall  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like them-  
     selves,

The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence  
     then,  
 And summons read, the great consult be-  
     gan.

## BOOK II

## THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan—to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest  
     hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and  
     gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
 To that bad eminence; and, from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
 Vain war with Heaven; and, by success  
     untaught, <sup>9</sup>

His proud imaginations thus displayed:—  
 “Powers and Dominions, Deities of  
     Heaven!—

For, since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigour, though oppressed and  
     fallen,  
 I give not Heaven for lost: from this de-  
     scend

Celestial Virtues rising will appear  
 More glorious and more dread than from  
     no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second  
     fate!—

Me though just right, and the fixed laws  
 of Heaven,

Did first create your leader—next, free  
     choice,  
 With what besides in council or in fight <sup>20</sup>  
 Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,  
 Thus far at least recovered, hath much  
     more  
 Established in a safe, unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier  
     state  
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might  
     draw

Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's  
     aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest  
     share

Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no  
     good <sup>30</sup>

For which to strive, no strife can grow up  
     there

From faction: for none sure will claim in  
     Hell

Precedence; none whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more! With this advantage,  
     then,

To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in Heaven, we now re-  
     turn

To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity  
 Could have assured us; and by what best  
     way, <sup>40</sup>

Whether of open war or covert guile,  
 We now debate. Who can advise may  
     speak.”

He ceased; and next him Moloch, scep-  
     tered king,

Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest  
     Spirit

That fought in Heaven now fiercer by  
     despair.

His trust was with the Eternal to be  
     deemed

Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or  
worse,

He recked not, and these words thereafter  
spake:—

“My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need;  
not now.

For, while they sit contriving, shall the  
rest—

Millions that stand in arms, and longing  
wait

The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,  
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-  
place

Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of His tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60  
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at  
once

O'er Heaven's high towers to force resist-  
less way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the  
noise

Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels, and his throne itself  
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange  
fire, 69

His own invented torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe!  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat; descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken  
rear

Insulting, and pursued us through the  
Deep,

With what compulsion and laborious fight  
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy,  
then; 81

The event is feared! Should we again  
provoke

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath  
may find

To our destruction, if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can  
be worse

Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss,  
condemned

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour, 91  
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than  
thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to in-  
cense

His utmost ire? which, to the highth en-  
raged,

Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential—happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being!—  
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”

He ended frowning, and his look de-  
nounced

Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
To less than gods. On the other side up  
rose

Belial, in act more graceful and humane.

A fairer person lost not Heaven; he  
seemed 110

For dignity composed, and high exploit.

But all was false and hollow; though his  
tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse  
appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were  
low—

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the  
ear,

And with persuasive accent thus began:—  
“I should be much for open war, O

Peers, 119

As not behind in hate, if what was urged  
Main reason to persuade immediate war  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to  
cast

Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven  
 are filled 129  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep  
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure  
 wing  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of  
 Night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our  
 way  
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should  
 rise  
 With blackest insurrection to confound  
 Heaven's purest light, yet our great En-  
 emy,  
 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
 The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;  
 And that must end us; that must be our  
 cure —  
 To be no more. Sad cure! for who would  
 lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eter-  
 nity,  
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated Night, 150  
 Devoid of sense and motion? And who  
 knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
 Can give it, or will ever? How he can  
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
 Will He, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence or unaware,  
 To give his enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we,  
 then?'  
 Say they who counsel war; 'we are de-  
 creed, 160  
 Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse?' Is this, then,  
 worst —  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 What when we fled again, pursued and  
 strook  
 With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and be-  
 sought

The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then  
 seemed  
 A refuge from those wounds. Or when we  
 lay  
 Chained on the burning lake? That sure  
 was worse.  
 What if the breath that kindled those grim  
 fires, 170  
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold  
 rage,  
 And plunge us in the flames; or from  
 above  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? What  
 if all  
 Her stores were opened, and this firma-  
 ment  
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous  
 fall  
 One day upon our heads; while we per-  
 haps,  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,  
 Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and  
 prey 181  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
 Ages of hopeless end? This would be  
 worse.  
 War, therefore, open or concealed, alike  
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or  
 guile  
 With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose  
 eye  
 Views all things at one view? He from  
 Heaven's highth 190  
 All these our motions vain sees and en-  
 rides,  
 Not more almighty to resist our might  
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and  
 wiles.  
 Shall we, then, live thus vile — the race of  
 Heaven  
 Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer  
 here  
 Chains and these torments? Better these  
 than worse,  
 By my advice; since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
 Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust

That so ordains. This was at first resolved,  
201

If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.

I laugh when those who at the spear are bold

And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear

What yet they know must follow — to endure

Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now

Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
209

Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit

His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,  
Not mind us not offending, satisfied  
With what is punished; whence these raging fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome  
Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;  
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed

In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;  
220

Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days may bring, what chance,  
what change

Worth waiting — since our present lot appears

For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.”

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,

Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake: —

“Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven

We war, if war be best, or to regain 230  
Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then

May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield

To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.

The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
The latter; for what place can be for us

Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent,

And publish grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we 239

Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing

Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits  
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
Our servile offerings? This must be our task

In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome

Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,

By force impossible, by leave obtained 250  
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,

Free and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous when great things of small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
We can create, and in what place soe'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain 261

Through labour and indurance. This deep world

Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst

Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!

As He our darkness, cannot we His light  
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270

Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;

Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise

Magnificence; and what can Heaven shew more ?

Our torments also may, in length of time,  
Become our elements, these piercing fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
Into their temper; which must needs remove

The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may 280  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled

The assembly as when hollow rocks retain

The sound of blustering winds, which all night long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull

Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay

After the tempest. Such applause was heard 290

As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,

Advising peace: for such another field  
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michaël  
Wrought still within them; and no less desire

To found this nether empire, which might rise,

By policy and long process' of time,

In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived — than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat — with grave 300

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven

Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shon,  
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look

Drew audience and attention still as night

Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake: —

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven, 310

Ethereal Virtues ! or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called

Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote  
Inclines — here to continue, and build up here

A growing empire; doubtless ! while we dream,

And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed

This place our dungeon — not our safe retreat

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league

Banded against his throne, but to remain 320

In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,

Under the inevitable curb, reserved  
His captive multitude. For He, be sure,  
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign

Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.

What sit we then projecting peace and war ?  
War hath determined us and foiled with loss 330

Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
Voutsafed or sought; for what peace will be given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,  
And stripes and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,  
But, to our power, hostility and hate,  
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,

Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

In doing what we most in suffering feel ? 340  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault  
or siege,

Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find

Some easier enterprise ? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven

Err not) — another World, the happy seat  
Of some new race, called Man, about this  
time

To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favoured  
more

Of Him who rules above; so was His will  
Pronounced among the gods, and by an  
oath

That shook Heaven's whole circumference  
confirmed.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to  
learn

What creatures there inhabit, of what  
mould

Or substance, how endued, and what their  
power

And where their weakness: how attempted  
best,

By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be  
shut,

And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie  
exposed,

The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,  
Some advantageous act may be achieved

By sudden onset — either with Hell-fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess

All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,  
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,

Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting  
hand

Abolish his own works. This would sur-  
pass

Common revenge, and interrupt His joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise

In His disturbance; when his darling sons,  
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall  
curse

Their frail original, and faded bliss —  
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub

Pleaded his devilish counsel — first devised  
By Satan, and in part proposed: for  
whence,

But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race

Of mankind in one root, and Earth with  
Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator? But their spite still

serves

His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and  
joy

Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus  
renews: —

"Well have ye judged, well ended long  
debate,

Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,  
Great things resolved, which from the low-  
est deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
Nearer our ancient Seat — perhaps in view

Of those bright confines, whence, with  
neighbouring arms,

And opportune excursion, we may chance  
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild  
zone

Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,  
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam

Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious  
air,

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom

shall we send

In search of this new World? whom shall  
we find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering  
feet

The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out

His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight,  
Upborne with indefatigable wings

Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy Isle? What strength, what art,

can then

Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict senteries and stations

thick

Of Angels watching round? Here he had  
need

All circumspection: and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we  
send

The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared

To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt. But all sat mute,

Pondering the danger with deep thoughts;  
and each

In other's countenance read his own dis-  
may,

Astonished. None among the choice and  
prime

Of those Heaven-warring champions could  
be found

So hardy as to proffer or accept,  
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,  
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus  
spake:—

“O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean  
Thrones! 430

With reason hath deep silence and demur  
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is  
the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to  
Light.

Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,  
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.  
These passed, if any pass, the void pro-  
found

Of unessential Night receives him next,  
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of be-  
ing 440

Threatens him, plunged in that abortive  
gulf.

If thence he scape, into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard es-  
cape?

But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,  
And this imperial sovranity, adorned  
With splendour, armed with power, if  
ought proposed

And judged of public moment in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I as-  
sume 450

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him  
due

Of hazard more as he above the rest  
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty  
Powers,  
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at  
home,

While here shall be our home, what best  
may ease

The present misery, and render Hell 459  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm  
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad

Through all the coasts of dark destruction  
seek

Deliverance for us all. This enterprise  
None shall partake with me.” Thus say-  
ing, rose

The Monarch, and prevented all reply;  
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,  
Others among the chief might offer now,  
Certain to be refused, what erst they  
feared, 470

And, so refused, might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn.

But they  
Dreaded not more the adventure than his  
voice

Forbidding; and at once with him they  
rose.

Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him  
they bend

With awful reverence prone, and as a God  
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.  
Nor failed they to express how much they  
praised 480

That for the general safety he despised  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned  
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should  
boast

Their specious deeds on earth, which glory  
excites,

Or close ambition varnished o’er with zeal.

Thus they their doubtful consultations  
dark

Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:  
As, when from mountain-tops the dusky  
clouds

Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps,  
o’erspread 480

Heaven’s cheerful face, the louring element  
Scowls o’er the darkened lantskip snow or  
shower,

If chance the radiant sun, with farewell  
sweet,

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating  
herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned  
Firm concord holds; men only disagree

Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming  
peace,

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500

Among themselves, and levy cruel wars

Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction  
wait!

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and  
forth

In order came the grand Infernal Peers:  
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and  
seemed

Alone the Antagonist of Heaven, nor less  
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp  
supreme, <sup>510</sup>

And god-like imitated state: him round  
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed  
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
Then of their session ended they bid cry  
With trumpet's regal sound the great re-  
sult:

Toward the four winds four speedy Cheru-  
bim

Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,  
By harald's voice explained; the hollow  
Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of  
Hell

With deafening shout returned them loud  
acclaim. <sup>520</sup>

Thence more at ease their minds, and some-  
what raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd  
Powers

Disband; and, wandering, each his several  
way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeli-  
est find

Truce to his restless thoughts, and enter-  
tain

The irksome hours, till his great Chief  
return.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,  
As at the Olympian games or Pythian  
fields; <sup>530</sup>

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the  
goal

With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads  
form:

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies  
rush

To battle in the clouds; before each van  
Prick forth the aerie knights, and couch  
their spears,

Till thickest legions close; with feats of  
arms

From either end of heaven the welkin  
burns.

Others, with vast Typhoean rage, more fell,  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the  
air <sup>540</sup>

In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild  
uproar:—

As when Alcides, from Cæthalia crowned  
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe,  
and tore

Through pain up by the roots Thessalian  
pines,

And Lichas from the top of Cæta threw  
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing

With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
By doom of battle, and complain that Fate  
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or  
Chance. <sup>551</sup>

Their song was partial; but the harmony  
(What could it less when Spirits immortal  
sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more  
sweet

(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the  
Sense)

Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned  
high

Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and  
Fate—

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge ab-  
solute— <sup>560</sup>

And found no end, in wandering mazes  
lost.

Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—  
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple  
steel.

Another part, in squadrons and gross  
bands, <sup>570</sup>

On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the  
banks



Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
Into the burning lake their baleful  
streams —

Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;  
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud

Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,  
580

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with  
rage.

Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rowls  
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks  
Forthwith his former state and being for-  
gets —

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and  
pain.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual  
storms

Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm  
land

Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin  
seems 590

Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk: the parch-  
ing air

Burns froze, and cold performs the effect  
of fire.

Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,  
At certain revolutions all the damned  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter  
change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change  
more fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to  
pine 601

Immovable, infixed, and frozen round  
Periods of time, — thence hurried back to  
fire.

They ferry over this Lethæan sound  
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to  
reach

The tempting stream, with one small drop  
to lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the  
attempt, 610

Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
The ford, and of itself the water flies

All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous  
bands,

With shuddering horror pale, and eyes  
aghast,

Viewed first their lamentable lot, and  
found

No rest. Through many a dark and dreary  
vale

They passed, and many a region dolorous,  
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and  
shades of death —

A universe of death, which God by curse  
Created evil, for evil only good;

Where all life dies, death lives, and Na-  
ture breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious  
things,

Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feigned or fear con-  
ceived,

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.  
Meanwhile the Adversary of God and  
Man,

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest  
design, 630

Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates  
of Hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes  
the left;

Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then  
soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
As when far off at sea a fleet descried

Hangs in the clouds, by æquinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants

bring  
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading  
flood, 640

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so  
seemed

Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear  
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid  
roof,

And thrice threefold the gates; three folds  
were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there  
sat

On either side a formidable Shape.  
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and  
     fair, 650  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
 Voluminous and vast — a serpent armed  
 With mortal sting. About her middle  
     round  
 A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and  
     rung  
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would  
     creep,  
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her  
     womb,  
 And kennel there; yet there still barked  
     and howled  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than  
     these  
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that  
     parts 660  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when,  
     called  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to  
     dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring  
     moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other  
     Shape —  
 If shape it might be called that shape had  
     none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
 Or substance might be called that shadow  
     seemed,  
 For each seemed either — black it stood as  
     Night, 670  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed  
     his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he  
     strode.  
 The undaunted Fiend what this might be  
     admired —  
 Admired, not feared (God and his Son ex-  
     cept,  
 Created thing naught valued he nor  
     shunned),  
 And with disdainful look thus first be-  
     gan: — 680  
 “Whence and what art thou, execrable  
     Shape,

That dar’st, though grim and terrible, ad-  
     vance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? Through them I mean  
     to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave asked of  
     thee.  
 Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by  
     proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of  
     Heaven.”  
 To whom the Goblin, full of wrath,  
     replied: —  
 “Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,  
 Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith,  
     till then 690  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s  
     sons,  
 Conjured against the Highest — for which  
     both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here con-  
     demned  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckon’st thou thyself with Spirits of  
     Heaven,  
 Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here  
     and scorn,  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee  
     more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punish-  
     ment,  
 False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue 701  
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this  
     dart  
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt  
     before.”  
 So spake the griesly Terror, and in  
     shape,  
 So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-  
     fold  
 More dreadful and deform. On the other  
     side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid  
     hair 710  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the  
     head  
 Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
 Each cast at the other as when two black  
     clouds,

With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian, — then stand front to front  
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid-air.  
 So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like <sup>720</sup>  
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds  
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,  
 Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,  
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.  
 "O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,  
 "Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom?" <sup>730</sup>  
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while  
 At thee, ordained his drudge to execute  
 Whate'er his wrath, which He calls justice, bids —  
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!"  
 She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
 Forbore: then these to her Satan returned: —  
 "So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,  
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends, till first I know of thee  
 What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why," <sup>741</sup>  
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st Me father, and that fantasm call'st my son.  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable than him and thee."  
 To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied: —  
 "Hast thou forgot me, then; and do I seem  
 Now in thine eye so foul? — once deemed so fair

In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight <sup>749</sup>  
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combined  
 In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,  
 Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized  
 All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid <sup>759</sup>  
 At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,  
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse — thee chiefly, who, full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
 Becam'st enamoured; and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret that my womb conceived  
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heaven: wherein remained  
 (For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe  
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout <sup>770</sup>  
 Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,  
 Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
 Into this Deep; and in the general fall  
 I also: at which time this powerful Key  
 Into my hands was given, with charge to keep  
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest, <sup>781</sup>  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transformed: but he my inbred enemy

Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
 Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out  
*Death!*  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and  
 sighed  
 From all her caves, and back resounded  
*Death!*  
 I fled; but he pursued (though more, it  
 seems, <sup>790</sup>  
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter  
 far,  
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,  
 And, in embraces forcible and foul  
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless  
 cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st — hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me: for, when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl, and  
 gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then, bursting  
 forth <sup>800</sup>  
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me  
 round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets  
 them on,  
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved, and knows  
 that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope <sup>811</sup>  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal  
 dint,  
 Save He who reigns above, none can resist."  
 She finished; and the subtle Fiend his  
 lore  
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth: —  
 "Dear daughter — since thou claim'st  
 me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear  
 pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and  
 joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through  
 dire change <sup>820</sup>  
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of —  
 know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of  
 pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly  
 host  
 Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,  
 Fell with us from on high. From them I  
 go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 The unfounded Deep, and through the void  
 immense  
 To search, with wandering quest, a place  
 foretold <sup>830</sup>  
 Should be — and, by concurring signs, ere  
 now  
 Created vast and round — a place of bliss  
 In the pourliewes of Heaven; and therein  
 placed  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more  
 removed,  
 Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,  
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or  
 aught  
 Than this more secret, now designed, I  
 haste  
 To know; and, this once known, shall soon  
 return,  
 And bring ye to the place where thou and  
 Death <sup>840</sup>  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
 With odours. There ye shall be fed and  
 filled  
 Immeasurably; all things shall be your  
 prey."  
 He ceased; for both seemed highly  
 pleased, and Death  
 Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be filled, and blessed his  
 maw  
 Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her  
 Sire: —  
 "The key of this infernal Pit, by due  
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful  
 King,

I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamantine gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.  
 But what owe I to His commands above,  
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me  
 down

Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office here confined,  
 Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-  
 born — 860

Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamours compassed  
 round

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels  
 feed?

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring  
 me soon

To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall  
 reign

At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without  
 end." 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And, toward the gate rowling her bestial  
 train,

Forthwith the huge porcullis high up-drew,  
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian  
 Powers

Could once have moved; then in the key-  
 hole turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease

Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880  
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges  
 grate

Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom  
 shook

Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut  
 Excelled her power: the gates wide open  
 stood,

That with extended wings a bannered host,  
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass  
 through

With horse and chariots ranked in loose  
 array;

So wide they stood, and like a furnace-  
 mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy  
 flame. 889

Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoary Deep — a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension; where length, breadth,  
 and height,

And time, and place, are lost; where eld-  
 est Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four cham-  
 pions fierce,

Strive here for maistrie, and to battle bring  
 Their embryon atoms: they around the  
 flag 900

Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift,  
 or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,

Levied to side with warring winds, and  
 poise

Their lighter wings. To whom these most  
 adhere

He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more imbroils the fray  
 By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,  
 Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,  
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her  
 grave, 911

Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixed  
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain  
 His dark materials to create more worlds —  
 Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend  
 Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a  
 while,

Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less  
 pealed 920

With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
 Great things with small) than when Bellona  
 storms

With all her battering engines, bent to rase  
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
 Of heaven were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn  
 The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad  
 vans

He spreads for flight, and, in the surging  
 smoke

Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many  
 a league,

As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930

Andacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity. All unawares,  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down  
he drops

Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not, by ill  
chance,

The strong rebuff of some tumultuous  
cloud,

Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed —

Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land — nigh foundered, on  
he fares, 940

Treading the crude consistence, half on  
foot,

Half flying; behoves him now both oar and  
sail.

As when a gryfon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough,  
dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues  
his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps,  
or flies. 950

At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his  
ear

With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies  
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness  
lies

Bordering on light; when straight behold  
the throne

Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread 960  
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him  
enthroned

Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
Orcus and Aides, and the dreaded name  
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and  
Chance,

And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroiled,  
And Discord with a thousand various  
mouths.

To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: —  
“Ye Powers

And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 970  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your realm; but, by con-  
straint

Wandering this darksome desert, as my  
way

Lies through your spacious empire up to  
light,

Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,  
What readiest path leads where your  
gloomy bounds

Confine with Heaven; or, if some other  
place,

From your dominion won, the Ethereal  
King

Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
I travel this profound. Direct my  
course: 980

Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce  
To her original darkness and your sway  
(Which is my present journey), and once  
more

Erect the standard there of ancient Night.  
Yours be the advantage all, mine the re-  
venge!”

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
With faltering speech and visage incom-  
posed,

Answered: — “I know thee, stranger, who  
thou art — 990

That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heaven's King, though  
overthrown.

I saw and heard; for such a numerous host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted  
Deep,

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-  
gates

Poured out by millions her victorious bands,  
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve  
That little which is left so to defend, 1000  
Encroached on still through our intestine  
broils

Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first,  
Hell,

Your dungeon, stretching far and wide be-  
neath;

Now lately Heaven and Earth, another  
world

Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden  
chain

To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell !

If that way be your walk, you have not far ;  
So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed ;

Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased ; and Satan staid not to reply, <sup>1010</sup>

But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,

With fresh alacrity and force renewed  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock

Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environed, wins his way ; harder beset  
And more endangered than when Argo passed

Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,

Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool steered. <sup>1020</sup>

So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Moved on. With difficulty and labour he ;  
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,

Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain,  
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)

Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,

From Hell continued, reaching the utmost Orb

Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse <sup>1030</sup>

With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven

Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins

Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,  
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,  
With tumult less and with less hostile din ;  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease, <sup>1041</sup>

Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,

And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;

Or in the empty waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold

Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide

In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorned  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat, <sup>1050</sup>

And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent World, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,

Accurst, and in a cursèd hour, he hies.

## BOOK III

### THE ARGUMENT

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created ; shews him to the Son, who sat at his right hand ; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind ; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter ; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man ; but God again declares that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of Divine Justice ; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man : the Father accepts him, ordains his

incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth ; commands all the Angels to adore him. They obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this World's outermost orb ; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity ; what persons and things fly up thither : thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the Sun : he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed : Alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven  
first-born !

Or of the Eternal coeternal beam

May I express thee unblamed ? since God  
is light,

And never but in unapproachèd light  
Dwelt from eternity — dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal  
Stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before  
the Sun,

Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the  
voice

Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest 20  
The rising World of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless Infinite !  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long de-  
tained

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,  
Through utter and through middle Dark-  
ness borne,

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture  
down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20  
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit  
safe,

And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowl in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their  
orbs,

Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but  
chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-  
neath, 30

That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling  
flow,

Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
(So were I equalled with them in renown !)

Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:

Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the  
year 40

Seasons return; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or  
morn,

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's  
rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;

But cloud instead and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of  
men

Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge  
fair,

Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and  
rased,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut  
out.

So much the rather thou, Celestial Light, 50  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her  
powers

Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from  
thence

Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from  
above,

From the pure Empyrean where He sits  
High throned above all highth, bent down  
his eye,

His own works and their works at once to  
view:

About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight re-  
ceived

Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son. On Earth he first beheld

Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the Happy Garden placed,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,

Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,  
In blissful solitude. He then surveyed

Hell and the gulf between, and Satan  
there 70

Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side  
Night,

In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop, with wearied wings and willing  
feet,

On the bare outside of this World, that  
seemed

Firm land imbosomed without firmament,  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.

Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake: —

"Only-begotten Son, seest thou what  
rage 80

Transports our Adversary? whom no  
bounds

Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the  
chains



Heaped on him there, nor yet the main  
     Abyss  
 Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings  
     his way  
 Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of  
     light,  
 Directly towards the new-created World,  
 And Man there placed, with purpose to  
     assay <sup>90</sup>  
 If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,  
 By some false guile pervert: and shall  
     pervert;  
 For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall  
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?  
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have; I made him just and  
     right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all the Ethereal Powers <sup>100</sup>  
 And Spirits, both them who stood and them  
     who failed;  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who  
     fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have given  
     sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do ap-  
     peared,  
 Not what they would? What praise could  
     they receive,  
 What pleasure I, from such obedience  
     paid,  
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is  
     Choice),  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both de-  
     spoiled,  
 Made passive both, had served Necessity,  
 Not Me? They, therefore, as to right be-  
     longed <sup>111</sup>  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if Predestination overruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree  
 Or high foreknowledge. They themselves  
     decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their  
     fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unfore-  
     known.

So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen, <sup>121</sup>  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in  
     all,  
 Both what they judge and what they choose;  
     for so  
 I formed them free, and free they must re-  
     main  
 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must  
     change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained  
 Their freedom; they themselves ordained  
     their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-depraved; Man falls, de-  
     ceived <sup>130</sup>  
 By the other first: Man, therefore, shall  
     find grace;  
 The other, none. In mercy and justice  
     both,  
 Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my  
     glory excel;  
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest  
     shine."  
 Thus while God spake ambrosial fra-  
     grance filled  
 All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shon  
 Substantially expressed; and in his face <sup>140</sup>  
 Divine compassion visibly appeared,  
 Love without end, and without measure  
     grace;  
 Which uttering, thus He to his Father  
     spake:—  
 "O Father, gracious was that word which  
     closed  
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find  
     grace;  
 For which both Heaven and Earth shall  
     high extol  
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy  
     throne  
 Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.  
 For, should Man finally be lost—should  
     Man, <sup>150</sup>  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest  
     son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though  
     joined  
 With his own folly—! That be from  
     thee far,

That far be from thee, Father, who art  
judge

Of all things made, and judgest only right !  
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain

His end, and frustrate thine ? Shall he  
fulfil

His malice, and thy goodness bring to  
naught

Or proud return, though to his heavier  
doom

Yet with revenge accomplished, and to  
Hell <sup>160</sup>

Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
By him corrupted ? Or wilt thou thyself

Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glory thou hast

made ? —

So should thy goodness and thy greatness  
both

Be questioned and blasphemed without de-  
fence."

To whom the great Creator thus re-  
plied: —

"O Son, in whom my soul hath chief de-  
light,

Son of my bosom, Son who art alone <sup>169</sup>  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,

All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are,  
all

As my eternal purpose hath decreed.

Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who  
will;

Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely voutsafed. Once more I will renew

His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and en-  
thrall'd

By sin to foul exorbitant desires:

Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe —

By me upheld, that he may know how  
frail <sup>180</sup>

His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
All his deliverance, and to none but me.

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,  
Elect above the rest; so is my will:

The rest shall hear me call, and oft be  
warn'd

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
The incens'd Deity, while offered grace

Invites; for I will clear their senses dark  
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts

To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,

Though but endeavour'd with sincere in-  
tent, <sup>192</sup>

Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not  
shut.

And I will place within them as a guide  
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will

hear,  
Light after light well used they shall at-  
tain,

And to the end persisting safe arrive.  
This my long sufferance, and my day of

grace,  
They who neglect and scorn shall never

taste;  
But hard be hardened, blind be blinded

more, <sup>200</sup>  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;

And none but such from mercy I ex-  
clude. —

But yet all is not done. Man disobeying,  
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins

Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,

To expiate his treason hath naught left,  
But, to destruction sacred and devote,

He with his whole posterity must die; —  
Die he or Justice must; unless for him <sup>210</sup>

Some other, able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find  
such love ?

Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to

save ?  
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?"

He asked, but all the Heavenly Quire  
stood mute,

And silence was in Heaven: on Man's be-  
half

Patron or intercessor none appeared —  
Much less that durst upon his own head

draw <sup>220</sup>  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.

And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death

and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,

In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewed: —

"Father, thy word is passed, Man shall  
find grace;

And shall Grace not find means, that finds  
her way,

The speediest of thy wing'd messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all <sup>230</sup>

Comes unprevented, unimplored, un-  
sought ?

Happy for Man, so coming! He her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and  
lost —

Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.  
Behold *me*, then: me for him, life for life,  
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;  
Account me Man: I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die <sup>240</sup>  
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all  
his rage.

Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to  
possess

Life in myself for ever; by thee I live;  
Though now to Death I yield, and am his  
due,

All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome  
grave

His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue <sup>250</sup>  
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.  
Death his death's wound shall then receive,  
and stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed;  
I through the ample air in triumph high  
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and  
show

The powers of Darkness bound. Thou, at  
the sight

Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and  
smile,

While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes —  
Death last, and with his carcase glut the  
grave; <sup>259</sup>

Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,  
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and re-  
turn,

Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
And reconciliation: wrauth shall be no  
more

Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended; but his meek as-  
pect'

Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal  
love

To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offered, he attends the will <sup>270</sup>  
Of his great Father. Admiration seized

All Heaven, what this might mean, and  
whither tend,

Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus  
replied: —

"O thou in Heaven and Earth the only  
peace

Found out for mankind under wrauth, O  
thou

My sole complacence! well thou know'st  
how dear

To me are all my works; nor Man the least,  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to  
save, <sup>279</sup>

By losing thee a while, the whole race lost!  
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst re-  
deem,

Their nature also to thy nature join;  
And be thyself Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin  
seed,

By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's  
room

The head of all mankind, though Adam's  
son.

As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
As from a second root, shall be restored  
As many as are restored; without thee,  
none.

His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy  
merit, <sup>290</sup>

Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous  
deeds,

And live in thee transplanted, and from  
thee

Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,  
And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise  
His brethren, ransomed with his own dear  
life.

So Heavenly love shall outdo Hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate <sup>300</sup>  
So easily destroyed, and still destroys

In those who, when they may, accept not  
grace.

Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though throned in high-  
est bliss

Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been  
found

By merit more than birthright Son of  
God, —

Found worthiest to be so by being good, <sup>310</sup>  
Far more than great or high; because in  
thee

Love hath abounded more than glory  
abounds;

Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy manhood also to this Throne:  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt  
reign

Both God and Man, Son both of God and  
Man,

Anointed universal King. All power  
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
Thy merits; under thee, as Head Supreme,  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions,  
I reduce: <sup>320</sup>

All knees to thee shall bow of them that  
bide

In Heaven, or Earth, or, under Earth, in  
Hell.

When thou, attended gloriously from Hea-  
ven,

Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee  
send

The summoning Archangels to proclaim  
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all  
winds

The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past ages, to the general doom

Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their  
sleep.

Then, all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt  
judge <sup>330</sup>

Bad men and Angels; they arraigned shall  
sink

Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers  
full,

Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean-  
while

The World shall burn, and from her ashes  
spring

New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just  
shall dwell,

And, after all their tribulations long,  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumph'ing, and fair  
Truth.

Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay  
by;

For regal sceptre then no more shall need;  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore Him who, to compass all this, dies;  
Adore the Son, and honour him as me." <sup>343</sup>

No sooner had the Almighty ceased but  
— all

The multitude of Angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number  
sweet

As from blest voices, uttering joy — Hea-  
ven rung

With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled  
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent  
Towards either throne they bow, and to the  
ground <sup>350</sup>

With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and  
gold, —

Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,  
Began to bloom, but, soon for Man's offence  
To Heaven removed where first it grew,  
there grows

And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of  
Life,

And where the River of Bliss through midst  
of Heaven

Rowls o'er Elysian flowers her amber  
stream!

With these, that never fade, the Spirits  
elect <sup>360</sup>

Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed  
with beams.

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the  
bright

Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shon,  
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Then, crowned again, their golden harps  
they took —

Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their  
side

Like quivers hung; and with præamble  
sweet

Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures  
high:

No voice exempt, no voice but well could  
join <sup>370</sup>

Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven.  
Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,

Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,

Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou  
sitt'st

Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a  
cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant  
 shrine  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts ap-  
 pear,  
 Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim<sup>380</sup>  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil  
 their eyes.  
 Thee next they sang, of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without  
 cloud  
 Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold: on thee  
 Impressed the effulgence of his glory  
 abides;  
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers  
 therein,<sup>390</sup>  
 By thee created; and by thee threw down  
 The aspiring Dominations. Thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not  
 spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that  
 shook  
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the  
 necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarrayed.  
 Back from pursuit, thy Powers with loud  
 acclaim  
 Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's  
 might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.  
 Not so on Man: him, through their malice  
 fallen,<sup>400</sup>  
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not  
 doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity encline.  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail  
 Man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity enclined,  
 He, to appease thy wrath, and end the  
 strife  
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offered himself to die<sup>405</sup>  
 For Man's offence. O unexampled love!  
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!  
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy  
 name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy  
 praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise dis-  
 join!

Thus they in Heaven, above the Starry  
 Sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning  
 spent.  
 Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round World, whose first convex  
 divides  
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclosed<sup>420</sup>  
 From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks. A globe far off  
 It seemed; now seems a boundless conti-  
 nent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of  
 Night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening  
 storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky,  
 Save on that side which from the wall of  
 Heaven,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection  
 gains  
 Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest  
 loud.  
 Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious  
 field.<sup>430</sup>  
 As when a vultur, on Imaus bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar  
 bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling  
 kids  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward  
 the springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind their cany waggons  
 light;  
 So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend<sup>440</sup>  
 Walked up and down alone, bent on his  
 prey:  
 Alone, for other creature in this place,  
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none;—  
 None yet; but store hereafter from the  
 Earth  
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had filled the works of men—  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain  
 things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting  
 fame,  
 Or happiness in this or the other life.<sup>450</sup>  
 All who have their reward on earth, the  
 fruits

Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here  
     find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;  
 All the unaccomplished works of Nature's  
     hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,  
 Dissolved on Earth, fleet hither, and in  
     vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here —  
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some  
     have dreamed: <sup>459</sup>  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold,  
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
 Hither, of ill-joined sons and daughters  
     born,  
 First from the ancient world those Giants  
     came,  
 With many a vain exploit, though then re-  
     nowned:  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would  
     build:  
 Others came single; he who, to be deemed  
 A god, leaped fondly into *Ætna* flames, <sup>470</sup>  
 Empedocles; and he who, to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus; and many more, too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and grey, with all their  
     trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to  
     seek  
 In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven;  
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the  
     fixed, <sup>481</sup>  
 And that crystal'lin sphere whose balance  
     weighs  
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved;  
 And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket  
     seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at  
     foot  
 Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet,  
     when, lo !  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand  
     leagues awry,  
 Into the devious air. Then might ye see

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wear-  
     ers, tost <sup>490</sup>  
 And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds: all these, upwhirled  
     aloft,  
 Fly o'er the backside of the World far off  
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since called  
 The Paradise of Fools; to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.  
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as  
     he passed;  
 And long he wandered, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turned thitherward in  
     haste <sup>500</sup>  
 His travelled steps. Far distant he de-  
     scries,  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high;  
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared  
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate,  
 With frontispice of diamond and gold  
 Imbellished; thick with sparkling orient  
     gems  
 The portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob  
     saw <sup>510</sup>  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau  
     fed  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cried, *This is the gate of Heaven*.  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor  
     stood  
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven  
     sometimes  
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea  
     flowed  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from Earth sailing ar-  
     rived <sup>520</sup>  
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to  
     dare  
 The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
 Direct against which opened from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to the Earth — a passage  
     wide;  
 Wider by far than that of after-times

Over Mount Sion, and, though that were  
large, 530

Over the Promised Land to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Passed frequent, and his eye with choice  
regard

From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Ægypt and the Arabian shore.  
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds  
were set

To darkness, such as bound the ocean  
wave. 539

Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,  
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden  
view

Of all this World at once. As when a scout,  
Through dark and desert ways with peril  
gone

All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing  
hill,

Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen, or some renowned metropolis  
With glistering spires and pinnacles  
adorned, 550

Which now the rising sun gilds with his  
beams;

Such wonder seized, though after Heaven  
seen,

The Spirit malign, but much more envy  
seized,

At sight of all this World beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys (and well might, where  
he stood

So high above the circling canopy  
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern  
point

Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to  
pole 560

He views in breadth, — and, without longer  
pause,

Down right into the World's first region  
throws

His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique  
way

Amongst innumerable stars, that shon  
Stars distant, but nigh-hand seemed other  
worlds.

Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian Gardens famed of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery  
vales;

Thrice happy isles ! But who dwelt happy  
there 570

He staid not to inquire: above them all  
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Hea-  
ven,

Allured his eye. Thither his course he  
bends,

Through the calm firmament (but up or  
down,

By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or longitude) where the great luminary,  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far. They, as they  
move

Their starry dance in numbers that com-  
pute 580

Days, months, and years, towards his all-  
cheering lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are  
turned

By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible virtue even to the Deep;  
So wondrously was set his station bright.

There lands the Fiend, a spot like which  
perhaps

Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb  
Through his glazed optic tube yet never  
saw. 590

The place he found beyond expression  
bright,

Compared with aught on Earth, metal or  
stone —

Not all parts like, but all alike informed  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with  
fire.

If metal, part seemed gold, part silver  
clear;

If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shon  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,

Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen —  
That stone, or like to that, which here be-  
low 600

Philosophers in vain so long have sought;  
In vain, though by their powerful art they  
bind

Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,

Drained through a limbec to his native form.

What wonder then if fields and regions here

Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,

The arch-chimic Sun, so far from us remote,  
609

Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?

Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazzled. Far and wide his eye commands;

For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from the equator, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round

Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,

Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray  
620

To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom John saw also in the Sun.  
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;

Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders fledged with wings

Lay waving round: on some great charge  
employed

He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope  
630

To find who might direct his wandering flight

To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,  
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,

Which else might work him danger or delay:

And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffused; so well he feigned.  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
640  
In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore

Of many a coloured plume sprinkled with  
gold;

His habit fit for speed succinct; and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,

Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,  
Admonished by his ear, and straight was known

The Archangel Uriel — one of the seven  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,

Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
650

That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth

Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land. Him Satan thus accosts:—

“Uriel! for thou of those seven Spirits that stand

In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,

The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,

Where all his Sons thy embassy attend,  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye  
660

To visit oft this new Creation round —  
Unspeakable desire to see and know

All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,

His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,

Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim

Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell

In which of all these shining orbs hath Man

His fixed seat — or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell —  
670

That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
Or open admiration him behold

On whom the great Creator hath bestowed  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;

That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The Universal Maker we may praise;

Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,  
Created this new happy race of Men

To serve him better. Wise are all his ways!”  
680



So spake the false dissembler unper-  
ceived;  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy — the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heaven and  
Earth;  
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion  
sleeps  
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks  
no ill  
Where no ill seems: which now for once  
beguiled  
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held  
The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Hea-  
ven;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
In his uprightness, answer thus returned: —  
"Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to  
know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-maister, leads to no ex-  
cess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits  
praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee  
hither  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some per-  
haps,  
Contented with report, hear only in Hea-  
ven:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight!  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their  
causes deep?  
I saw when, at his word, the formless  
mass,  
This World's material mould, came to a  
heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild Up-  
roar  
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;  
Till, at his second bidding, Darkness fled,

Light shon, and order from disorder  
sprung.  
Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous elements — Earth, Flood,  
Air, Fire;  
And this ethereal quint'essence of Heaven  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rowled orbicular, and turned to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they  
move:  
Each had his place appointed, each his  
course;  
The rest in circuit walls this Universe.  
Look downward on that globe, whose hither  
side  
With light from hence, though but reflected,  
shines:  
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that  
light  
His day, which else, as the other hemi-  
sphere,  
Night would invade; but there the neigh-  
bouring Moon  
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
Timely interposes, and, her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid-  
heaven,  
With borrowed light her countenance tri-  
form  
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the  
Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower.  
Thy way thou canst not miss; me mine re-  
quires."  
Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing  
low,  
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neg-  
lects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth  
beneath,  
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped  
success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an aerie  
wheel,  
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

## BOOK IV

## THE ARGUMENT

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions—fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits, in the shape of a Cormorant, on the Tree of Life, as highest in the Garden, to look about him. The Garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death, and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the Deep, and passed at noon by his Sphere, in the shape of a good Angel, down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping: there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who  
saw

The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be revenged on men,  
*Woe to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been  
warned

The coming of their secret Foe, and scaped,  
Haply so scaped, his mortal snare! For  
now

Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came  
down,

The tempter, ere the accuser, of mankind,  
To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell.  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to  
boast,

Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the  
birth

Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous  
breast,

And like a devilish engine back recoils  
Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract

His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom  
stir

The hell within him; for within him Hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from  
Hell

One step, no more than from himself, can  
fly

By change of place. Now conscience wakes  
despair

That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must  
be

Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings  
must ensue!

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his  
view

Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;  
Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-  
blazing Sun,

Which now sat high in his meridian tower:  
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs be-  
gan:—

“O thou that, with surpassing glory  
crowned,

Look'st from thy sole dominion like the  
god

Of this new World—at whose sight all the  
stars

Hide their diminished heads—to thee I  
call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy  
name,

O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what  
state

I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me  
down,

Warring in Heaven against Heaven's  
matchless King!

Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such re-  
turn

From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him  
praise,

The easiest recompense, and pay him  
thanks,

How due? Yet all his good proved ill in  
me,

And wrought but malice. Lifted up so  
high,

I 'dained subjection, and thought one step  
higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment  
quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;  
Forgetful what from him I still received;  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged — what burden  
then?

Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained  
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
Then happy; no unbounded hope had  
raised <sup>60</sup>

Ambition. Yet why not? Some other  
Power

As great might have aspired, and me,  
though mean,

Drawn to his part. But other Powers as  
great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without to all temptations armed!  
Hadst thou the same free will and power  
to stand?

Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or  
what, to accuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his love accursed, since, love or  
hate,

To me alike it deals eternal woe. <sup>70</sup>  
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy  
will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrauth and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.

O, then, at last relent! Is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced

With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan.  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,  
With diadem and sceptre high advanced, <sup>90</sup>

The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery: such joy ambition finds!

But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
By act of grace, my former state; how  
soon

Would highth recal high thoughts, how  
soon unsay

What feigned submission swore! Ease  
would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void  
(For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced  
so deep);

Which would but lead me to a worse re-  
lapse <sup>100</sup>

And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission, bought with double  
smart.

This knows my Punisher; therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging,  
peace.

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
Mankind, created, and for him this World!  
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell  
fear, <sup>108</sup>

Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost;  
Evil, be thou my Good: by thee at least  
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will  
reign;

As Man ere long, and this new World,  
shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion  
dimmed his face,

Thrice changed with pale — ire, envy, and  
despair;

Which marred his borrowed visage, and be-  
trayed

Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:  
For Heavenly minds from such distempers  
foul

Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware  
Each perturbation smoothed with outward  
calm, <sup>120</sup>

Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
That practised falsehood under saintly  
shew,

Deep malice to conceal, couched with re-  
venge:

Yet not enough had practised to deceive  
Uriel, once warned; whose eye pursued  
him down

The way he went, and on the Assyrian  
mount

Saw him disfigured, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He marked and mad demeanour, then  
alone,

As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen. <sup>130</sup>

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure  
green,

As with a rural mound, the champain head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
With thickest overgrown, grotesque and  
wild,

Access denied; and overhead up-grew  
Insurpassable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching  
palm,

A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend <sup>140</sup>  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their  
tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung;  
Which to our general Sire gave prospect  
large

Into his nether empire neighbouring round.  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden  
hue,

Appeared, with gay enamelled colours  
mixed;

On which the sun more glad impressed his  
beams <sup>150</sup>

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath showered the earth: so  
lovely seemed

That lantskip. And of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart in-  
spires

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they  
stole

Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who  
sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are  
past <sup>160</sup>

Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay  
Well pleased they slack their course, and  
many a league

Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean  
smiles;

So entertained those odorous sweets the  
Fiend

Who came their bane, though with them  
better pleased

Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume

That drove him, though enamoured, from  
the spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance  
sent <sup>170</sup>

From Media post to Ægypt, there fast  
bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage  
hill

Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none; so thick en-  
twined,

As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had per-  
plexed

All path of man or beast that passed that  
way.

One gate there only was, and that looked  
east

On the other side. Which when the Arch-  
Felon saw,

Due entrance he disdained, and, in con-  
tempt, <sup>180</sup>

At one slight bound high overleaped all  
bound

Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling  
wolf,

Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for  
prey,

Watching where shepherds pen their flocks  
at eve,

In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;  
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash

Of some rich burgher, whose substantial  
doors,

Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no as-  
sault, <sup>190</sup>

In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;  
So clomb this first grand Thief into God's  
fold:

So since into his Church lewd hirelings  
climb.

Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle tree and highest there that  
grew,

Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true life  
Thereby regained, but sat devising death  
To them who lived; nor on the virtue  
thought

Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
For prospect what, well used, had been the  
pledge <sup>200</sup>

Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right

The good before him, but perverts best things

To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,

To all delight of human sense exposed,

In narrow room Nature's whole wealth;  
yea, more! —

A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her  
line

210

From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.  
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell,  
taste;

And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220  
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew  
fast by —

Knowledge of good, bought dear by know-  
ing ill.

Southward through Eden went a river  
large,

Nor changed his course, but through the  
shaggy hill

Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had  
thrown

That mountain, as his garden-mould, high  
raised

Upon the rapid current, which, through  
veins

Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-  
drawn,

Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Watered the garden; thence united fell 230

Down the steep glade, and met the nether  
flood,

Which from his darksome passage now  
appears,

And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous  
realm

And country whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell

How, from that sapphire fount the crisped  
brooks,

Rowling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendent shades

Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240

Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice  
Art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and  
plain,

Both where the morning sun first warmly  
smote

The open field, and where the unpierced  
shade

Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus  
was this place,

A happy rural seat of various view:  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums  
and balm;

Others whose fruit, burnished with golden  
rind,

Hung amiable — Hesperian fables true, 250  
If true, here only — and of delicious taste.

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and  
flocks

Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the  
rose.

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently  
creeps

Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters  
fall

Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake, 260  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle  
crowned

Her crystal mirror holds, unite their  
streams.

The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal  
airs,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, at-  
tune

The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in  
dance,

Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair  
field

Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flow-  
ers,

Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 270  
Was gathered — which cost Ceres all that  
pain

To seek her through the world — nor that  
sweet grove

Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,

Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan  
Jove,

Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,  
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's  
eye; 279

Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
Mount Amara (though this by some sup-  
posed

True Paradise) under the Ethiop line  
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high, but wide re-  
mote

From this Assyrian garden, where the  
Fiend

Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight and  
strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
God-like erect, with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all, 290  
And worthy seemed; for in their looks di-  
vine

The image of their glorious Maker shon,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and  
pure —

severe, but in true filial freedom placed,  
Whence true authority in men: though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;  
For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him.

His fair large front and eye sublime de-  
clared 300

Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders  
broad:

She, as a veil down to the slender waist,  
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils — which im-  
plied

Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received  
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. 311  
Nor those mysterious parts were then con-  
cealed;

Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest  
shame

Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shews instead, mere shews of seem-  
ing pure,

And banished from man's life his happiest  
life,

Simplicity and spotless innocence !

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the  
sight 319

Of God or Angel; for they thought no  
ill:

So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest  
pair

That ever since in love's imbraces met —  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green

Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain-  
side,

They sat them down; and, after no more  
toil

Of their sweet gardening labour than suf-  
ficed

To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they  
fell — 331

Nectarine fruits, which the compliant  
boughs

Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damasked with  
flowers.

The savoury pulp they chew, and in the  
rind,

Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming  
stream;

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems  
Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,  
Alone as they. About them frisking played  
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of  
all chase 341

In wood or wilderness, forest or den.

Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces,

pards,  
Gambolled before them; the unwieldy ele-  
phant,

To make them mirth, used all his might,  
and wreathed

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,  
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine

His breaded train, and of his fatal guile 349  
Gave proof unheeded. Others on the grass  
Couched, and, now filled with pasture, gaz-  
ing sat,

Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,  
Declined, was hastening now with prone  
career

To the Ocean Isles, and in the ascending  
scale

Of Heaven the stars that usher evening  
rose:

When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad: —

“O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief  
behold?

Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
Creatures of other mould — Earth-born  
perhaps,

Not Spirits, yet to Heavenly Spirits bright  
Little inferior — whom my thoughts pursue

With wonder, and could love; so lively  
shines

In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
The hand that formed them on their shape  
hath poured.

Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
Your change approaches, when all these  
delights

Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe —  
More woe, the more your taste is now of  
joy:

Happy, but for so happy ill secured 370  
Long to continue, and this high seat, your  
Heaven,

Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a  
foe

As now is entered; yet no purposed foe  
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
Though I unpitied. League with you I  
seek,

And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with  
me,

Henceforth. My dwelling, haply, may not  
please,

Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet  
such 379

Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings; there will be  
room,

Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me, loath, to this re-  
venge

On you, who wrong me not, for him who  
wronged.

And, should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just — 389

Honour and empire with revenge enlarged  
By conquering this new World — compels  
me now

To do what else, though damned, I should  
abhor.”

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish  
deeds.

Then from his lofty stand on that high  
tree

Down he alights among the sportful herd  
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now  
one,

Now other, as their shape served best his  
end

Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,  
To mark what of their state he more might  
learn 400

By word or action marked. About them  
round

A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied  
In some pourlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
Straight crouches close; then rising, changes  
off

His enchant watch, as one who chose his  
ground,

Whence rushing he might surest seize them  
both

Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of  
men,

To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
Turned him all ear to hear new utterance  
flow: — 410

“Sole partner and sole part of all these  
joys,

Dearer thyself than all, needs must the  
Power

That made us, and for us this ample World,  
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite;  
That raised us from the dust, and placed  
us here

In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can perform

Aught whereof he hath need; he who re-  
quires

From us no other service than to keep 420  
This one, this easy charge — of all the trees

In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that only Tree

Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of  
Life;

So near grows Death to Life, whate'er  
Death is —

Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well  
thou know'st

God hath pronounced it Death to taste that  
Tree:

The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signs of power and rule  
Conferred upon us, and dominion given <sup>430</sup>  
Over all other creatures that possess  
Earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think  
hard

One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large to all things else, and  
choice

Unlimited of manifold delights;  
But let us ever praise him, and extol  
His bounty, following our delightful task,  
To prune these growing plants, and tend  
these flowers;

Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were  
sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied: — "O thou  
for whom <sup>440</sup>

And from whom I was formed flesh of thy  
flesh,

And without whom am to no end, my guide  
And head! what thou hast said is just and  
right.

For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,  
And daily thanks — I chiefly, who enjoy  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
That day I oft remember, when from  
sleep

I first awaked, and found myself reposed,  
Under a shade, on flowers, much wonder-  
ing where <sup>451</sup>

And what I was, whence thither brought,  
and how.

Not distant far from thence a murmuring  
sound

Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,  
Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither  
went

With unexperienced thought, and laid me  
down

On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another  
sky.

As I bent down to look, just opposite <sup>460</sup>  
A Shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
Bending to look on me. I started back,  
It started back; but pleased I soon re-  
turned,

Pleased it returned as soon with answering  
looks

Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed  
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain  
desire,

Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What  
thou seest,

What there thou seest, fair creature, is  
thyself;

With thee it came and goes: but follow  
me,

And I will bring thee where no shadow  
stays <sup>470</sup>

Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces — he  
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt en-  
joy

Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be  
called

Mother of human race.' What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?

Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,  
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth watery image. Back I  
turned; <sup>480</sup>

Thou, following, cried'st aloud, 'Return,  
fair Eve;

Whom fliest thou? Whom thou fliest, of  
him thou art,

His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I  
lent

Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear:

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand  
Seized mine: I yielded, and from that time  
see

How beauty is excelled by manly grace <sup>490</sup>  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and, with  
eyes

Of conjugal attraction unproved,  
And meek surrender, half-imbracing leaned  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his, under the flowing gold

Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter

On Juno smiles when he impregns the  
clouds <sup>500</sup>

That shed May flowers, and pressed her  
matron lip

With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned



For envy; yet with jealous leer malign  
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus  
plained:—

“Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus  
these two,

Imparadised in one another's arms,  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am  
thrust,

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce de-  
sire, <sup>509</sup>

Among our other torments not the least,  
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines! <sup>509</sup>  
Yet let me not forget what I have gained  
From their own mouths. All is not theirs,  
it seems;

One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge  
called,

Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge for-  
bidden?

Suspicious, reasonless! Why should their  
Lord

Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
Can it be death? And do they only stand  
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
The proof of their obedience and their  
faith? <sup>520</sup>

O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their  
minds

With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with design  
To keep them low, whom knowledge might  
exalt

Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die: what likelier can en-  
sue?

But first with narrow search I must walk  
round

This garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
A chance but chance may lead where I may  
meet <sup>530</sup>

Some wandering Spirit of Heaven, by foun-  
tain-side,

Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
What further would be learned. Live  
while ye may,

Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
Short pleasures; for long woes are to suc-  
ceed!”

So saying, his proud step he scornful  
turned,

But with sly circumspection, and began  
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill,  
o'er dale, his roam.

Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where  
Heaven

With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting  
Sun <sup>540</sup>

Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
Levelled his evening rays. It was a rock  
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting  
night; <sup>550</sup>

About him exercised heroic games  
The unarmed youth of Heaven; but nigh  
at hand

Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and  
spears,

Hung high, with diamond flaming and with  
gold.

Thither came Uriel, gliding through the  
even

On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star  
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours  
fired

Impress the air, and shews the mariner  
From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds. He thus began in  
haste:— <sup>560</sup>

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath  
given

Charge and strict watch that to this happy  
place

No evil thing approach or enter in.  
This day at highth of noon came to my  
sphere

A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know  
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly  
Man,

God's latest image. I described his way  
Bent all on speed, and marked his aerie  
gait,

But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his  
looks <sup>570</sup>

Alien from Heaven, with passions foul ob-  
scured.

Mine eye pursued him still, but under  
shade

Lost sight of him. One of the banished  
crew,

I fear, hath ventured from the Deep, to  
raise

New troubles; him thy care must be to find."

To whom the wingèd Warrior thus returned: —

"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfit sight,  
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,

See far and wide. In at this gate none pass

The vigilance here placed, but such as come <sup>580</sup>

Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour

No creature thence. If Spirit of other sort,

So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds

On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. But, if within the circuit of these walks,

In whatsoever shape, he lurk of whom Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge Returned on that bright beam, whose point

now raised <sup>590</sup>

Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fallen

Beneath the Azores; whether the Prime Orb,

Incredible how swift, had thither rowled Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth,

By shorter flight to the east, had left him there

Arraying with reflected purple and gold The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray

Had in her sober livery all things clad; Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests <sup>601</sup>

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.

She all night long her amorous descant sung:

Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament

With living Saphirs; Hesperus, that led The starry host, rode brightest, till the

Moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length

Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw; When Adam thus to Eve: — "Fair consort, the hour <sup>610</sup>

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,

Mind us of like repose; since God hath set Labour and rest, as day and night, to men

Successive, and the timely dew of sleep, Now falling with soft slumberous weight,

inclines

Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long Rove idle, unmployed, and less need rest;

Man bath his daily work of body or mind Appointed, which declares his dignity,

And the regard of Heaven on all his ways; While other animals unactive range, <sup>621</sup>

And of their doings God takes no account. To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the

east

With first approach of light, we must be risen,

And at our pleasant labour, to reform Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,

Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, <sup>630</sup>

That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth, Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with

ease.

Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned: —

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st

Unargued I obey. So God ordains: God is thy law, thou mine: to know no

more

Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing, I forget all time, All seasons, and their change; all please

alike. <sup>640</sup>

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,

When first on this delightful land he  
 spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and  
 flower,  
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertil  
 Earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming-  
 on  
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent  
 Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair  
 Moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry  
 train:  
 But neither breath of Morn, when she as-  
 cends 650  
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising  
 Sun  
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit,  
 flower,  
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after  
 showers;  
 Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent  
 Night,  
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by  
 moon,  
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is  
 sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these ?  
 for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut  
 all eyes ? ”  
 To whom our general ancestor replied : —  
 “ Daughter of God and Man, accomplished  
 Eve, 660  
 Those have their course to finish round the  
 Earth  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministering light prepared, they set and  
 rise;  
 Lest total Darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things; which these soft  
 fires  
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm, 669  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.  
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of  
 night,  
 Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men  
 were none,

That Heaven would want spectators, God  
 want praise.  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the  
 Earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we  
 sleep:  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works  
 behold  
 Both day and night. How often, from the  
 steep 680  
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly round-  
 ing walk,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to  
 Heaven.”  
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they  
 passed 689  
 On to their blissful bower. It was a place  
 Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he  
 framed  
 All things to Man's delightful use. The  
 roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beaute-  
 ous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and gessamin,  
 Reared high their flourished heads be-  
 tween, and wrought  
 Mosaic; under foot the violet, 700  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Brodered the ground, more coloured than  
 with stone  
 Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter  
 none;  
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier  
 bower  
 More sacred and sequestered, though but  
 feigned,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close re-  
 cess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling  
 hearbs,  
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial  
 bed, 710  
 And heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung,

What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,  
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods  
Endowed with all their gifts; and, O ! too  
like

In sad event, when, to the unwiser son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she en-  
snared

Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both  
stood, <sup>720</sup>

Both turned, and under open sky adored  
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth,  
and Heaven,

Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent  
globe,

And starry Pole: — "Thou also madest the  
Night,

Maker Omnipotent; and thou the Day,  
Which we, in our appointed work employed,  
Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place,  
For us too large, where thy abundance  
wants <sup>730</sup>

Partakers, and uncrept falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of  
sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure,  
Which God likes best, into their inmost  
bower

Handed they went; and, eased the putting-  
off

These troublesome disguises which we  
wear, <sup>740</sup>

Straight side by side were laid; nor turned,  
I ween,

Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the  
rites

Mysterious of connubial love refused:  
Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity, and place, and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free  
to all.

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man ?  
Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true  
source <sup>750</sup>

Of human offspring, sole propriety

In Paradise of all things common else !  
By thee adulterous lust was driven from  
men

Among the bestial herds to range; by  
thee,

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were  
known.

Far be it that I should write thee sin or  
blame,

Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, <sup>760</sup>  
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pro-  
nounced,

Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs  
used.

Here Love his golden shafts employs, here  
lights

His constant lamp, and waves his purple  
wings,

Reigns here and revels; not in the bought  
smile

Of harlots — loveless, joyless, undeared,  
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight  
bal,

Or serenate, which the starved lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with dis-  
dain. <sup>770</sup>

These, lulled by nightingales, imbracing  
slept,

And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
Showered roses, which the morn repaired.

Sleep on,  
Blest pair ! and, O ! yet happiest, if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no  
more !

Now had Night measured with her  
shadowy cone

Half-way up-hill this vast sublunar vault,  
And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
Forth issuing, at the accustomed hour, stood  
armed

To their night-watches in warlike parade;  
When Gabriel to his next in power thus  
spake: — <sup>781</sup>

"Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast  
the south

With strictest watch; these other wheel the  
north:

Our circuit meets full west." As flame  
they part,

Half wheeling to the shield, half to the  
spear.

From these, two strong and subtle Spirits  
he called

That near him stood, and gave them thus  
in charge: —

“Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged  
speed

Search through this Garden; leave un-  
searched no nook;

But chiefly where those two fair creatures  
lodge, 790

Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.

This evening from the Sun's decline arrived  
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen

Hitherward bent (who could have  
thought?), escaped

The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt:  
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither  
bring.”

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower  
direct

In search of whom they sought. Him there  
they found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
Assaying by his devilish art to reach 801

The organs of her fancy, and with them  
forge

Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint

The animal spirits, that from pure blood  
arise

Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence  
raise,

At least distempered, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
Blown up with high conceits ingendering  
pride.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810  
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can en-  
dure

Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,  
Discovered and surprised. As, when a  
spark

Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
Fit for the tun, some magazin to store  
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,  
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the  
air;

So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.  
Back slept those two fair Angels, half  
amazed 820

So sudden to behold the griesly King;  
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him  
soon: —

“Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged  
to Hell

Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and,  
transformed,

Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
Here watching at the head of these that  
sleep?”

“Know ye not, then,” said Satan, filled  
with scorn,

“Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no  
mate

For you, there sitting where ye durst not  
soar!

Not to know me argues yourselves un-  
known, 830

The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in  
vain?”

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn  
with scorn: —

“Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the  
same,

Or undiminished brightness, to be known  
As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright  
and pure.

That glory then, when thou no more wast  
good,

Departed from thee; and thou resemblest  
now

Thy sin and place of doom obscure and  
foul. 840

But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give ac-  
count

To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.”

So spake the Cherub; and his grave re-  
buke,

Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible. Abashed the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely — saw, and  
pined

His loss; but chiefly to find here observed  
His lustre visibly impaired; yet seemed  
Undaunted. “If I must contend,” said

he, 851

“Best with the best — the sender, not the  
sent;

Or all at once: more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost.” “Thy fear,” said Zephon  
bold,

“Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence  
weak.”

The Fiend replied not, overcome with  
 rage;  
 But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty  
 on,  
 Chaumping his iron curb. To strive or  
 fly  
 He held it vain; awe from above had  
 quelled <sup>860</sup>  
 His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew  
 they nigh  
 The western point, where those half-round-  
 ing guards  
 Just met, and, closing, stood in squadron  
 joined,  
 Awaiting next command. To whom their  
 chief,  
 Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud:—  
 “O friends, I hear the tread of nimble  
 feet  
 Hastening this way, and now by glimpse dis-  
 cern  
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;  
 And with them comes a third, of regal port,  
 But faded splendour wan, who by his gait  
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of  
 Hell— <sup>871</sup>  
 Not likely to part hence without contest’.  
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”  
 He scarce had ended, when those two ap-  
 proached,  
 And brief related whom they brought,  
 where found,  
 How busied, in what form and posture  
 couched.  
 To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel  
 spake:—  
 “Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds  
 prescribed  
 To thy transgressions, and disturbed the  
 charge <sup>879</sup>  
 Of others, who approve not to transgress  
 By thy example, but have power and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
 Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and  
 those  
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in  
 bliss?”  
 To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous  
 brow:—  
 “Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem  
 of wise;  
 And such I held thee; but this question  
 asked  
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves  
 his pain?

Who would not, finding way, break loose  
 from Hell,  
 Though thither doomed? Thou wouldst  
 thyself, no doubt, <sup>890</sup>  
 And boldly venture to whatever place  
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst  
 hope to change  
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
 Dole with delight; which in this place I  
 sought:  
 To thee no reason, who know’st only good,  
 But evil hast not tried. And wilt object  
 His will who bound us? Let him surer  
 bar  
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance. Thus much what  
 was asked:  
 The rest is true; they found me where  
 they say; <sup>900</sup>  
 But that implies not violence or harm.”  
 Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel  
 moved,  
 Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied:—  
 “O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,  
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison  
 scaped,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them  
 wise  
 Or not who ask what boldness brought him  
 hither  
 Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell pre-  
 scribed!  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain <sup>910</sup>  
 However, and to scape his punishment!  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the  
 wrath,  
 Which thou incur’st by flying, meet thy  
 flight  
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back  
 to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better than no  
 pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provoked.  
 But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore  
 with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to  
 them  
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than  
 they  
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief,  
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou al-  
 leged <sup>921</sup>  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.”

To which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern:—

“Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel! well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed

And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before, 930  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves,  
From hard assays and ill successes past,  
A faithful leader—not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untried.

I, therefore, I alone, first undertook  
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy  
This new-created World, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air; 940  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord

High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.”

To whom the Warrior-Angel soon replied:—

“To say and straight unsay, pretending first

Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
Satan; and couldst thou ‘faithful’ add?

O name, 950

O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head!  
Was this your discipline and faith ingaged,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme?

And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem

Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored

Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope 960

To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
But mark what I areed thee now: Avaunt!  
Fly thither whence thou fleddest. If from this hour

Within these hallowed limits thou appear,  
Back to the Infernal Pit I drag thee chained,

And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn  
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred.”

So threatened he; but Satan to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, replied:—

“Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 970

Proud liminary Cherub! but ere then  
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King

Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Companions,  
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels

In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved.”

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright

Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns

Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980

Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind

Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands

Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves

Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:

His stature reached the sky, and on his crest

Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp

What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds 990

Might have ensued; nor only Paradise,  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the Elements  
At least, had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn

With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen

Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weighed,

The pendulous round Earth with balanced  
 air <sup>1000</sup>  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms. In these he put two  
 weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight:  
 The latter quick up flew, and kicked the  
 beam;  
 Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the  
 Fiend:—  
 “Satan, I know thy strength, and thou  
 know’st mine,  
 Neither our own, but given; what folly  
 then

To boast what arms can do! since thine no  
 more  
 Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though  
 doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire. For proof look  
 up, <sup>1010</sup>  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Where thou art weighed, and shown how  
 light, how weak  
 If thou resist.” The Fiend looked up, and  
 knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 Murmuring; and with him fled the shades  
 of Night.

## BOOK V

## THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her trou-  
 blesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they  
 come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn  
 at the door of their bower. God, to render Man inex-  
 cusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedi-  
 ence, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who  
 he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail  
 Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his  
 appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam  
 afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out  
 to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him  
 with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by  
 Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his  
 message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy;  
 relates, at Adam’s request, who that enemy is, and how  
 he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in  
 Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his  
 legions after him to the parts of the North, and there  
 incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only  
 Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and op-  
 poses him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern  
 clime  
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient  
 pearl,  
 When Adam waked, so customed; for his  
 sleep  
 Was aerie light, from pure digestion bred,  
 And temperate vapours bland, which the  
 only sound  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora’s fan,  
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on every bough. So much the  
 more  
 His wonder was to find unawakened Eve,  
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing <sup>10</sup>  
 cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest. He, on his side  
 Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial  
 love

Hung over her enamoured, and beheld  
 Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with  
 voice  
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whispered thus:—  
 “Awake,  
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heaven’s last, best gift, my ever-new de-  
 light!  
 Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh  
 field <sup>20</sup>  
 Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how  
 spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron  
 grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy  
 reed,  
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.”  
 Such whispering waked her, but with  
 startled eye  
 On Adam; whom imbracing, thus she  
 spake:—  
 “O sole in whom my thoughts find all  
 repose,  
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn returned; for I this  
 night <sup>30</sup>  
 (Such night till this I never passed) have  
 dreamed,  
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow’s next de-  
 sign;  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night. Me-  
 thought  
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to  
 walk



With gentle voice; I thought it thine. It  
 said,  
 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant  
 time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence  
 yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now  
 awake<sup>40</sup>  
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now  
 reigns  
 Full-orbed the moon, and, with more pleasant  
 light,  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things — in  
 vain,  
 If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his  
 eyes;  
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,  
 In whose sight all things joy, with rapture  
 ment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze?'  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:  
 To find thee I directed then my walk;  
 And on, methought, alone I passed through  
 ways<sup>50</sup>  
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
 Of interdicted Knowledge. Fair it seemed,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day;  
 And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood  
 One shaped and winged like one of those  
 from Heaven  
 By us oft seen: his dewy locks distilled  
 Ambrosia. On that Tree he also gazed;  
 And, 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit  
 surcharged,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy  
 sweet,  
 Nor God nor Man? Is knowledge so despised?'<sup>60</sup>  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offered good, why else set  
 here?'  
 This said, he paused not, but with ventrous  
 arm  
 He plucked, he tasted. Me damp horror  
 chilled  
 At such bold words vouched with a deed so  
 bold;  
 But he thus, overjoyed: 'O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus  
~~capt~~,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men!'<sup>70</sup>

And why not gods of men, since good, the  
 more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impaired, but honoured  
 more?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!  
 Partake thou also: happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not  
 be.  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the  
 gods  
 Thyself a goddess; not to Earth confined,  
 But sometimes in the Air, as we; sometimes  
 Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the gods live there, and such live  
 thou.'<sup>81</sup>  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held  
 part  
 Which he had plucked: the pleasant savoury  
 smell  
 So quickened appetite that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the  
 clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The Earth outstretched immense, a prospect  
 wide  
 And various. Wondering at my flight and  
 change  
 To this high exaltation, suddenly<sup>90</sup>  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk  
 down,  
 And fell asleep; but, O, how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her  
 night  
 Related, and thus Adam answered sad:—  
 "Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in  
 sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream — of evil sprung, I  
 fear;  
 Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour  
 none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve<sup>101</sup>  
 Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next  
 Her office holds; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, aerie shapes,  
 Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes<sup>110</sup>

To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in  
dreams,

Ill matching words and deeds long past or  
late.

Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange. Yet be not  
sad:

Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapproved, and  
leave

No spot or blame behind; which gives me  
hope

That what in sleep thou didst abhor to  
dream 120

Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not disheartened, then, nor cloud those  
looks,

That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the  
world;

And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the  
flowers,

That open now their choicest bosomed  
smells,

Reserved from night, and kept for thee in  
store."

So cheered he his fair spouse; and she  
was cheered,

But silently a gentle tear let fall 130  
From either eye, and wiped them with her  
hair:

Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they  
fell,

Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet re-  
morse

And pious awe, that feared to have of-  
fended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they  
haste.

But first, from under shady arborous roof  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun — who, scarce  
uprisen,

With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-  
brim, 140

Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,  
Discovering in wide lantskip all the east  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains —

Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
In various style; for neither various style

Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or  
sung

Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numer-  
ous verse, 150

More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
To add more sweetness. And they thus  
began: —

"These are thy glorious works, Parent  
of good,

Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous  
then!

Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these hea-  
vens

To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these de-  
clare

Thy goodness beyond thought, and power  
divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of  
Light, 160

Angels — for ye behold him, and with  
songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing — ye in Heaven;  
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without  
end.

Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smil-  
ing morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy  
sphere

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye  
and soul, 171

Acknowledge him thy Greater; sound his  
praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou  
climb'st,

And when high noon hast gained, and when  
thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now  
fiest,

With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that  
flies;

And ye five other wandering Fires, that  
move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise who out of Darkness called up  
Light.

Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless  
change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with  
gold,

In honour to the World's great Author  
rise;

Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured  
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling  
showers, <sup>190</sup>

Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye Winds, that from four quar-  
ters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,  
ye Pines,

With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his  
praise.

Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,  
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his  
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly  
creep, <sup>201</sup>

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his  
praise.

Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and, if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their  
thoughts

Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted  
calm. <sup>210</sup>

On to their morning's rural work they  
haste,

Among sweet dews and flowers, where any  
row

Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far  
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands  
to check

Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine  
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him  
twines

Her marriageable arms, and with her  
brings

Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employed  
beheld

With pity Heaven's high King, and to him  
called <sup>220</sup>

Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deigned  
To travel with Tobias, and secured  
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded  
maid.

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what  
stir on Earth

Satan, from Hell scaped through the dark-  
some Gulf,

Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturbed  
This night the human pair; how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go, therefore; half this day, as friend with  
friend,

Converse with Adam, in what bower or  
shade <sup>230</sup>

Thou find'st him from the heat of noon re-  
tired

To respite his day-labour with repast  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on

As may advise him of his happy state —  
Happiness in his power left free to will,

Left to his own free will, his will though  
free

Yet mutable. Whence warn him to be-  
ware

He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal  
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plot-  
ting now <sup>240</sup>

The fall of others from like state of bliss.

By violence? no, for that shall be with-  
stood;

But by deceit and lies. This let him know,  
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonished, unforewarned."

So spake the Eternal Father, and ful-  
filled

All justice. Nor delayed the winged Saint  
After his charge received; but from among

Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood  
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspring-  
ing light, <sup>250</sup>

Flew through the midst of Heaven. The  
angelic quires,

On each hand parting, to his speed gave  
way

Through all the empyreal road, till, at the  
gate

Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened  
wide,

On golden hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.  
From hence — no cloud or, to obstruct his  
sight,

Star interposed, however small — he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining globes,  
Earth, and the Garden of God, with cedars  
crowned <sup>260</sup>

Above all hills; as when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the Moon;  
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades  
Delos or Samos first appearing kens,  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in  
flight

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal  
sky

Sails between worlds and worlds, with  
steady wing

Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar  
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he  
seems <sup>271</sup>

A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
When, to enshrine his relics in the Sun's  
Bright temple, to Ægyptian Thebs he flies.  
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
A Seraph winged. Six wings he wore, to  
shade

His lineaments divine: the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er  
his breast

With regal ornament; the middle pair <sup>280</sup>  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy  
gold

And colours dipt in heaven; the third his  
feet

Shadowed from either heel with feathered  
mail,

Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he  
stood,

And shook his plumes, that heavenly fra-  
grance filled

The circuit wide. Straight knew him all  
the bands

Of Angels under watch, and to his state  
And to his message high in honour rise;  
For on some message high they guessed  
him bound. <sup>290</sup>

Their glittering tents he passed, and now  
is come

Into the blissful field, through groves of  
myrrh,

And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and  
balm,

A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
Wanted as in her prime, and played at  
will

Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more  
sweet,

Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

Him, through the spicy forest onward come,  
Adam discerned, as in the door he sat

Of his cool bower, while now the mounted  
Sun <sup>300</sup>

Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm  
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than  
Adam needs;

And Eve, within, due at her hour, prepared  
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from  
milky stream,

Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam  
called: —

“Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight,  
behold

Eastward among those trees what glorious  
Shape

Comes this way moving; seems another  
morn <sup>310</sup>

Risen on mid-noon. Some great behest  
from Heaven

To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
This day to be our guest. But go with  
speed,

And what thy stores contain bring forth,  
and pour

Abundance fit to honour and receive  
Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large be-  
stow

From large bestowed, where Nature multi-  
plies

Her fertile growth, and by disburdening  
grows

More fruitful; which instructs us not to  
spare.” <sup>320</sup>

To whom thus Eve: — “Adam, Earth's  
hallowed mould,

Of God inspired, small store will serve  
where store,

All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the  
stalk;

Save what, by frugal storing, firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.  
But I will haste, and from each bough and  
brake,

Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck  
such choice

To entertain our Angel-guest as he,  
Beholding, shall confess that here on Earth  
God hath dispensed his bounties as in  
Heaven. <sup>330</sup>

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order so contrived as not to mix  
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest  
change:

Bestirs her then, and from each tender  
stalk

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where <sup>340</sup>  
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in  
coat

Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk,  
or shell,

She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink  
the grape

She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels  
pressed

She tempers dulcet creams — nor these to  
hold

Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews  
the ground

With rose and odours from the shrub un-  
fumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to  
meet <sup>350</sup>

His godlike guest, walks forth, without  
more train

Accompanied than with his own complete  
Perfections; in himself was all his state,  
More solemn than the tedious pomp that  
waits

On princes, when their rich retinue long  
Of horses led and grooms besmeared with  
gold

Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.  
Nearer his presence, Adam, though not  
awed,

Yet with submissive approach and reverence  
meek,

As to a superior nature, bowing low, <sup>360</sup>  
Thus said: — “Native of Heaven (for  
other place

None can than Heaven such glorious Shape  
contain),

Since, by descending from the Thrones  
above,

Those happy places thou hast deigned a  
while

To want, and honour these, voutsafe with  
us,

Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shady  
bower

To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.” <sup>370</sup>

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answered  
mild: —

“Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou  
such

Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of  
Heaven,

To visit thee. Lead on, then, where thy  
bower

O’ershades; for these mid-hours, till even-  
ing rise,

I have at will.” So to the sylvan lodge  
They came, that like Pomona’s arbour  
smiled,

With flowerets decked and fragrant smells.  
But Eve,

Undecked, save with herself, more lovely  
fair <sup>380</sup>

Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess  
feigned

Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven;  
no veil

She needed, virtue-proof; no thought in firm  
Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel  
“Hail!”

Bestowed — the holy salutation used  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve: —

“Hail! Mother of mankind, whose fruit-  
ful womb

Shall fill the world more numerous with  
thy sons

Than with these various fruits the trees of  
God <sup>390</sup>

Have heaped this table!” Raised of grassy  
turf

Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
And on her ample square, from side to side,  
All Autumn piled, though Spring and Au-  
tumn here

Danced hand-in-hand. A while discourse  
they hold —

No fear lest dinner cool — when thus began

Our Author: — "Heavenly Stranger, please  
to taste  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from  
whom  
All perfect good, unmeasured-out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caused  
The Earth to yield: unsavoury food, per-  
haps, 401  
To Spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
That one Celestial Father gives to all."  
To whom the Angel: — "Therefore, what  
he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in  
part  
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
No ingrateful food: and food alike those  
pure  
Intelligent substances require  
As doth your Rational; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty 410  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell,  
touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created needs  
To be sustained and fed. Of Elements  
The grosser feeds the purer: Earth the  
Sea;  
Earth and the Sea feed Air; the Air those  
Fires  
Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the Moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots,  
unpurged, 419  
Vapours not yet into her substance turned.  
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher Orbs.  
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimental recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Supps with the Ocean. Though in Heaven  
the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
Yield nectar — though from off the boughs  
each morn  
We brush mellifluous dew and find the  
ground  
Covered with pearly grain — yet God hath  
here 430  
Varied his bounty so with new delights  
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice." So down they  
sat,  
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
The Angel, nor in mist — the common gloss  
Of theologians — but with keen dispatch

Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
To transubstantiate: what redounds trans-  
pires  
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if  
by fire  
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchemist 440  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table  
Eve  
Ministered naked, and their flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crowned. O inno-  
cence  
Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,  
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have  
been  
Enamoured at that sight. But in those  
hearts  
Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injured lover's hell. 450  
Thus when with meats and drinks they  
had sufficed,  
Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose  
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,  
Given him by this great conference, to know  
Of things above his world, and of their be-  
ing  
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he  
saw  
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant  
forms,  
Divine effulgence, whose high power so  
far  
Exceeded human; and his wary speech 459  
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed: —  
"Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man;  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsafed  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so  
As that more willingly thou couldst not  
seem  
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet  
what compare!"  
To whom the winged Hierarch re-  
plied: —  
"O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470  
If not depraved from good, created all  
Such to perfection; one first matter all,  
Indued with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and, in things that live, of  
life;  
But more refined, more spiritous and pure,  
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending

Each in their several active spheres assigned,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportioned to each kind. So from the  
 root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence  
 the leaves 480  
 More aerie, last the bright consummate  
 flower  
 Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their  
 fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sub-  
 limed,  
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual; give both life and sense,  
 Fancy and understanding; whence the Soul  
 Reason receives, and Reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or Intuitive: Discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours, 489  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
 Wonder not, then, what God for you saw  
 good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance. Time may come  
 when Men  
 With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;  
 And from these corporal nutriments, per-  
 haps,  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improved by tract of time, and winged  
 ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
 Here or in heavenly paradises dwell, 500  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire  
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy,  
 Your fill, what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more."  
 To whom the Patriarch of Mankind re-  
 plied:—  
 "O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might  
 direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature  
 set  
 From centre to circumference, whereon, 510  
 In contemplation of created things,  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joined, *If ye be  
 found*  
*Obedient?* Can we want obedience, then,  
 To him, or possibly his love desert,  
 Who formed us from the dust, and placed  
 us here

Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the Angel:—"Son of Heaven  
 and Earth,

Attend! That thou art happy, owe to  
 God; 520

That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution given thee; be ad-  
 vised.

God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee; but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power—ordained thy  
 will

By nature free, not over-ruled by fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.

Our voluntary service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated. Such with him 530  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
 Can hearts not free be tried whether they  
 serve

Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other choose?  
 Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that  
 stand

In sight of God enthroned, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience  
 holds.

On other surety none: freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall. 540  
 And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,  
 And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O  
 fall

From what high state of bliss into what  
 woe!"

To whom our great Progenitor:—"Thy  
 words

Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring  
 hills

Aërial music send. Nor knew I not  
 To be, both will and deed, created free.

Yet that we never shall forget to love 550  
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assured me, and still assure; though what  
 thou tell'st

Hath passed in Heaven some doubt within  
 me move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation, which must needs be  
 strange,

Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.

And we have yet large day, for scarce the  
Sun

Hath finished half his journey, and scarce  
begins

His other half in the great zone of hea-  
ven," 560

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,  
After short pause assenting, thus began:—

"High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime  
of Men—

Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate  
To human sense the invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits? how, without remorse,  
The ruin of so many, glorious once  
And perfect while they stood? how, last,  
unfold

The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good 570  
This is dispensed; and what surmounts the  
reach

Of human sense I shall delineate so,  
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best—though what  
if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things  
therein

Each to other like more than on Earth is  
thought!

"As yet this World was not, and Chaos  
wild

Reigned where these heavens now rowl,  
where Earth now rests

Upon her centre poised, when on a day  
(For Time, though in Eternity, applied 580  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past, and future), on such day  
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the  
empyrean host

Of Angels, by imperial summons called,  
Innumerable before the Almighty's throne  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven ap-  
peared

Under their hierarchs in orders bright.  
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high ad-  
vanced,

Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and  
rear

Stream in the air, and for distinction  
serve 590

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
Or in their glittering tissues bear emblazed  
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,

By whom in bliss imbosomed sat the Son,  
Amidst, as from a flaming Mount, whose  
top

Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:  
"Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of  
Light, 600

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vir-  
tues, Powers,

Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall  
stand!

This day I have begot whom I declare  
My only Son, and on this holy hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand. Your head I him ap-  
point,

And by myself have sworn to him shall  
bow

All kneels in Heaven, and shall confess him  
Lord.

Under his great vicegerent reign abide,  
United as one individual soul, 610  
For ever happy. Him who disobeys

Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day,  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep ingulfed, his place  
Ordained without redemption, without end.'

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his  
words

All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but  
were not all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill—  
Mystical dance, which yonder starry  
sphere 620

Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels  
Resembles nearest; mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most when most irregular they seem;  
And in their motions harmony divine  
So smooths her charming tones that God's  
own ear

Listens delighted. Evening now approached  
(For we have also our evening and our  
morn—

We ours for change delectable, not need);  
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they  
turn 630

Desirous: all in circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
With Angels' food; and rubied nectar flows  
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Hea-  
ven.

On flowers reposed, and with fresh flower-  
ets crowned,



They eat, they drink, and in communion  
sweet

Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who  
showered 640

With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
Now when ambrosial Night, with clouds  
exhaled

From that high mount of God whence light  
and shade

Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven  
had changed

To grateful twilight (for Night comes not  
there

In darker veil), and roseate dews disposed  
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
Wide over all the plain, and wider far

Than all this globous Earth in plain out-  
spread

(Such are the Courts of God), the Angelic  
throng, 650

Dispersed in bands and files, their camp  
extend

By living streams among the trees of life —  
Pavilions numberless and sudden reared,  
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,  
Fanned with cool winds; save those who, in  
their course,

Melodious hymns about the sovran Throne  
Alternate all night long. But not so waked  
Satan — so call him now; his former name  
Is heard no more in Heaven. He, of the  
first,

If not the first Archangel, great in  
power, 660

In favour, and preëminence, yet fraught  
With envy against the Son of God, that  
day

Honoured by his great Father, and pro-  
claimed

Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,  
Through pride, that sight, and thought him-  
self impaired.

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky  
hour

Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved  
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
Unworshipped, unbeyed, the Throne su-  
preme, 670

Contemptuous, and, his next subordinate  
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake: —

“Sleep’st thou, companion dear? what  
sleep can close

Thy eyelids? and rememberest what de-  
cree,

Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips  
Of Heaven’s Almighty? Thou to me thy  
thoughts

Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to  
impart;

Both waking we were one; how, then, can  
now

Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest  
imposed;

New laws from him who reigns new minds  
may raise 680

In us who serve — new counsels, to de-  
bate

What doubtful may ensue. More in this  
place

To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
Of all those myriads which we lead the  
chief;

Tell them that, by command, ere yet dim  
Night

Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to  
haste,

And all who under me their banners wave,  
Homeward with flying march where we  
possess

The Quarters of the North, there to pre-  
pare

Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690

The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’

“So spake the false Archangel, and in-  
fused

Bad influence into the unwary breast

Of his associate. He together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,

Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,  
That, the Most High commanding, now ere  
Night,

Now ere dim Night had disincumbered  
Heaven, 700

The great hierarchal standard was to  
move;

Tells the suggested cause, and casts be-  
tween

Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integrity. But all obeyed

The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of their great Potentate; for great indeed

His name, and high was his degree in Hea-  
ven:

His countenance, as the morning-star that  
guides

The starry flock, allured them, and with  
lies

Drew after him the third part of Heaven's  
host.

Meanwhile, the Eternal Eye, whose sight  
discerns <sup>710</sup>

Abstruse thoughts, from forth his holy  
Mount,

And from within the golden Lamps that  
burn

Nightly before him, saw without their  
light

Rebellion rising — saw in whom, how  
spread

Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high decree;

And, smiling, to his only Son thus said: —

“‘Son, thou in whom my glory I behold

In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,

Nearly it now concerns us to be sure <sup>721</sup>

Of our Omnipotence, and with what arms

We mean to hold what anciently we claim

Of deity or empire: such a foe

Is rising, who intends to erect his throne

Equal to ours, throughout the spacious

North;

Nor so content, bath in his thought to try

In battle what our power is or our right.

Let us advise, and to this hazard draw

With speed what force is left, and all im-  
ploy <sup>730</sup>

In our defence, lest unawares we lose

This our high place, our Sanctuary, our

Hill.’

“To whom the Son, with calm aspect’ and

clear

Lightening divine, ineffable, serene,

Made answer: — ‘Mighty Father, thou thy

foes

Justly hast in derision, and secure

Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults

vain —

Matter to me of glory, whom their hate

Illustrates, when they see all regal power

Given me to quell their pride, and in event

Know whether I be dextrous to subdue <sup>741</sup>

Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Hea-  
ven.’

“So spake the Son; but Satan with his

Powers

Far was advanced on wingèd speed, an host

Innumerable as the stars of night,

Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the

sun

Impearls on every leaf and every flower.

Regions they passed, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones

In their triple degrees — regions to which

All thy dominion, Adam, is no more <sup>751</sup>

Than what this garden is to all the earth

And all the sea, from one entire globose

Stretched into longitude; which having

passed,

At length into the limits of the North

They came, and Satan to his royal seat

High on a hill, far-blazing, as a mount

Raised on a mount, with pyramids and

towers

From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of

gold —

The palace of great Lucifer (so call <sup>760</sup>

That structure, in the dialect of men

Interpreted) which, not long after, he,

Affecting all equality with God,

In imitation of that mount whereon

Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,

The Mountain of the Congregation called;

For thither he assembled all his train,

Pretending so commanded to consult

About the great reception of their King

Thither to come, and with calumnious art

Of counterfeited truth thus held their

ears: — <sup>771</sup>

“‘Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,

Virtues, Powers —

If these magnific titles yet remain

Not merely titular, since by decree

Another now hath to himself ingrossed

All power, and us eclipsed under the name

Of King Anointed; for whom all this haste

Of midnight march, and hurried meeting

here,

This only to consult, how we may best,

With what may be devised of honours

new, <sup>780</sup>

Receive him coming to receive from us

Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!

Too much to one! but double how en-  
dured —

To one and to his image now proclaimed?

But what if better counsels might erect

Our minds, and teach us to cast off this

yoke!

Will ye submit your necks, and choose to

bend

The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust

To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves

Natives and Sons of Heaven possessed be-  
fore <sup>790</sup>

By none, and, if not equal all, yet free,

Equally free; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason, then, or right, assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals — if in power and splendour  
 less,

In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our  
 Lord,

And look for adoration, to the abuse 800  
 Of those imperial titles which assert  
 Our being ordained to govern, not to  
 serve!’

“Thus far his bold discourse without  
 control

Had audience, when, among the Seraphim,  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal  
 adored

The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus opposed:—

“O argument blasphemous, false, and  
 proud—

Words which no ear ever to hear in Hea-  
 ven 810

Expected; least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers!  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounced and  
 sworn,

That to his only Son, by right endued  
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour  
 due

Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou  
 say’st,

Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820  
 One over all with unsucceeded power!  
 Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou  
 dispute

With Him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and formed the Powers  
 of Heaven

Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their  
 being?

Yet, by experience taught, we know how  
 good,

And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident, he is—how far from  
 thought

To make us less; bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state, under one Head more  
 near 830

United. But—to grant it thee unjust  
 That equal over equals monarch reign—  
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost  
 thou count,

Or all angelic nature joined in one,  
 Equal to him, begotten Son, by whom,  
 As by his Word, the mighty Father made  
 All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of  
 Heaven

By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crowned them with glory, and to their  
 glory named

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vir-  
 tues, Powers?— 840

Essential Powers; nor by his reign ob-  
 scured,

But more illustrious made; since he, the  
 head,

One of our number thus reduced becomes;  
 His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease, then, this im-  
 pious rage,

And tempt not these; but hasten to ap-  
 pease

The incensed Father and the incensed Son  
 While pardon may be found, in time be-  
 sought.’

“So spake the fervent Angel; but his  
 zeal 849

None seconded, as out of season judged,  
 Or singular and rash. Whereat rejoiced  
 The Apostat, and, more haughty, thus  
 replied:—

“That we were formed, then, say’st  
 thou? and the work

Of secondary hands, by task transferred  
 From Father to his Son? Strange point  
 and new!

Doctrine which we would know whence  
 learned! Who saw

When this creation was? Remember’st  
 thou

Thy making, while the Maker gave thee  
 being?

We know no time when we were not as  
 now;

Know none before us, self-begot, self-  
 raised 860

By our own quickening power when fatal  
 course

Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heaven, Ethereal Sons.  
 Our puissance is our own; our own right  
 hand

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try

Who is our equal. Then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt the Almighty  
Throne

Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings, carry to the Anointed King;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.' 871

"He said; and, as the sound of waters  
deep,

Hoarse murmur echoed to his words ap-  
plause

Through the infinite Host. Nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph, fearless, though alone,  
Encompassed round with foes, thus an-  
swered bold:—

"O alienate from God, O Spirit ac-  
cursed,

Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall  
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
Both of thy crime and punishment. Hence-  
forth 881

No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
Of God's Messiah. Those indulgent laws  
Will not be now voutsafed; other decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recall;  
That golden sceptre which thou didst re-  
ject

Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst ad-  
vise;

Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wraith  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame, 891  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learn  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt  
know.'

"So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful  
found;

Among the faithless faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unfrighted,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his con-  
stant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth  
he passed,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he  
sustained

Superior, nor of violence feared aught;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turned  
On those proud towers, to swift destruction  
doomed."

## BOOK VI

### THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night. He calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

"ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpur-  
sued,

Through Heaven's wide champaign held  
his way, till Morn,

Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy  
hand

Unbarred the gates of Light. There is a  
cave

Within the Mount of God, fast by his  
Throne,

Where Light and Darkness in perpetual  
round

Lodge and dislodge by turns— which makes  
through Heaven

Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;  
Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour  
To veil the heaven, though darkness there  
might well 11

Seem twilight here. And now went forth  
the Morn

Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold  
Empyrean; from before her vanished Night,  
Shot through with orient beams; when all  
the plain

Covered with thick embattled squadrons  
bright,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery  
steeds,

Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his  
view.

War he perceived, war in procinct, and  
found

Already known what he for news had  
thought<sup>20</sup>

To have reported. Gladly then he mixed  
Among those friendly Powers, who him re-  
ceived

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriads fallen yet one,  
Returned not lost. On to the sacred Hill  
They led him, high applauded, and present  
Before the Seat supreme; from whence a  
voice,

From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was  
heard:—

“‘Servant of God, well done! Well  
hast thou fought

The better fight, who single hast main-  
tained<sup>30</sup>

Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in  
arms,

And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care—  
To stand approved in sight of God, though  
worlds

Judged thee perverse. The easier con-  
quest now

Remains thee—aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Than scorned thou didst depart; and to  
subdue<sup>40</sup>

By force who reason for their law refuse—  
Right reason for their law, and for their  
King

Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
And thou, in military prowess next,  
Gabriel; lead forth to battle these my sons  
Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,  
By thousands and by millions ranged for  
fight,

Equal in number to that godless crew  
Rebellious. Them with fire and hostile  
arms<sup>50</sup>

Fearless assault; and, to the brow of Hea-  
ven

Pursuing, drive them out from God and  
bliss

Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.’

“So spake the Sovran Voice; and clouds  
began

To darken all the Hill, and smoke to rowl  
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign

Of wrauth awaked; nor with less dread the  
loud

Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow.  
At which command the Powers Militant<sup>60</sup>  
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate  
joined

Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds  
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream,  
divides<sup>70</sup>

Their perfect ranks; for high above the  
ground

Their march was, and the passive air up-  
bore  
Their nimble tread. As when the total  
kind

Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summoned over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of Heaven they marched, and many a pro-  
vince wide,

Tenfold the length of this terrene. At  
last,

Far in the horizon, to the north, appeared  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched  
In battalious aspect; and, nearer view,<sup>80</sup>  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and  
shields

Various, with boastful argument portrayed,  
The banded Powers of Satan hasting on  
With furious expedition: for they weened  
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,  
To win the Mount of God, and on his  
Throne

To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer. But their thoughts proved fond  
and vain<sup>90</sup>

In the mid-way; though strange to us it  
seemed

At first that Angel should with Angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to  
meet

So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the  
shout

Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a God,

The Apostat in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
 Idol of majesty divine, enclosed<sup>101</sup>  
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne —  
     for now

'Twixt host and host but narrow space was  
 left,

A dreadful interval, and front to front  
 Presented stood, in terrible array  
 Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,  
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides ad-  
     vanced,

Came towering, armed in adamant and  
 gold.<sup>110</sup>

Abdiel that sight endured not, where he  
 stood

Among the mightiest, bent on highest  
 deeds,

And thus his own undaunted heart ex-  
 plores: —

“O Heaven! that such resemblance of  
 the Highest

Should yet remain, where faith and realty  
 Remain not! Wherefore should not  
 strength and might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest  
 prove

Where boldest, though to sight unconquer-  
 able?

His puissiance, trusting in the Almighty's  
 aid,<sup>119</sup>

I mean to try, whose reason I have tried  
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just  
 That he who in debate of truth hath won  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor. Though brutish that contest' and  
     foul,

When reason hath to deal with force, yet  
 so

Most reason is that reason overcome.'

“So pondering, and from his armed  
 peers

Forth-stepping opposite, half-way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied: —

“Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was  
 to have reached<sup>131</sup>

The highth of thy aspiring unopposed —  
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his  
     side

Abandoned at the terror of thy power  
 Or potent tongue. Fool! not to think how  
     vain

Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;

Who, out of smallest things, could without  
 end

Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand,  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,<sup>140</sup>  
 Unaided could have finished thee, and  
     whelmed

Thy legions under darkness! But thou  
 seest

All are not of thy train; there be who  
 faith

Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible when I alone

Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all: my Sect thou seest; now learn  
     too late

How few sometimes may know when thou-  
 sands err.'

“Whom the grand Foe, with scornful  
 eye askance,

Thus answered: — 'Ill for thee, but in  
 wished hour<sup>150</sup>

Of my revenge, first sought for, thou re-  
 turn'st

From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay

Of this right hand provoked, since first that  
 tongue,

Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose  
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met

Their deities to assert: who, while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou  
     com'st

Before thy fellows, ambitious to win<sup>160</sup>  
 From me some plume, that thy success may  
     show

Destruction to the rest. This pause be-  
 tween

(Unanswered lest thou boast) to let thee  
 know. —

At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven  
 To heavenly souls had been all one; but  
     now

I see that most through sloth had rather  
 serve,

Ministering Spirits, trained up in feast and  
 song:

Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of  
 heaven —

Servility with freedom to contend,

As both their deeds compared this day  
     shall prove.<sup>170</sup>

“To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern  
 replied: —

'Apostat ! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find

Of erring, from the path of truth remote.  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude —

To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebelled

Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, <sup>180</sup>

Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled;  
Yet lowly dar'st our ministering upbraid.  
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve

In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed.

Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile,

From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,

This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,

Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell <sup>190</sup>

On the proud crest of Satan that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,

Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge  
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee

His massy spear upstayed: as if, on earth,  
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,

Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,

Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized

The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see  
Thus foiled their mightiest; ours joy filled, and shout, <sup>200</sup>

Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound  
The Archangel trumpet. Through the vast of Heaven

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosannah to the Highest; nor stood at gaze

The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined  
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now

Was never; arms on armour clashing  
brayed

Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise <sup>211</sup>

Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire  
So under fiery cope together rushed  
Both battles main with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven  
Resounded; and, had Earth been then, all Earth

Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when

Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought <sup>220</sup>

On either side, the least of whom could wield

These elements, and arm him with the force

Of all their regions ? How much more of power

Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;

Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heaven high over-ruled

And limited their might, though numbered such

As each divided legion might have seemed  
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand <sup>231</sup>

A legion ! Led in fight, yet leader seemed  
Each warrior single as in chief; expert

When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway

Of battle, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim war. No thought of flight,

None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear; each on himself relied

As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame <sup>240</sup>  
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread

That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground

A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,

Tormented all the air; all air seemed then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale  
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day

Prodigious power had shown, and met in  
arms

No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote,  
and felled 250

Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed  
sway

Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came  
down

Wide-wasting. Such destruction to with-  
stand

He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference. At his approach  
The great Archangel from his warlike toil  
Surceased, and, glad, as hoping here to end  
Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe sub-  
dued,

Or captive dragged in chains, with hostile  
frown 260

And visage all inflamed, first thus be-  
gan:—

“ ‘Author of Evil, unknown till thy re-  
volt,

Unnamed in Heaven, now plenteous as thou  
seest

These acts of hateful strife—hateful to  
all,

Though heaviest, by just measure, on thy-  
self

And thy adherents—how hast thou dis-  
turbed

Heaven’s blessed peace, and into Nature  
brought

Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instilled

Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
And faithful, now proved false! But think

not here 271

To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee  
out

From all her confines; Heaven, the seat of  
bliss,

Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
Hence, then, and Evil go with thee along,

Thy offspring, to the place of Evil, Hell—  
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle

broils!

Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance, winged

from God,

Precipitate thee with augmented pain.’ 280

“So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom  
thus

The Adversary:—‘Nor think thou with  
wind

Of airy threats to awe whom yet with  
deeds

Thou canst not. Hast thou turned the  
least of these

To fight—or, if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquished—easier to transact with me  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and  
with threats

To chase me hence? Err not that so shall  
end

The strife which thou call’st evil, but we  
style

The strife of glory; which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell 291  
Thou fablest; here, however, to dwell free,  
If not to reign. Meanwhile, thy utmost  
force—

And join Him named Almighty to thy  
aid—

I fly not, but have sought thee far and  
nigh.’

“They ended parle, and both addressed  
for fight

Unspeakable; for who, though with the  
tongue

Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such highth 300

Of godlike power? for likest gods they  
seemed,

Stood they or moved, in stature, motion,  
arms,

Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the

air

Made horrid circles; two broad suns their  
shields

Blazed opposite, while Expectation stood  
In horror; from each hand with speed re-  
tired,

Where erst was thickest fight, the Angelic  
throng,

And left large field, unsafe within the  
wind 309

Of such commotion: such as (to set forth  
Great things by small) if, Nature’s concord

broke,

Among the constellations war were sprung,  
Two planets, rushing from aspect’ malign

Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
Should combat, and their jarring spheres

confound.

Together both, with next to almighty arm



Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed  
 That might determine, and not need repeat  
 As not of power, at once; nor odds ap-  
 peared  
 In might or swift prevention. But the  
 sword <sup>320</sup>  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was given him tempered so that neither  
 keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to  
 smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor  
 stayed,  
 But, with swift wheel reverse, deep enter-  
 ing, shared  
 All his right side. Then Satan first knew  
 pain,  
 And writhed him to and fro convolved; so  
 sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Passed through him. But the ethereal sub-  
 stance closed, <sup>330</sup>  
 Not long divisible; and from the gash  
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing  
 flowed  
 Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stained, erewhile so  
 bright.  
 Forthwith, on all sides, to his aid was run  
 By Angels many and strong, who inter-  
 posed  
 Defence, while others bore him on their  
 shields  
 Back to his chariot where it stood retired  
 From off the files of war: there they him  
 laid  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and  
 shame <sup>340</sup>  
 To find himself not matchless, and his  
 pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he healed; for Spirits, that live  
 throughout  
 Vital in every part — not, as frail Man,  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins —  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all  
 ear, <sup>350</sup>  
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape,  
 or size

Assume, as likes them best, condense or  
 rare.  
 “Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds  
 deserved  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel  
 fought,  
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep  
 array  
 Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,  
 And at his chariot-wheels to drag him  
 bound  
 Threatened, nor from the Holy One of  
 Heaven  
 Refrained his tongue blasphemous, but  
 anon, <sup>360</sup>  
 Down cloven to the waist, with shattered  
 arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each  
 wing  
 Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge and in a rock of diamond  
 armed,  
 Vanquished — Adramelech and Asmadai,  
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than  
 Gods  
 Disdained, but meaner thoughts learned in  
 their flight,  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate  
 and mail.  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
 Ariel, and Arioeh, and the violence <sup>371</sup>  
 Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, over-  
 threw.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their  
 names  
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in Hea-  
 ven,  
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous and in acts of  
 war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancelled from Heaven and sacred mem-  
 ory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell  
 For strength from truth divided, and from  
 just, <sup>381</sup>  
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks  
 fame:  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom!  
 “And now, their mightiest quelled, the  
 “battle swerved,

With many an inroad gored; deformed  
 rout

Entered, and foul disorder; all the ground  
 With shivered armour strown, and on a  
 heap

Chariot and charioteer lay overturned, 390  
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood re-  
 coiled,

O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic  
 host,

Defensive scarce, or with pale fear sur-  
 prised —

Then first with fear surprised and sense of  
 pain —

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.

Far otherwise the inviolable Saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed; 400

Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes — not to have  
 sinned,

Not to have disobeyed; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained

By wound, though from their place by vio-  
 lence moved.

“Now Night her course began, and, over  
 Heaven

Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
 And silence on the odious din of war.

Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
 Victor and vanquished. On the foughten  
 field 410

Michael and his Angels, prevalent  
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches  
 round,

Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,  
 Satan with his rebellious disappeared,  
 Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,

His Potentates to council called by night,  
 And in the midst thus undismayed be-  
 gan: —

“O now in danger tried, now known in  
 arms

Not to be overpowered, companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone — 420

Too mean pretence — but, what we more  
 affect,

Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;  
 Who have sustained one day in doubtful  
 fight

(And, if one day, why not eternal days?)  
 What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to  
 send

Against us from about his Throne, and  
 judged

Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till  
 now

Omniscient thought! True is, less firmly  
 armed, 430

Some disadvantage we endured, and pain—  
 Till now not known, but, known, as soon  
 contemned;

Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,

Imperishable, and, though pierced with  
 wound,

Soon closing, and by native vigour healed.  
 Of evil, then, so small as easy think

The remedy: perhaps more valid arms, 438  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,

May serve to better us and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,

In nature none. If other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve

Unhurt our minds, and understanding  
 sound,

Due search and consultation will disclose.  
 “He sat; and in the assembly next up-  
 stood

Nisroch, of Principalities the prime.  
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight

Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
 And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering  
 spake: — 450

“Deliverer from new Lords, leader to  
 free

Enjoyment of our right as Gods! yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work, we find

Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpained, impassive; from which  
 evil

Ruin must needs ensue. For what avails  
 Valour or strength, though matchless,  
 quelled with pain,

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the  
 hands

Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may  
 well

Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
 But live content — which is the calmest  
 life; 461

But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns

All patience. He who, therefore, can in-  
 vent

With what more forcible we may offend

Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

"Where to, with look composed, Satan  
replied: — <sup>469</sup>

'Not uninvited that, which thou aright  
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.  
Which of us who beholds the bright sur-  
face'

Of this ethereous mould whereon we  
stand —

This continent of spacious Heaven, adorned  
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems  
and gold —

Whose eye so superficially surveys  
These things as not to mind from whence  
they grow

Deep under ground: materials dark and  
crude,

Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched  
With Heaven's ray, and tempered, they  
shoot forth <sup>480</sup>

So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
These in their dark nativity the Deep  
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal  
flame;

Which, into hollow engines long and round  
Thick-rammed, at the other bore with touch  
of fire

Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
From far, with thundering noise, among  
our foes

Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have dis-  
armed <sup>490</sup>

The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor shall be our labour; yet ere  
dawn

Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile re-  
vive;

Abandon fear; to strength and counsel  
joined

Think nothing hard, much less to be de-  
spaired.'

"He ended; and his words their droop-  
ing cheer

Enlightened, and their languished hope re-  
vived.

The invention all admired, and each how  
he

To be the inventor missed; so easy it  
seemed,

Once found, which yet unfound most would  
have thought <sup>500</sup>

Impossible! Yet, haply, of thy race,  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired  
With devilish machination, might devise  
Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
Fortwith from council to the work they  
flew;

None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
Were ready; in a moment up they turned  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath <sup>510</sup>

The originals of Nature in their crude  
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle  
art

Concocted and adusted, they reduced  
To blackest grain, and into store conveyed.  
Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this  
Earth

Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
Whereof to found their engines and their  
balls

Of missive ruin; part incentive reed <sup>519</sup>  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.

So all ere day-spring, under conscious  
Night,

Secret they finished, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection, unespied.

"Now, when fair Morn orient in Heaven  
appeared,

Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung. In arms they  
stood

Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded; others from the dawning  
hills

Looked round, and scouts each coast light-  
armed scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, <sup>530</sup>  
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for  
fight,

In motion or in halt. Him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion: back with speediest  
sail

Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus  
cried: —

"Arm, Warriors, arm for fight! The  
foe at hand,

Whom fled we thought, will save us long  
pursuit

This day; fear not his flight; so thick a  
cloud

He comes, and settled in his face I see <sup>540</sup>

Sad resolution and secure. Let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,  
Borne even or high; for this day will pour  
down,

If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with  
fire.

"So warned he them, aware themselves,  
and soon

In order, quit of all impediment. 548  
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,  
And onward move embattled: when, behold,  
Not distant far, with heavy pace the Foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish enginry, impaled  
On every side with shadowing squadrons  
deep,

To hide the fraud. At interview both  
stood

A while; but suddenly at head appeared  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding  
loud:—

"Vanguard, to right and left the front  
unfold, 558

That all may see who hate us how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:  
But that I doubt. However, witness  
Heaven!

Heaven, witness thou anon! while we dis-  
charge

Freely our part. Ye, who appointed stand,  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may  
hear.

"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he  
scarce

Had ended, when to right and left the  
front

Divided, and to either flank retired; 570  
Which to our eyes discovered, new and  
strange,

A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels (for like to pillars most they  
seemed,

Or hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,  
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain  
felled),

Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their  
mouths

With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed

Stood waving tip with fire; while we, sus-  
pense, 580

Collected stood within our thoughts amused.  
Not long! for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven  
appeared,

From those deep-throated engines belched,  
whose roar

Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts  
and hail 589

Of iron globes; which, on the Victor Host  
Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit none on their feet  
might stand,

Though standing else as rocks, but down  
they fell

By thousands, Angel on Archangel rowled,  
The sooner for their arms. Unarmed, they  
might

Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout;  
Nor served it to relax their serried files.

What should they do? If on they rushed,  
repulse 600

Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubled, would render them yet more de-  
spised,

And to their foes a laughter—for in view  
Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second tire  
Of thunder; back defeated to return  
They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their  
plight,

And to his mates thus in derision called:—

"O friends, why come not on these vic-  
tors proud?

Erewhile they fierce were coming; and,  
when we, 610

To entertain them fair with open front  
And breast (what could we more?), pro-  
pounded terms

Of composition, straight they changed their  
minds,

Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance. Yet for a dance  
they seemed

Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps  
For joy of offered peace. But I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result:

"To whom thus Belial, in like game-  
 some mood:—<sup>620</sup>  
 'Leader, the terms we sent were terms of  
 weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urged  
 home,  
 Such as we might perceive amused them  
 all,  
 And stumbled many. Who receives them  
 right  
 Had need from head to foot well under-  
 stand;  
 Not understood, this gift they have be-  
 sides—  
 They shew us when our foes walk not up-  
 right.'  
 "So they among themselves in pleasant  
 vein  
 Stood scoffing, highthened in their thoughts  
 beyond  
 All doubt of victory; Eternal Might<sup>630</sup>  
 To match with their inventions they pre-  
 sumed  
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
 And all his host derided, while they stood  
 A while in trouble. But they stood not  
 long;  
 Rage prompted them at length, and found  
 them arms  
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the  
 power,  
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels  
 placed!)  
 Their arms away they threw, and to the  
 hills<sup>630</sup>  
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heaven  
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)  
 Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran,  
 they flew;  
 From their foundations, loosening to and  
 fro,  
 They plucked the seated hills, with all  
 their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy  
 tops  
 Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel Host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they  
 saw  
 The bottom of the mountains upward  
 turned,  
 Till on those cursed engines' triple row<sup>650</sup>  
 They saw them whelmed, and all their  
 confidence

Under the weight of mountains buried  
 deep;  
 Themselves invaded next, and on their  
 heads  
 Main promontories flung, which in the air  
 Came shadowing, and oppressed whole le-  
 gions armed.  
 Their armour helped their harm, crushed  
 in and bruised,  
 Into their substance pent—which wrought  
 them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could  
 wind  
 Out of such prison, though Spirits of pur-  
 est light,<sup>660</sup>  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighbouring hills  
 uptore;  
 So hills amid the air encountered hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
 That underground they fought in dismal  
 shade:  
 Infernal noise! war seemed a civil game  
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heaped  
 Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
 Had not the Almighty Father, where he  
 sits<sup>671</sup>  
 Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised,  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honour his Anointed Son, avenged  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferred. Whence  
 to his Son,  
 The assessor of his throne, he thus be-  
 gan:—  
 "Efulgence of my glory, Son beloved,  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld<sup>681</sup>  
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second Omnipotence! two days are passed,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of Hea-  
 ven,  
 Since Michael and his Powers went forth  
 to tame  
 These disobedient. Sore hath been their  
 fight,  
 As likeliest was when two such foes met  
 armed:  
 For to themselves I left them; and thou  
 know'st

Equal in their creation they were  
 formed, <sup>690</sup>  
 Save what sin hath impaired — which yet  
 hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom:  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must  
 last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found.  
 War wearied hath performed what war can  
 do,  
 And to disordered rage let loose the reins,  
 With mountains, as with weapons, armed;  
 which makes  
 Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to  
 the main.  
 Two days are, therefore, passed; the third  
 is thine:  
 For thee I have ordained it, and thus far <sup>700</sup>  
 Have suffered, that the glory may be thine  
 Of ending this great war, since none but  
 thou  
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and  
 grace  
 Immense I have transfused, that all may  
 know  
 In Heaven and Hell thy power above com-  
 pare,  
 And this perverse commotion governed  
 thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things — to be Heir, and to be  
 King  
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
 Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's  
 might; <sup>710</sup>  
 Ascend my chariot; guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake Heaven's basis; bring forth all  
 my war;  
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms,  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant  
 thigh;  
 Pursue these Sons of Darkness, drive them  
 out  
 From all Heaven's bounds into the utter  
 Deep;  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to  
 despise  
 God, and Messiah his anointed King.  
 "He said, and on his Son with rays di-  
 rect  
 Shon full. He all his Father full ex-  
 pressed <sup>720</sup>  
 Ineffably into his face received;  
 And thus the Filial Godhead answering  
 spake: —

"O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly  
 Thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always  
 seek'st  
 To glorify thy Son; I always thee,  
 As is most just. This I my glory account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me, well pleased, declar'st thy  
 will  
 Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss,  
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume, <sup>730</sup>  
 And gladlier shall resign when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st.  
 But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can put  
 on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things: and shall soon,  
 Armed with thy might, rid Heaven of  
 these rebelled,  
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness and the undying  
 Worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could re-  
 volt, <sup>740</sup>  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy Saints, unmixed, and from  
 the impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy Mount,  
 Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them  
 chief.  
 "So said, He, o'er his sceptre bowing,  
 rose  
 From the right hand of Glory where He  
 sat;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
 Dawning through Heaven. Forth rushed  
 with whirlwind sound  
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, <sup>750</sup>  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel;  
 undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed  
 By four cherubic Shapes. Four faces each  
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies  
 all  
 And wings were set with eyes; with eyes  
 the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with  
 pure  
 Amber and colours of the showery arch.  
 He, in celestial panoply all armed <sup>760</sup>  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,

Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
 Sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his  
     bow,  
 And quiver, with three-bolted thunder  
 stored;  
 And from about him fierce effusion rowled  
 Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles  
 dire.  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand  
 Saints,  
 He onward came; far off his coming shon;  
 And twenty thousand (I their number  
     heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were  
 seen. 770  
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystallin sky, in saphir throned —  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
 First seen. Them unexpected joy sur-  
 prised  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed  
 Aloft, by Angels borne, his Sign in Heaven;  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced  
 His army, circumfused on either wing,  
 Under their Head embodied all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way pre-  
 pared; 780  
 At his command the uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and  
 went  
 Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face re-  
 newed,  
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley  
 smiled.  
 "This saw his hapless foes, but stood  
 obdured,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers,  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
 In Heavenly Spirits could such perverse-  
 ness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent? 790  
 They, hardened more by what might most  
 reclaim,  
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
 Took envy, and, aspiring to his highth,  
 Stood re-imbattled fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last; and now  
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight,  
 Or faint retreat: when the great Son of  
 God  
 To all his host on either hand thus  
 spake: — 800

"Stand still in bright array, ye Saints;  
     here stand,  
 Ye Angels armed; this day from battle rest.  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of  
     God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;  
 And, as ye have received, so have ye done,  
 Invincibly. But of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs;  
 Vengeance is his, or whose He sole ap-  
     points.  
 Number to this day's work is not ordained,  
 Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810  
 God's indignation on these godless poured  
 By me. Not you, but me, they have de-  
     spised,  
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, to whom in Heaven  
     supreme  
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,  
 Hath honoured me, according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath as-  
     signed,  
 That they may have their wish, to try with  
     me  
 In battle which the stronger proves — they  
     all,  
 Or I alone against them; since by  
     strength 820  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.  
 "So spake the Son, and into terror  
     changed  
 His countenance, too severe to be beheld,  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies  
 At once the Four spread out their starry  
     wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the  
     orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot rowled, as with the  
     sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830  
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as Night. Under his burning wheels  
 The steadfast Emphyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the Throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arrived, in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he  
     sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infixed  
 Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance  
     lost,  
 All courage; down their idle weapons  
     dropt;

O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads  
he rode 840

Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
That wished the mountains now might be  
again

Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living  
wheels,

Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye  
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious  
fire

Among the accursed, that withered all  
their strength, 850

And of their wonted vigour left them  
drained,

Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but  
checked

His thunder in mid-volley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Hea-  
ven.

The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,  
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pur-  
sued

With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, open-  
ing wide, 860

Rowled inward, and a spacious gap dis-  
closed

Into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous  
sight

Strook them with horror backward; but far  
worse

Urged them behind: headlong themselves  
they threw

Down from the verge of Heaven: eternal  
wrauth

Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

"Hell heard the unsufferable noise; Hell  
saw

Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would  
have fled

Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too  
deep

Her dark foundations, and too fast had  
bound. 870

Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos  
roared,

And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild Anarchy; so huge a rout

Incumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,

Yawning, received them whole, and or  
them closed —

Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon re-  
paired

Her mural breach, returning whence it  
rowled.

Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turned. 880

To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,

With jubilee advanced; and, as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order  
bright

Sung triumph, and him sung victorious  
King,

Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion  
given,

Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode,  
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the  
courts

And temple of his mighty Father throned  
On high; who into glory him received, 890  
Where now he sits at the right hand of  
bliss.

"Thus, measuring things in Heaven by  
things on Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st be-  
ware

By what is past, to thee I have revealed  
What might have else to human race been  
hid —

The discord which befell, and war in Hea-  
ven

Among the Angelic Powers, and the deep  
fall

Of those too high aspiring who rebelled 895  
With Satan: he who envies now thy state,

Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that, with him

Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st par-  
take

His punishment, eternal misery;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,

As a despite done against the Most High,  
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.

But listen not to his temptations; warn  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have  
heard,

By terrible example, the reward 910  
Of disobedience. Firm they might have  
stood,

Yet fell. Remember, and fear to trans-  
gress."



## BOOK VII

## THE ARGUMENT

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this World was first created: — that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that  
name  
If rightly thou art called, whose voice di-  
vine  
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasean wing!  
The meaning, not the name, I call; for  
thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-  
born,  
Before the hills appeared or fountain  
flowed,  
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst  
play;<sup>10</sup>  
In presence of the Almighty Father,  
pleased  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,  
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have pre-  
sumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy tempering. With like safety guided  
down,  
Return me to my native element;  
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as  
once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)  
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,  
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.<sup>20</sup>  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower  
bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Sphere.  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the  
pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, un-  
changed  
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil  
days,  
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed  
round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou

Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when  
Morn  
Purples the East. Still govern thou my  
song,<sup>30</sup>  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian  
Bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned  
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse  
defend  
Her son. So fail not thou who thee im-  
plores;  
For thou art heavenly, she an empty  
dream.  
Say, Goddess, what ensued when Ra-  
phael,<sup>40</sup>  
The affable Archangel, had forewarned  
Adam, by dire example, to beware  
Apostasy, by what befell in Heaven  
To those apostates, lest the like befall  
In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
Charged not to touch the interdicted Tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole  
command,  
So easily obeyed amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Though wandering. He, with his con-  
sorted Eve,<sup>50</sup>  
The story heard attentive, and was filled  
With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
Of things so high and strange — things to  
their thought  
So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,  
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,  
With such confusion; but the evil, soon  
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon re-  
pealed  
The doubts that in his heart arose; and,  
now<sup>60</sup>  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What nearer might concern him — how this  
World  
Of heaven and earth conspicuous first be-  
gan;  
When, and whereof, created; for what  
cause;  
What within Eden, or without, was done  
Before his memory — as one whose drouth,  
Yet scarce allayed, still eyes the current  
stream,

Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,

Proceeded thus to ask his Heavenly Guest:—

“Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,

Far differing from this World, thou hast revealed,

Divine Interpreter! by favour sent Down from the Empyrean to forewarn Us timely of what might else have been our loss,

Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;

For which to the infinitely Good we owe Immortal thanks, and his admonishment Receive with solemn purpose to observe Immutably his sovran will, the end Of what we are. But, since thou hast voutsafed

Gently, for our instruction, to impart Things above Earthly thought, which yet concerned

Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed, Deign to descend now lower, and relate What may no less perhaps avail us known— How first began this Heaven which we behold

Distant so high, with moving fires adorned Innumerable; and this which yields or fills All space, the ambient Air, wide inter-fused,

Imbracing round this florid Earth; what cause

Moved the Creator, in his holy rest Through all eternity, so late to build In Chaos; and, the work begun, how soon Absolved: if unforbid thou may'st unfold What we not to explore the secrets ask Of his eternal empire, but the more To magnify his works the more we know. And the great Light of Day yet wants to run

Much of his race, though steep. Suspense in heaven

Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,

And longer will delay, to hear thee tell His generation, and the rising birth Of Nature from the unapparent Deep: Or, if the Star of Evening and the Moon Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring

Silence, and Sleep listening to thee will watch;

Or we can bid his absence till thy song End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.”

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;

And thus the godlike Angel answered mild:—

“This also thy request, with caution asked,

Obtain; though to recount almighty works What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,

Or heart of man suffice to comprehend? Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve

To glorify the Maker, and infer Thee also happier, shall not be withheld Thy hearing. Such commission from above I have received, to answer thy desire Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain

To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope Things not revealed, which the invisible King,

Only Omniscient, hath suppressed in night, To none communicable in Earth or Heaven. Enough is left besides to search and know; But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less

Her temperance over appetite, to know In measure what the mind may well contain;

Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

“Know then that, after Lucifer from Heaven

(So call him, brighter once amidst the host Of Angels than that star the stars among) Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep

Into his place, and the great Son returned Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent Eternal Father from his Throne beheld Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:—

“At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought

All like himself rebellious; by whose aid This inaccessible high strength, the seat Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed, He trusted to have seized, and into fraud Drew many whom their place knows here no more.

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains

Number sufficient to possess her realms,  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent

With ministeries due and solemn rites.  
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150  
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven —  
My damage fondly deemed — I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another world; out of one man a race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tried,  
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and  
Heaven to Earth, 160  
One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of  
Heaven;

And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!  
My overshadowing Spirit and might with  
thee

I send along; ride forth, and bid the Deep  
Within appointed bounds be heaven and  
earth.

Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
Infinite; nor vacuous the space,  
Though I, uncircumscribed, myself re-  
tire, 170  
And put not forth my goodness, which is  
free

To act or not. Necessity and Chance  
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.

“So spake the Almighty; and to what  
he spake

His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive. 179  
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven  
When such was heard declared the Al-  
mighty's will.

Glory they sung to the Most High, good-  
will

To future men, and in their dwellings  
peace —

Glory to Him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
And the habitations of the just; to Him  
Glory and praise whose wisdom had or-  
dained

Good out of evil to create — instead  
Of Spirits malign, a better Race to bring

Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to worlds and ages infinite. 191

“So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile  
the Son

On his great expedition now appeared,  
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance  
crowned

Of majesty divine, sapience and love  
Immense; and all his Father in him shon.  
About his chariot numberless were poured  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots  
winged

From the armoury of God, where stand of  
old 200

Myriads, between two brazen mountains  
lodged

Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,  
Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,  
Attendant on their Lord. Heaven opened  
wide

Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
On Heavenly ground they stood, and from  
the shore 210

They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turned by furious  
winds

And surging waves, as mountains to as-  
sault

Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix  
the pole.

“‘Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou  
Deep, peace!’

Said then the omnific Word: ‘your discord  
end!’

Nor stayed; but, on the wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos and the World unborn; 220  
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his  
train

Followed in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his  
hand

He took the golden compasses, prepared  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created things.  
One foot he centred, and the other turned  
Round through the vast profundity ob-  
scure,

And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;<sup>230</sup>

This be thy just circumference, O World !'  
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,

Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound

Covered the Abyss; but on the watery calm  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,

And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,  
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged

The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,  
Adverse to life; then founded, then conglobed,<sup>239</sup>

Like things to like, the rest to several place  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

" 'Let there be Light !' said God; and forthwith Light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
Sprung from the Deep, and from her native East

To journey through the aery gloom began,  
Sphered in a radiant cloud — for yet the Sun

Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
Sojourned the while. God saw the Light was good;<sup>249</sup>

And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night,

He named. Thus was the first Day even and morn;

Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the celestial quires, when orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,  
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth. With joy and shout

The hollow universal orb they filled,  
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised

God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.<sup>260</sup>

" Again God said, 'Let there be firmament

Amid the waters, and let it divide  
The waters from the waters !' And God made

The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, elemental air, diffused  
In circuit to the uttermost convex

Of this great round — partition firm and sure,

The waters underneath from those above  
Dividing; for as Earth, so he the World  
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
Crystallin ocean, and the loud misrule<sup>271</sup>  
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:

And Heaven he named the Firmament.  
So even

And morning chorus sung the second Day.

" The Earth was formed, but, in the womb as yet

Of waters, embryo immature, involved,  
Appeared not; over all the face of Earth  
Main ocean flowed, not idle, but, with warm  
Prolific humour softening all her globe,<sup>281</sup>  
Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
Satiated with genial moisture; when God said,

' Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,  
Into one place, and let dry land appear !'  
Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky.  
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,

Capacious bed of waters. Thither they<sup>291</sup>  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowled,  
As drops on dust conglobing, from the dry:  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impressed

On the swift floods. As armies at the call  
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,

Wave rowling after wave, where way they found —

If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill;<sup>301</sup>

But they, or underground, or circuit wide  
With serpent error wandering, found their way,

And on the washy ooze deep channels wore:  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.

The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle

Of congregated waters he called Seas;  
 And saw that it was good, and said, 'Let  
 the Earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding  
 seed, <sup>320</sup>  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth !'  
 He scarce had said when the bare Earth,  
 till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden  
 flowered,  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these  
 scarce blown,  
 Forth flourished thick the clustering vine,  
 forth crept <sup>320</sup>  
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Imbattled in her field: add the humble  
 shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and  
 spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or  
 gemmed  
 Their blossoms. With high woods the hills  
 were crowned,  
 With tufts the valleys and each fountain-  
 side,  
 With borders long the rivers, that Earth  
 now  
 Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods  
 might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to  
 haunt <sup>330</sup>  
 Her sacred shades; though God had yet  
 not rained  
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the Earth a dewy  
 mist  
 Went up and watered all the ground, and  
 each  
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in the  
 Earth  
 God made, and every herb before it grew  
 On the green stem. God saw that it was  
 good;  
 So even and morn recorded the third Day.  
 "Again the Almighty spake, 'Let there  
 be Lights  
 High in the expanse of Heaven, to di-  
 vide <sup>340</sup>

The Day from Night; and let them be for  
 signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling  
 years;  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of heaven,  
 To give light on the Earth !' and it was so.  
 And God made two great Lights, great for  
 their use  
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night, alterne; and made the  
 Stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of heaven  
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the  
 day <sup>350</sup>  
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide. God  
 saw,  
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
 For, of celestial bodies, first the Sun  
 A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome  
 first,  
 Though of ethereal mould; then formed  
 the Moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,  
 And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a  
 field.  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and  
 placed <sup>360</sup>  
 In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
 Her gathered beams, great palace now of  
 Light.  
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
 And hence the morning planet gilds her  
 horns;  
 By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though, from human  
 sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was  
 seen, <sup>370</sup>  
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocond to run  
 His longitude through heaven's high-road;  
 the grey  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,  
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the  
 Moon,  
 But opposite in levelled west, was set,  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her  
 light  
 From him; for other light she needed none



Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters  
 thus  
 With Fish replenished, and the air with  
 Fowl,  
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth  
 Day.  
 "The sixth, and of Creation last, arose  
 With evening harps and matin; when God  
 said,  
 'Let the Earth bring forth soul living in  
 her kind,  
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of  
 the earth,  
 Each in their kind!' The Earth obeyed,  
 and, straight  
 Opening her fertil womb, teemed at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limbed and full-grown. Out of the ground  
 up rose,  
 As from his lair, the wild beast, where he  
 wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den —  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they  
 walked;  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green:  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once and in broad herds, up-  
 sprung.  
 The grassy clods now calved; now half ap-  
 peared  
 The tawny Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts — then springs, as broke  
 from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane;  
 the Ounce,  
 The Libbard, and the Tiger, as the Mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them  
 threw  
 In hillocks; the swift Stag from under-  
 ground  
 Bore up his branching head; scarce from  
 his mould  
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
 His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleat-  
 ing rose,  
 As plants; ambiguous between sea and  
 land,  
 The River-horse and scaly Crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the  
 ground,  
 Insect or worm. Those waved their limber  
 fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries decked of summer's  
 pride,

With spots of gold and purple, azure and  
 green;  
 These as a line their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace:  
 not all  
 Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, in-  
 volved  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First  
 crept  
 The parsimonious Emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart en-  
 closed —  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter — joined in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty. Swarming next appeared  
 The female Bee, that feeds her husband  
 drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored. The rest are number-  
 less,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st  
 them names,  
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown  
 The Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen  
 eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
 "Now Heaven in all her glory shon,  
 and rowled  
 Her motions, as the great First Mover's  
 hand  
 First wheeled their course; Earth, in her  
 rich attire  
 Consummate, lovely smiled; Air, Water,  
 Earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum,  
 was walked,  
 Frequent; and of the sixth Day yet re-  
 mained.  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the  
 end  
 Of all yet done — a creature who, not  
 prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and, upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from  
 thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his  
 good  
 Descends; thither with heart, and voice,  
 and eyes

Directed in devotion, to adore  
And worship God Supreme, who made him  
chief

Of all his works. Therefore the Omnipotent

Eternal Father (for where is not He  
Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake:—  
'Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule 520  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the  
ground !'

This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O  
Man,

Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils  
breathed

The breath of life; in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Female, for race; then blessed mankind,  
and said, 530

'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
And every living thing that moves on the  
Earth !'

Wherever thus created — for no place  
Is yet distinct by name — thence, as thou  
know'st,

He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This Garden, planted with the trees of  
God,

Delectable both to behold and taste,  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee. All sorts are here that all the  
earth yields, 541

Variety without end; but of the tree  
Which tasted works knowledge of good  
and evil

Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st,  
thou diest.

Death is the penalty imposed; beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant,  
Death.

"Here finished He, and all that he had  
made

Viewed, and, behold ! all was entirely  
good.

So even and morn accomplished the sixth  
Day; 550

Yet not till the Creator, from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,

Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high  
abode,

Thence to behold this new-created World,  
The addition of his empire, how it shewed  
In prospect from his Throne, how good,  
how fair,

Answering his great Idea. Up he rode,  
Followed with acclamation, and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that  
tuned

Angelic harmonies. The Earth, the Air  
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou  
heard'st), 561

The heavens and all the constellations  
rung,

The planets in their stations listening  
stood,

While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
'Open, ye everlasting gates !' they sung;  
'Open, ye Heavens, your living doors ! let  
in

The great Creator, from his work returned  
Magnificent, his six days' work, a World !  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will  
deign

To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged messengers  
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung  
The glorious train ascending. He through  
Heaven,

That opened wide her blazing portals, led  
To God's eternal house direct the way —  
A broad and ample road, whose dust is  
gold,

And pavement stars, as stars to thee ap-  
pear

Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way  
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest  
Powdered with stars. And now on Earth  
the seventh 581

Evening arose in Eden — for the sun  
Was set, and twilight from the east came  
on,

Forerunning night — when at the holy  
mount

Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial  
throne

Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him  
down

With his great Father; for He also went  
Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work or-  
dained, 590



Author and end of all things, and, from  
work  
Now resting, blessed and hallowed the  
seventh Day,  
As resting on that day from all his work;  
But not in silence holy kept: the harp  
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe  
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on fret by string or golden  
wire,  
Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with  
voice  
Choral or unison; of incense clouds,  
Fuming from golden censers, hid the  
Mount. 600  
Creation and the Six Days' acts they  
sung: —  
'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite  
Thy power! what thought can measure  
thee, or tongue  
Relate thee — greater now in thy return  
Than from the Giant-angels? Thee that  
day  
Thy thunders magnified; but to create  
Is greater than created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or  
bound  
Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt  
Of Spirits apostat, and their counsels vain,  
Thou hast repelled, while impiously they  
thought 611  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshipers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose, serves  
To manifest the more thy might; his evil

Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more  
good.  
Witness this new-made World, another  
Heaven  
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in  
view  
On the clear hyalin, the glassy sea; 619  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
Of destined habitation — but thou know'st  
Their seasons; among these the seat of  
men,  
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,  
Their pleasant dwelling - place. Thrice  
happy men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus ad-  
vanced,  
Created in his image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshipers 630  
Holy and just! thrice happy, if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright!  
"So sung they, and the Empyrean rung  
With halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfilled, that  
asked  
How first this World and face of things  
began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning, that posterity,  
Informed by thee, might know. If else  
thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing human measure,  
say." 640

## BOOK VIII

## THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation — his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve. His discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed  
to hear;  
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully re-  
plied: —

"What thanks sufficient, or what recom-  
pense  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allayed  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vout-  
safed  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable — now  
heard 10  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? Something yet of doubt re-  
mains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this  
World,  
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and com-  
pute

Their magnitudes — this Earth, a spot, a  
 grain,  
 An atom, with the Firmament compared  
 And all her numbered stars, that seem to  
 rowl  
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such <sup>20</sup>  
 Their distance argues, and their swift re-  
 turn  
 Diurnal) merely to officiate light  
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual  
 spot,  
 One day and night, in all their vast survey  
 Useless besides — reasoning, I oft admire  
 How Nature, wise and frugal, could com-  
 mit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their Orbs im-  
 pose <sup>30</sup>  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,  
 That better might with far less compass  
 move,  
 Served by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light:  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number  
 fails.”  
 So spake our Sire, and by his countenance  
 seemed  
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse;  
 which Eve <sup>40</sup>  
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her  
 stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and  
 flowers,  
 To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,  
 And, touched by her fair tendance, gladder  
 grew.  
 Yet went she not as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high. Such pleasure she re-  
 served, <sup>50</sup>  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;  
 Her husband the relater she preferred  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would inter-  
 mix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip

Not words alone pleased her. Oh, when  
 meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour  
 joined?  
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she  
 went,  
 Not unattended; for on her as Queen <sup>60</sup>  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt pro-  
 posed  
 Benevolent and facile thus replied:—  
 “To ask or search I blame thee not; for  
 Heaven  
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and  
 learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or  
 years.  
 This to attain, whether Heaven move or  
 Earth <sup>70</sup>  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets, to be scanned by them who  
 ought  
 Rather admire. Or, if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens  
 Hath left to their disputes — perhaps to  
 move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Hea-  
 ven,  
 And calculate the stars; how they will  
 wield <sup>80</sup>  
 The mighty frame; how build, unbuild,  
 contrive  
 To save appearances; how gird the Sphere  
 With Centric and Eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and Epicycle, orb in orb.  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and suppos-  
 est  
 That bodies bright and greater should not  
 serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heaven such jour-  
 neys run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit. Consider, first, that great <sup>90</sup>  
 Or bright infers not excellence. The Earth,  
 Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,  
 Nor glistening, may of solid good contain  
 More plenty than the Sun that barren  
 shines,

Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth; there first received,

His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.  
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries

Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.  
And, for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak <sup>100</sup>

The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his line stretched out so far,

That Man may know he dwells not in his own —

An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those Circles at'tribute,  
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st  
not slow, <sup>110</sup>

Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven

Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
In Eden — distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I

urge,  
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.

God, to remove his ways from human sense,

Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight, <sup>120</sup>

If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun  
Be centre to the World, and other Stars,  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Their wandering course, now high, now low,  
then hid,

Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest; and what if, seventh to these,

The planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,

Insensibly three different motions move? <sup>130</sup>  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,

Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,

Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,

If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch Day,  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part

Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, <sup>140</sup>

Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,

To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,  
Enlightening her by day, as she by night  
This Earth — reciprocal, if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants? Her spots thou seest

As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce

Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there; and other Suns, perhaps,  
With their attendant Moons, thou wilt descry,

Communicating male and female light — <sup>150</sup>  
Which two great sexes animate the World,  
Stored in each Orb perhaps with some that live.

For such vast room in Nature unpossessed  
By living soul, desert and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimpse of light, conveyed so far

Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not —

Whether the Sun, predominant in heaven, <sup>160</sup>

Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun;  
He from the east his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along —

Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid:  
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.

Of other creatures as him pleases best,  
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou <sup>170</sup>

In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high

To know what passes there. Be lowly wise;

Think only what concerns thee and thy being;

Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there

Live, in what state, condition, or degree —  
Contented that thus far hath been revealed  
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven."

To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt,  
replied: — 179

"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure  
Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,  
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live  
The easiest way, nor with perplexing  
thoughts

To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious  
cares,

And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and  
notions vain!

But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
Unchecked; and of her roving is no end,  
Till, warned, or by experience taught, she  
learn 180

That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom: what is more is  
fume,

Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concern

Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend

A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask, 201  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour,  
deigned.

Thee I have heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance; now hear me relate  
My story, which, perhaps, thou hast not  
heard.

And day is yet not spent; till then thou  
seest

How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate —  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.

For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven; 210

And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to  
thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
Of sweet repast. They satiate, and soon  
fill,

Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace  
divine

Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answered, heavenly meek: —

"Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also poured, 220  
Inward and outward both, his image fair:  
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion,  
forms.

Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on  
Earth

Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the ways of God with Man;  
For God, we see, hath honoured thee, and  
set

On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;  
For I that day was absent, as befell, 229  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell,  
Squared in full legion (such command we  
had),

To see that none thence issued forth a spy  
Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have  
mixed.

Not that they durst without his leave attempt;

But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as sovran King, and to inure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, 240  
fast shut,

The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong,  
But, long ere our approaching, heard within

Noise, other than the sound of dance or  
song —

Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we returned up to the coasts of Light  
Ere Sabbath-evening; so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleased with thy words no less than thou  
with mine."

So spake the godlike Power, and thus  
our Sire: —

"For Man to tell how human life began 250  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induced me. As new-waked from sound-  
 est sleep,  
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the  
 Sun  
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture  
 fed.  
 Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes  
 I turned,  
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till,  
 raised 258  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny  
 plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams;  
 by these,  
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walked  
 or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling: all things  
 smiled;  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'er-  
 flowed.  
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
 Surveyed, and sometimes went, and some-  
 times ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led;  
 But who I was, or where, or from what  
 cause, 270  
 Knew not. To speak I tried, and forth-  
 with spake;  
 My tongue obeyed, and readily could name  
 What'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair  
 light,  
 And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and  
 gay,  
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and  
 plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures,  
 tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here!  
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power præ-eminent.  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and  
 live, 281  
 And feel that I am happier than I know!' 282  
 While thus I called, and strayed I knew not  
 whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first be-  
 held  
 This happy light, when answer none re-  
 turned,  
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,

Pensive I sat me down. There gentle  
 sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression  
 seized  
 My drowsèd sense, untroubled, though I  
 thought  
 I then was passing to my former state 290  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a Dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently moved  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And lived. One came, methought, of shape  
 divine,  
 And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam;  
 rise,  
 First Man, of men innumerable ordained  
 First father! called by thee, I come thy  
 guide  
 To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'  
 So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,  
 And over fields and waters, as in air 301  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain, whose high top was  
 plain,  
 A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest  
 trees  
 Planted, with walks and bowers, that what  
 I saw  
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemed.  
 Each tree  
 Laden with fairest fruit, that hung to the  
 eye  
 Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and  
 found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310  
 Had lively shadowed. Here had new be-  
 gun  
 My wandering, had not He who was my  
 guide  
 Up hither from among the trees appeared,  
 Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submiss. He reared me, and, 'Whom thou  
 sought'st I am,'  
 Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest  
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee; count it thine  
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat. 320  
 Of every tree that in the Garden grows  
 Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no  
 dearth.  
 But of the tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have  
 set,

The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life —  
Remember what I warn thee — shun to  
taste,

And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command

Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die, 330  
From that day mortal, and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a  
world

Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced

The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my  
choice

Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect/  
Returned, and gracious purpose thus renewed: —

'Not only these fair bounds, but all the  
Earth

To thee and to thy race I give; as lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein  
live, 340

Or live in sea or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold

After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
With low subjection. Understand the same  
Of fish within their watery residence,  
Not hither summoned, since they cannot  
change

Their element to draw the thinner air.'  
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold

Approaching two and two — these covering low 350

With blandishment; each bird stooped on  
his wing.

I named them as they passed, and understood

Their nature; with such knowledge God endued

My sudden apprehension. But in these  
I found not what methought I wanted  
still,

And to the Heavenly Vision thus presumed: —

"O, by what name — for Thou above  
all these,

Above mankind, or aught than mankind  
higher,

Surpass'est far my naming — how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe, 360

And all this good to Man, for whose well-being

So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
Thou hast provided all things? But wilt  
me

I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?'  
Thus I, presumptuous; and the Vision  
bright,

As with a smile more brightened, thus replied: —

"What call'st thou solitude? Is not  
the Earth 369

With various living creatures, and the Air,  
Replenished, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee? Know'st  
thou not

Their language and their ways? They  
also know,

And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is  
large.'

So spake the Universal Lord and seemed  
So ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,

And humble deprecation, thus replied: —

"Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power;

My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 384  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Given and received; but, in disparity,  
The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon  
prove

Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate 390

All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort. They rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with  
fowl,

So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse, then, can man with beast, and least  
of all.'

"Whereto the Almighty answered, not  
displeased: —

'A nice and subtle happiness, I see,  
Thou to thyself propos'est, in the choice 400  
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
What think'st thou, then, of Me, and this  
my state ?

Seem I to thee sufficiently possessed  
Of happiness, or not, who am alone  
From all eternity ? for none I know  
Second to me or like, equal much less.  
How have I, then, with whom to hold converse,

Save with the creatures which I made, and those

To me inferior infinite descents <sup>410</sup>  
Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?

"He ceased. I lowly answered:—'To attain

The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme  
of Things !

Thou in thyself art perfect, and in Thee  
Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,  
But in degree—the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Should'st propagate, already infinite, <sup>420</sup>  
And through all numbers absolute, though  
One;

But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiplied,  
In unity defective; which requires  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
Thou, in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication—yet, so pleased,  
Canst raise thy creature to what highth  
thou wilt <sup>430</sup>

Of union or communion, deified;  
I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacence  
find.'

Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom  
used

Permissive, and acceptance found; which  
gained

This answer from the gracious Voice Di-  
vine:—

"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was  
pleased,

And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly named, but of  
thyself—

Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute; <sup>441</sup>  
Whose fellowship, therefore, unmeet for  
thee,

Good reason was thou freely shouldst dis-  
like.

And be so minded still. I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no such company as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee—for trial only brought,  
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and  
meet.

What next I bring shall please thee, be  
assured, <sup>449</sup>

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'

"He ended, or I heard no more; for  
now

My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered,  
Which it had long stood under, strained to  
the highth

In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought  
repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called  
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell  
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which, <sup>461</sup>  
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the  
Shape

Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and  
took

From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was  
the wound,

But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed.  
The rib he formed and fashioned with his  
hands; <sup>465</sup>

Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair  
That what seemed fair in all the world  
seemed now

Mean, or in her summed up, in her con-  
tained

And in her looks, which from that time in-  
fused

Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspired  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.

She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked  
To find her, or for ever to deplore <sup>479</sup>  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:

When, out of hope, behold her not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned  
With what all Earth or Heaven could be-  
stow

To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though un-  
seen

And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.  
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her  
eye,

In every gesture dignity and love. <sup>489</sup>  
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:—

“This turn hath made amends; thou  
hast fulfilled

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair—but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts!—nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Self  
Before me. Woman is her name, of Man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one  
soul.

“She heard me thus; and, though divinely  
brought, <sup>500</sup>

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unsought  
be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
The more desirable—or, to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful  
thought—

Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she  
turned.

I followed her; she what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approved <sup>509</sup>  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the Morn; all Hea-  
ven,

And happy constellations, on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle  
airs

Whispered it to the woods, and from their  
wings

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy  
shrub,

Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the Evening-  
star

On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp. <sup>520</sup>  
“Thus have I told thee all my state, and  
brought

My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such

As, used or not, works in the mind no  
change,

Nor vehement desire—these delicacies  
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits,  
and flowers,

Walks, and the melody of birds: but here,  
Far otherwise, transported I behold, <sup>529</sup>  
Transported touch; here passion first I  
felt,

Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superior and unmoved, here only weak  
Against the charm of beauty's powerful  
glance.

Or Nature failed in me, and left some part  
Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More than enough—at least on her be-  
stowed

Too much of ornament, in outward show  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end <sup>540</sup>  
Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind  
And inward faculties, which most excel;  
In outward also her resembling less  
His image who made both, and less ex-  
pressing

The character of that dominion given  
O'er other creatures. Yet when I ap-  
proach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems <sup>547</sup>  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
All higher Knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly  
shews;

Authority and Reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed.”

To whom the Angel, with contracted  
brow:— <sup>560</sup>

“Accuse not Nature! she hath done her  
part;

Do thou but thine! and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st  
her nigh,

By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
For, what admir'st thou, what transports  
thee so?



An outside — fair, no doubt, and worthy  
 well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy  
 love;  
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thy-  
 self; <sup>570</sup>  
 Then value. Oft - times nothing profits  
 more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and  
 right  
 Well managed. Of that skill the more  
 thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her  
 head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows —  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen  
 least wise.  
 But, if the sense of touch, whereby man-  
 kind  
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight <sup>580</sup>  
 Beyond all other, think the same voutsafed  
 To cattle and each beast; which would not  
 be  
 To them made common and divulged, if  
 aught  
 Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of Man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still:  
 In loving thou dost well; in passion not,  
 Wherein true Love consists not. Love re-  
 fines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges — hath  
 his seat <sup>590</sup>  
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to Heavenly Love thou may'st  
 ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which  
 cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was  
 found."  
 To whom thus, half abashed, Adam re-  
 plied: —  
 "Neither her outside formed so fair, nor  
 aught  
 In procreation, common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence, I deem),  
 So much delights me as those graceful  
 acts, <sup>600</sup>  
 Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions, mixed with  
 love

And sweet compliance, which declare un-  
 feigned  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul —  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to  
 the ear.  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore  
 foiled,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the  
 sense  
 Variously representing, yet, still free, <sup>610</sup>  
 Approve the best, and follow what I ap-  
 prove.  
 To love thou blam'st me not — for Love,  
 thou say'st,  
 Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and  
 guide;  
 Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask.  
 Love not the Heavenly Spirits, and how  
 their love  
 Express they — by looks only, or do they  
 mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"  
 To whom the Angel, with a smile that  
 glowed  
 Celestial rosy-red, Love's proper hue,  
 Answered: — "Let it suffice thee that thou  
 know'st <sup>620</sup>  
 Us happy, and without Love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive  
 bars.  
 Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with  
 soul.  
 But I can now no more: the parting Sun  
 Beyond the Earth's green Cape and ver-  
 dant Isles <sup>631</sup>  
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy, and love! but first  
 of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed lest passion  
 sway  
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free-  
 will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is placed; be-  
 ware!  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,

And all the Blest: Stand fast; to stand or  
fall 640

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
Perfet within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Followed with benediction: — "Since to  
part,  
Go, Heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,

Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured  
ever 649

With grateful memory. Thou to Mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his  
bower.

## BOOK IX

### THE ARGUMENT

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated  
guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise; enters  
into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morn-  
ing go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to  
divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam  
consents not, alleging the danger lest that Enemy of  
whom they were forewarned should attempt her found  
alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm  
enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to  
make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The  
Serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first gaz-  
ing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve  
above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the  
Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech  
and such understanding not till now; the Serpent an-  
swers that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden  
he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of  
both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and  
finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: the  
Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and argu-  
ments induces her at length to eat. She, pleased with  
the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof  
to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates  
what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first  
amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehe-  
mence of love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the  
trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in  
them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then  
fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel  
Guest

With Man, as with his friend, familiar  
used

To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must  
change

Those notes to tragic — foul distrust, and  
breach

Disloyal, on the part of man, revolt  
And disobedience; on the part of Heaven,  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment  
given, 70

That brought into this World a world of  
woe,

Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,

Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argu-  
ment

Not less but more heroic than the wrauth  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
Perplexed the Greek, and Cytherea's son:  
If answerable style I can obtain 20  
Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated verse,  
Since first this subject for heroic song  
Pleased me, long choosing and beginning  
late,

Not sedulous by nature to indite  
Wars, hitherto the only argument  
Heroic deemed, chief maistrise to dissect  
With long and tedious havoc fabled  
knights 30

In battles feigned (the better fortitude  
Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
Unsung), or to describe races and games,  
Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,  
Impreses quaint, caparisons and steeds,  
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
At joust and tournament; then marshalled  
feast

Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals:  
The skill of artifice or office mean;  
Not that which justly gives heroic name 40  
To person or to poem! Me, of these  
Nor skilled nor studious, higher argument  
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
Climat, or years, damp my intended wing  
Depressed; and much they may if all be  
mine,

Not Hers who brings it nightly to my ear.  
The Sun was sunk, and after him the  
Star

Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter 50

Twixt day and night, and now from end to  
 end  
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon  
 round,  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On Man's destruction, maugre what might  
 hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned  
 From compassing the Earth — cautious of  
 day  
 Since Uriel, Regent of the Sun, descried <sup>60</sup>  
 His entrance, and forewarned the Cheru-  
 bim  
 That kept their watch. Thence, full of an-  
 guish, driven,  
 The space of seven continued nights he  
 rode  
 With darkness — thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled, four times crossed the car of  
 Night  
 From pole to pole, traversing each colure —  
 On the eighth returned, and on the coast  
 averse  
 From entrance or cherubic watch by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place  
 (Now not, though Sin, not Time, first  
 wrought the change) <sup>70</sup>  
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose,  
 Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought  
 Where to lie hid. Sea he had searched and  
 land  
 From Eden over Pontus, and the Pool  
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;  
 Downward as far antartic; and, in length,  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barred <sup>80</sup>  
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roamed  
 With narrow search, and with inspection  
 deep  
 Considered every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and  
 found  
 The Serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him, after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence  
 chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide <sup>90</sup>  
 From sharpest sight; for in the wily snake

Whatever sleights none would suspicious  
 mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding, which, in other beasts observed,  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward  
 grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus  
 poured: —  
 "O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not  
 preferred  
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as  
 built <sup>100</sup>  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was  
 old!  
 For what God, after better, worse would  
 build?  
 Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other  
 Heavens,  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious  
 lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven  
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in  
 thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue  
 appears, <sup>110</sup>  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up  
 in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walked  
 thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught — sweet interchange  
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest  
 crowned,  
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of  
 these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel <sup>120</sup>  
 Torment within me, as from the hateful  
 siege  
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be  
 my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven,  
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heaven's  
 Supreme;  
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound.

For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyed,<sup>130</sup>  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe:  
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range!  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The Infernal Powers, in one day to have marred  
 What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
 Continued making, and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I in one night freed<sup>140</sup>  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 The Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorsers. He, to be avenged,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impaired —  
 Whether such virtue, spent of old, now failed  
 More Angels to create (if they at least  
 Are his created), or to spite us more —  
 Determined to advance into our room  
 A creature formed of earth, and him endow,<sup>150</sup>  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed  
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
 Him Lord pronounced, and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service Angel-wings  
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
 Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find<sup>160</sup>  
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained  
 Into a beast, and, mixed with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the highth of deity aspired!  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to? Who aspires must down as low

As high he soared, obnoxious, first or last,<sup>170</sup>  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.  
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aimed,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
 Of Heaven, this Man of Clay, son of des-  
 pite,  
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised  
 From dust: spite then with spite is best re-  
 paid.”  
 So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on<sup>180</sup>  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The Serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he found,  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-rowled,  
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den:  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,  
 Fearless, unfear'd, he slept. In at his mouth  
 The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspired  
 With act intelligent; but his sleep<sup>190</sup>  
 Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.  
 Now, whenas sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
 From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And joined their vocal worship to the quire  
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs;<sup>200</sup>  
 Then com'mune how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work — for much their work outgrew  
 The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide:  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began: —  
 “Adam, well may we labour still to dress

This Garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,

Our pleasant task enjoined; but, till more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint: what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth de-  
rides, <sup>211</sup>

Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,

Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.

Let us divide our labours—thou where choice

Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind

The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I  
In yonder spring of roses intermixed  
With myrtle find what to redress till noon.  
For, while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near <sup>221</sup>

Looks intervene and smiles, or objects new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun

Early, and the hour of supper comes un-  
earned!"

To whom mild answer Adam thus re-  
turned:—

"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear!  
Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts  
employed

How we might best fulfil the work which here <sup>230</sup>

God hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be  
found

In woman than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to pro-  
mote.

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
Labour as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk be-  
tween,

Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason  
flow

To brute denied, and are of love the food—  
Love, not the lowest end of human life. <sup>241</sup>  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
He made us, and delight to reason joined.

These paths and bowers doubt not but our  
joint hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease, as  
wide

As we need walk, till younger hands ere  
long

Assist us. But, if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;  
For solitude sometimes is best society, <sup>249</sup>  
And short retirement urges sweet return.

But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Befall thee, severed from me; for thou  
know'st

What hath been warned us—what mali-  
cious foe,

Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and  
shame

By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at  
hand

Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to  
find

His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where  
each

To other speedy aid might lend at need. <sup>260</sup>  
Whether his first design be to withdraw

Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal love—than which perhaps no  
bliss

Enjoyed by us excites his envy more—  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful  
side

That gave thee being, still shades thee and  
protects.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst en-  
dures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, <sup>270</sup>  
As one who loves, and some unkindness  
meets,

With sweet austere composure thus re-  
plied:—

"Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all  
Earth's lord!

That such an Enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,  
And from the parting Angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then returned at shut of evening flow-  
ers.

But that thou shouldst my firmness there-  
fore doubt

To God or thee, because we have a foe <sup>280</sup>

May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
As we, not capable of death or pain,  
Can either not receive, or can repel.  
His fraud is, then, thy fear; which plain  
infers

Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love  
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced:  
Thoughts, which how found they harbour  
in thy breast,

Adam! misthought of her to thee so dear?"

To whom, with healing words, Adam replied: — 290

"Daughter of God and Man, immortal  
Eve! —

For such thou art, from sin and blame entire —

Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
The attempt itself, intended by our Foe.

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least  
asperses

The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed  
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
Against temptation. Thou thyself with  
scorn

And anger wouldst resent the offered  
wrong, 300

Though ineffectual found; misdeem not,  
then,

If such affront I labour to avert  
From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;  
Or, daring, first on me the assault shall  
light.

Nor thou his malice and false guile condemn —

Subtle he needs must be who could seduce  
Angels — nor think superfluous others' aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
Access in every virtue — in thy sight 310  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need  
were

Of outward strength; while shame, thou  
looking on,

Shame to be overcome or overreached,  
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised  
unite.

Why shouldst not thou like sense within  
thee feel

When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who  
thought

Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed: — 320

"If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit straitened by a Foe,  
Subtle or violent, we not endued  
Single with like defence wherever met,  
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin: only our Foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunned  
or feared 331

By us, who rather double honour gain  
From his surmise proved false, find peace  
within,

Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the  
event?

And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed  
Alone, without exterior help sustained?  
Let us not then suspect our happy state  
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise  
As not secure to single or combined.  
Frail is our happiness, if this be so; 340  
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied: —  
"O Woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordained them; his creating hand  
Nothing imperfect or deficient left

Of all that he created — much less Man,  
Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
Secure from outward force. Within him-  
self

The danger lies, yet lies within his power;  
Against his will he can receive no harm. 350  
But God left free the Will; for what obeys  
Reason is free; and Reason he made right,  
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,  
Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,

She dictate false, and misinform the Will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.

Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins  
That I should mind thee oft; and mind  
thou me.

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
Since Reason not impossibility may meet 360  
Some specious object by the foe suborned,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was  
warned.

Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid  
Were better, and most likely if from me

Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, ap-  
prove

First thy obedience; the other who can  
know,

Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
But, if thou think trial unsought may find  
Us both securer than thus warned thou  
seem'st, <sup>371</sup>

Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee  
more.

Go in thy native innocence; rely  
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all;  
For God towards thee hath done his part:  
do thine."

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind; but  
Eve

Persisted; yet submit, though last, re-  
plied: —

"With thy permission, then, and thus  
forewarned,

Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning  
words

Touched only, that our trial, when least  
sought, <sup>380</sup>

May find us both perhaps far less prepared,  
The willinger I go, nor much expect  
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his re-  
pulse."

Thus saying, from her husband's hand  
her hand

Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph  
light,

Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
In gait surpassed and goddess-like deport,  
Though not as she with bow and quiver  
armed, <sup>390</sup>

But with such gardening tools as Art, yet  
rude,

Guiltless of fire had formed, or Angels  
brought.

To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorned,  
Likest she seemed — Pomona when she  
fled

Vertumnus — or to Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.

Ofte he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged <sup>400</sup>

To be returned by noon amid the bower,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.

O much deceived, much failing, hapless  
Eve,

Of thy presumed return! event perverse!  
Thou never from that hour in Paradise

Found'st either sweet repast or sound re-  
pose;

Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and  
shades,

Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back <sup>410</sup>

Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawn, the

Fiend,  
Mere Serpent in appearance, forth was  
come,

And on his quest where likeliest he might  
find

The only two of mankind, but in them  
The whole included race, his purposed prey.

In bower and field he sought, where any  
tuft

Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
Their tendance or plantation for delight;

By fountain or by shady rivulet <sup>420</sup>  
He sought them both, but wished his hap

might find  
Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope

Of what so seldom chanced, when to his  
wish,

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she

stood,

Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round  
About her glowed, oft stooping to support

Each flower of tender stalk, whose head,  
though gay

Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with  
gold,

Hung drooping unsustained. Them she  
upstays <sup>430</sup>

Gently with myrtle band, mindless the  
while

Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so

nigh.  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk tra-  
versed

Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen

Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers  
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:

Spot more delicious than those gardens  
feigned

Or of revived Adonis, or renowned <sup>440</sup>  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,

Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian  
spouse.

Much he the place admired, the person  
more.

As one who, long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the  
air,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to  
breathe

Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives  
delight — <sup>449</sup>

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural  
sound —

If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin  
pass,

What pleasing seemed for her now pleases  
more,

She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
Thus early, thus alone. Her heavenly form  
Angelique, but more soft and feminine,  
Her graceful innocence, her every air  
Of gesture or least action, overawed <sup>460</sup>  
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.  
That space the Evil One abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time re-  
mained

Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his de-  
light,

And tortures him now more, the more he  
sees

Of pleasure not for him ordained. Then  
soon <sup>470</sup>

Fierce hate he recollects, and all his  
thoughts

Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites: —  
“Thoughts, whither have ye led me?  
with what sweet

Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us? hate, not love,  
nor hope

Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying; other joy <sup>478</sup>  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts —

Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and a  
limb

Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;  
Foe not formidable, exempt from  
wound —

I not; so much hath Hell debased, and pain  
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terror be in love, <sup>490</sup>  
And beauty, not approached by stronger  
hate,

Hate stronger under show of love well  
feigned —

The way which to her ruin now I tend.”  
So spake the Enemy of Mankind, en-  
closed

In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve  
Addressed his way — not with indented  
wave,

Prone on the ground, as since, but on his  
rear,

Circular base of rising folds, that towered  
Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; <sup>500</sup>  
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape  
And lovely; never since of serpent kind  
Lovelier — not those that in Illyria changed  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed  
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,  
He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract  
oblique <sup>510</sup>

At first, as one who sought access but  
feared

To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.  
As when a ship, by skilful steersman  
wrought

Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the  
wind

Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her  
sail,

So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of  
Eve,

To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the  
sound

Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
To such disport before her through the  
field <sup>520</sup>

From every beast, more duteous at her call



Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed  
His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,  
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon  
she trod.

His gentle dumb expression turned at  
length

The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad  
Of her attention gained, with serpent-  
tongue

Organic, or impulse of vocal air, <sup>530</sup>  
His fraudulent temptation thus began: —

“Wonder not, sovran mistress (if per-  
haps

Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less  
arm

Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with  
disdain,

Displeased that I approach thee thus, and  
gaze

Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things  
thine

By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, <sup>540</sup>  
With ravishment beheld — there best be-  
held

Where universally admired. But here,  
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
Who sees thee (and what is one ?) who  
shouldst be seen

A Goddess among Gods, adored and served  
By Angels numberless, thy daily train ?”

So glozed the Tempter, and his poem  
tuned. <sup>549</sup>

Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marvelling; at  
length,

Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake: —

“What may this mean ? Language of  
Man pronounced

By tongue of brute, and human sense ex-  
pressed !

The first at least of these I thought denied  
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
Created mute to all articulate sound;  
The latter I demur, for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft ap-  
pears.

Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the  
field <sup>560</sup>

I knew, but not with human voice endued;  
Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and  
how

To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind that daily are in sight:  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.”

To whom the guileful Tempter thus re-  
plied: —

“Empress of this fair World, resplendent  
Eve !

Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
What thou command'st, and right thou  
shouldst be obeyed. <sup>570</sup>

I was at first as other beasts that graze  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and  
low,

As was my food, nor aught but food dis-  
cerned

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced  
A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,  
Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughs a savoury odour  
blown,

Grateful to appetite, more pleased my  
sense <sup>580</sup>

Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
Unucked of lamb or kid, that tend their  
play.

To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolved  
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.

About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
For, high from ground, the branches would  
require <sup>590</sup>

Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the  
Tree

All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
Longing and envying stood, but could not  
reach.

Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spared not; for such pleasure till that  
hour

At feed or fountain never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
Strange alteration in me, to degree <sup>599</sup>  
Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape re-  
tained.

Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
I turned my thoughts, and with capacious  
mind

Considered all things visible in Heaven,  
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and  
good.

But all that fair and good in thy divine  
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly  
ray,

United I beheld — no fair to thine  
Equivalent or second; which compelled 609  
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to  
come

And gaze, and worship thee of right de-  
clared

Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"

So talked the spirited sly Snake; and  
Eve,

Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied: —

"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in  
doubt

The virtue of that Fruit, in thee first  
proved.

But say, where grows the Tree? from  
hence how far?

For many are the trees of God that grow  
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown 619  
To us; in such abundance lies our choice  
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,  
Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her bearth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and  
glad; —

"Empress, the way is ready, and not long —  
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou ac-  
cept 629

My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

"Lead, then," said Eve. He, leading,  
swiftly rowled

In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering  
fire,

Compact of unctuous vapour, which the  
night

Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame  
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit at-  
tends),

Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from  
his way 640

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond  
or pool,

There swallowed up and lost, from succour  
far:

So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud  
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree  
Of Prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she  
spake: —

"Serpent, we might have spared our  
coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to  
excess,

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee —  
Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such ef-  
fects! 650

But of this tree we may not taste nor  
touch;

God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves; our Reason is our Law."

To whom the Tempter guilefully re-  
plied: —

"Indeed! Hath God then said that of the  
fruit

Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air?"

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: — "Of  
the fruit

Of each tree in the garden we may eat; 660  
But of the fruit of this fair Tree, amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not  
eat

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"  
She scarce had said, though brief, when  
now more bold

The Tempter, but, with shew of zeal and  
love

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,  
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in  
act

Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
As when of old some orator renowned 670  
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause  
addressed,

Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act, won audience ere the  
tongue

Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of preface brooking through his zeal of  
right:

So standing, moving, or to highth up-  
grown,

The Tempter, all impassioned, thus began:—

‘O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
Within me clear, not only to discern 68.  
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.  
Queen of this Universe! do not believe  
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not  
die.

How should ye? By the Fruit? it gives  
you life

To knowledge. By the Threatener? look  
on me,

Me who have touched and tasted, yet both  
live,

And life more perfect have attained than  
Fate 68.

Meant me, by venturing higher than my  
lot.

Shall that be shut to Man which to the  
Beast

Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass, and not praise

Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the  
pain

Of death denounced, whatever thing Death  
be,

Deterred not from achieving what might  
lead

To happier life, knowledge of Good and  
Evil?

Of good, how just! of evil—if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier

shunned? 69

God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor  
obeyed:

Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
Why, then, was this forbid? Why but to

awe,

Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers? He knows that in the  
day

Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so  
clear,

Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as  
Gods,

Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
That ye should be as Gods, since I as

Man, 70

Internal Man, is but proportion meet—  
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.

So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off

Human, to put on Gods—death to be  
wished,

Though threatened, which no worse than  
this can bring!

And what are Gods, that Man may not  
become

As they, participating godlike food?

The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.

I question it; for this fair Earth I see, 720  
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;

Them nothing. If they all things, who  
enclosed

Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein  
lies

The offence, that Man should thus attain  
to know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or  
this Tree

Impart against his will, if all be his?  
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell

In Heavenly breasts? These, these and  
many more 730

Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely

taste! ”

He ended; and his words, replete with  
guile,

Into her heart too easy entrance won.  
Fixed on the Fruit she gazed, which to

behold

Might tempt alone; and in her ears the  
sound

Yet rung of his persuasive words, im-  
pregned

With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and

waked

An eager appetite, raised by the smell 740  
So savoury of that Fruit, which with desire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,

Pausing a while, thus to herself she  
mused:—

“Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of  
Fruits,

Though kept from Man, and worthy to be  
admired,

Whose taste, too long forborne, at first  
assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech to speak  
thy praise.

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use <sup>750</sup>  
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of Good  
 and Evil;

Forbids us then to taste. But his forbid-  
 ding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the  
 good

By thee communicated, and our want;  
 For good unknown sure is not had, or, had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain, then, what forbids he but to know ?  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ! <sup>759</sup>  
 Such prohibitions bind not. But, if Death  
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom ? In the day we eat  
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is we shall die !  
 How dies the Serpent ? He hath eaten,  
 and lives,

And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and  
 discerns,

Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented ? or to us denied  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserved ?  
 For beasts it seems; yet that one beast  
 which first

Hath tasted envies not, but brings with  
 joy <sup>770</sup>

The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.  
 What fear I, then ? rather, what know to  
 fear

Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
 Of God or Death, of law or penalty ?  
 Here grows the cure of all, this Fruit di-  
 vine,

Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
 Of virtue to make wise. What hinders,  
 then,

To reach, and feed at once both body and  
 mind ? ”

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour <sup>780</sup>  
 Forth-reaching to the Fruit, she plucked,  
 she eat.

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her  
 seat,

Sighing through all her works, gave signs  
 of woe

That all was lost. Back to the thicket  
 slunk

The guilty Serpent, and well might, for  
 Eve,

Intent now only on her taste, naught else  
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true,

Or fancied so through expectation high  
 Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her  
 thought. <sup>790</sup>

Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
 And knew not eating death. Satiated at  
 length,

And lightened as with wine, jocund and  
 boon,

Thus to herself she pleasingly began: —

“ O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees  
 In Paradise ! of operation blest

To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created ! but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due  
 praise, <sup>800</sup>

Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
 Of thy full branches, offered free to all;  
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things  
 know.

Though others envy what they cannot  
 give —

For, had the gift been theirs, it had not  
 here

Thus grown ! Experience, next to thee I  
 owe,

Best guide: not following thee, I had re-  
 mained

In ignorance; thou open'st Wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she re-  
 tire. <sup>810</sup>

And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is high—  
 High, and remote to see from thence dis-  
 tinct

Each thing on Earth; and other care per-  
 haps

May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
 About him. But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear ? Shall I to him make  
 known

As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my  
 power <sup>820</sup>

Without copartner ? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps —  
 A thing not undesirable — sometime  
 Superior; for, inferior, who is free ?

This may be well; but what if God have  
 seen,

And death ensue ? Then I shall be no  
 more;

And Adam, wedded to another Eve,  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct !  
A death to think ! Confirmed, then, I re-  
solve 830

Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe.  
So dear I love him that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the Tree her step she  
turned,  
But first low reverence done, as to the  
Power

That dwelt within, whose presence had in-  
fused

Into the plant sciential sap, derived  
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the  
while,

Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn 840  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-  
queen.

Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and  
new

Solace in her return, so long delayed;  
Yet off his heart, divine of something ill,  
Mingave him. He the faltering measure  
felt,

And forth to meet her went, the way she  
took

That morn when first they parted. By the  
Tree

Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her  
met,

Scarce from the Tree returning; in her  
hand 850

A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
New gathered, and ambrosial smell dif-  
fused.

To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology to prompt,  
Which, with bland words at will, she thus  
addressed:—

"Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my  
stay ?

Thee I have missed, and thought it long,  
deprived

Thy presence — agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never  
more

Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But  
strange 861

Hath been the cause, and wonderful to  
hear.

This Tree is not, as we are told, a Tree

Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Opening the way, but of divine effect  
To open eyes, and make them Gods who  
taste;

And hath been tasted such. The Serpent  
wise,

Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the Fruit, and is become  
Not dead, as we are threatened, but thence-  
forth 870

Endued with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevailed that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
The effects to correspond — opener mine  
eyes,

Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
And growing up to Godhead; which for  
thee

Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;  
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious  
soon. 880

Thou, therefore, also taste, that equal lot  
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;  
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her  
story told;

But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.  
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
Astond stood and blank, while horror  
chill 890

Ran through his veins, and all his joints  
relaxed.

From his slack hand the garland wreathed  
for Eve

Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at  
length

First to himself he inward silence broke:—  
"O fairest of Creation, last and best

Of all God's works, creature in whom ex-  
celled

Whatever can to sight or thought be  
formed,

Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,  
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death de-  
vote ! 901

Rather, how hast thou yielded to trans-  
gress

The strict forbiddance, how to violate

The sacred Fruit forbidden ? Some cursed  
fraud

Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruined; for with  
thee

Certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee ? how forgo  
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly  
joined,

To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?

Should God create another Eve, and I <sup>911</sup>

Another rib afford, yet loss of thee

Would never from my heart. No, no ! I  
feel

The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy  
state

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturbed,  
Submitting to what seemed remediless,

Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he  
turned : — <sup>920</sup>

" Bold deed thou hast presumed, adven-  
turous Eve,

And peril great provoked, who thus hast  
dared

Had it been only coveting to eye  
That sacred Food, sacred to abstinence;  
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.

But past who can recall, or done undo ?  
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate ! Yet so

Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the  
fact

Is not so hainous now — foretasted Fruit,  
Profaned first by the Serpent, by him  
first

Made common and unhallowed ere our  
taste, <sup>931</sup>

Nor yet on him found deadly. He yet  
lives —

Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as  
Man,

Higher degree of life: inducement strong  
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain

Proportional ascent; which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.

Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatening, will in earnest so de-  
stroy

Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high,  
Set over all his works; which, in our fall,

For us created, needs with us must fail, <sup>942</sup>  
Dependent made. So God shall uncreate,

' Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose —

Not well conceived of God; who, though  
his power

Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
Us to abolish, lest the Adversary

Triumph and say: ' Fickle their state whom  
God

Most favours; who can please him long ?  
Me first

He ruined, now Mankind; whom will he  
next ? ' — <sup>954</sup>

Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe.

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,

Certain to undergo like doom. If death

Consort with thee, death is to me as life;

So forcible within my heart I feel

The bond of Nature draw me to my own —

My own in thee; for what thou art is mine

Our state cannot be severed; we are one,

One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."

So Adam; and thus Eve to him re-  
plied : — <sup>964</sup>

" O glorious trial of exceeding love,

Illustrious evidence, example high !

Ingaging me to emulate; but, short

Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,

Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me

sprung,

And gladly of our union hear thee speak,

One heart, one soul in both; whereof good  
proof

This day affords, declaring thee resolved,

Rather than death, or aught than death

more dread,

Shall separate us, linked in love so dear, <sup>974</sup>

To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,

If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit;

Whose virtue (for of good still good pro-  
ceeds,

Direct, or by occasion) hath presented

This happy trial of thy love, which else

So eminently never had been known.

Were it I thought death menaced would  
ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain alone

The worst, and not persuade thee — rather

die

Deserted than oblige thee with a fact <sup>984</sup>

Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured

Remarkably so late of thy so true,

So faithful love unequalled. But I feel

Far otherwise the event — not death, but  
life

Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new  
joys,

Taste so divine that what of sweet before

Hath touched my sense flat seems to this  
and harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embraced him, and for  
joy 990

Tenderly wept, much won that he his love  
Had so ennobled as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
In recompense (for such compliance bad  
Such recompense best merits), from the  
bough

She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat,  
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,  
But fondly overcome with female charm.  
Earth trembled from her entrails, as  
again 1000

In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;  
Sky louded, and, muttering thunder, some  
sad drops

Wept at completing of the mortal Sin  
Original; while Adam took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
Her former trespass feared, the more to  
soothe

Him with her loved society; that now,  
As with new wine intoxicated both,  
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they  
feel

Divinity within them breeding wings 1010  
Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that  
false Fruit

Far other operation first displayed,  
Carnal desire inflaming. He on Eve  
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him  
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn,  
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance  
move:—

"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste  
And elegant—of sapience no small part;  
Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
And palate call judicious. I the praise 1020  
Yield thee; so well this day thou hast pur-  
veyed.

Much pleasure we have lost, while we ab-  
stained

From this delightful Fruit, nor known till  
now

True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidden, it might be  
wished

For this one Tree had been forbidden ten.  
But come; so well refreshed, now let us  
play,

As meet is, after such delicious fare;  
For never did thy beauty, since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee,  
adorned 1030

With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Than ever—bounty of this virtuous Tree!"

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow-  
ered,

He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the  
couch,

Pansies, and violets, and asphodel, 1040  
And hyacinth—Earth's freshest, softest  
lap.

There they their fill of love and love's dis-  
port

Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
Oppressed them, wearied with their amo-  
rous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapour bland  
About their spirits had played, and inmost  
powers

Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser  
sleep,

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious  
dreams 1050

Incumbered, now had left them, up they  
rose

As from unrest, and, each the other view-  
ing,

Soon found their eyes how opened, and  
their minds

How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was  
gone;

Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour, from about them, naked left  
To guilty Shame: he covered, but his robe  
Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,  
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap 1060

Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked

Shorn of his strength; they destitute and  
bare

Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve  
abashed,

At length gave utterance to these words  
constrained:—

"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit Man's voice — true in our  
fall,

False in our promised rising; since our  
eyes

Opened we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got:  
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soiled and  
stained,

And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the  
face

Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? Those Hea-  
venly Shapes

Will dazzle now this earthly with their  
blaze

Insufferably bright. Oh, might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetra-  
ble

To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage  
broad,

And brown as evening! Cover me, ye  
pines!

Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them  
more!

But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may, for the present, serve to  
hide

The parts of each from other that seem  
most

To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen—  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves, to-  
gether sewed,

And girded on our loins, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new comer,  
Shame,

There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."  
So counselled he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood. There soon they  
chose

The fig-tree — not that kind for fruit re-  
nowned,

But such as, at this day, to Indians known,  
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms  
Braunching so broad and long that in the  
ground

The bended twigs take root, and daughters  
grow

About the mother tree, a pillared shade  
High overarched, and echoing walks be-  
tween:

There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning  
heat,

Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing  
herds

At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.  
Those leaves

They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,  
And with what skill they had together  
sewed,

To gird their waist — vain covering, if to  
hide

Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how  
unlike

To that first naked glory! Such of late  
Columbus found the American, so girt  
With feathered cincture, naked else and  
wild,

Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their  
shame in part

Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
They sat them down to weep. Nor only  
tears

Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse  
within

Began to rise, high passions — anger, hate,  
Mistrust, suspicion, discord — and shook  
sore

Their inward state of mind, calm region  
once

And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:  
For Understanding ruled not, and the Will  
Heard not her lore, both in subjection  
now

To sensual Appetite, who, from beneath  
Usurping over sovran Reason, claimed  
Superior sway. From thus distempered  
breast

Adam, estranged in look and altered style,  
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed: —

"Would thou hadst hearkened to my  
words, and stayed

With me, as I besought thee, when that  
strange

Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
I know not whence possessed thee! We  
had then

Remained still happy — not, as now, de-  
spoiled

Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!



Let none henceforth seek needless cause to  
approve  
The faith they owe; when earnestly they  
seek  
Such proof, conclude they then begin to  
fail."  
To whom, soon moved with touch of  
blame, thus Eve:—  
"What words have passed thy lips, Adam  
severe?  
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who  
knows  
But might as ill have happened thou being  
by,  
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been  
there,  
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have  
discerned  
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he  
spake;  
No ground of enmity between us known  
Why he should mean me ill or seek to  
harm.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still, a lifeless  
rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the  
Head,  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?  
Too facile then, thou didst not much gain-  
say,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dis-  
miss.  
Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dis-  
sent,

Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with  
me."

To whom, then first incensed, Adam re-  
plied:—

"Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I—  
Who might have lived, and joyed immortal  
bliss,

Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
And am I now upbraided as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint! What could I  
more?

I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking Enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had been  
force,

And force upon free will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also erred in overmuch admiring  
What seemed in thee so perfect that I  
thought

No evil durst attempt thee. But I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,  
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not  
brook;

And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-con-  
demning;

And of their vain contest' appeared no end.

## BOOK X

### THE ARGUMENT

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels for-  
sake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve  
their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that  
the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented.  
He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors; who de-  
scends, and gives sentence accordingly; then, in pity,  
clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sit-  
ting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sym-  
pathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and  
the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no  
longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan, their sire,  
up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from  
Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad high-  
way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that  
Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet  
him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mu-

tual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in  
full assembly relates, with boasting, his success against  
Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general  
hiss by all his audience, transformed, with himself also,  
suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given  
in Paradise; then, deluded with a shew of the For-  
bidden Tree springing up before them, they, greedily  
reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter  
ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God fore-  
tells the final victory of his Son over them, and the re-  
newing of all things; but, for the present, commands  
his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens  
and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his  
fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condole-  
ment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him;  
then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their off-  
spring, proposes to Adam violent ways; which he ap-  
proves not, but, conceiving better hope, puts her in  
mind of the late promise made them, that her seed  
should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her,  
with him, to seek peace of the offended Deity by re-  
pentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the hainous and despitelful  
act

Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He, in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal Fruit,  
Was known in Heaven; for what can scape  
the eye

Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and  
just,

Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of Man, with strength entire and free will  
armed

Complete to have discovered and repulsed  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend. 11  
For still they knew, and ought to have still  
remembered,

The high injunction not to taste that Fruit,  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying  
Incurred (what could they less?) the  
penalty,

And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.  
Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste  
The Angelic Guards ascended, mute and  
sad

For Man; for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondering how the subtle Fiend had  
stolen 20

Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome  
news

From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, dis-  
pleased

All were who heard; dim sadness did not  
spare

That time celestial visages, yet, mixed  
With pity, violated not their bliss.

About the new-arrived in multitudes,  
The Ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
How all befell. They towards the Throne  
supreme,

Accountable, made haste, to make appear,  
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approved; when the Most High,  
Eternal Father, from his secret Cloud 32  
Amidst, in thunder uttered thus his voice:—

“Assembled Angels, and ye Powers re-  
turned

From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed  
Nor troubled at these tidings from the  
Earth,

Which your sincerest care could not pre-  
vent,

Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this Tempter crossed the gulf  
from Hell. 39

I told ye then he should prevail, and speed  
On his bad errand—Man should be se-  
duced,

And flattered out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker; no decree of mine,  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fallen he is; and now  
What rests, but that the mortal sentence  
pass

On his transgression, Death denounced  
that day?

Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he feared, 51  
By some immediate stroke, but soon shall  
find

Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorned.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom  
but thee,

Vicegerent Son? To thee I have trans-  
ferred

All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth,  
or Hell.

Easy it may be seen that I intend  
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,  
Man's Friend, his Mediator, his designed 62  
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
And destined Man himself to judge Man  
fallen.”

So spake the Father; and, unfolding  
bright

Toward the right hand his glory, on the  
Son

Blazed forth unclouded deity. He full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Expressed, and thus divinely answered  
mild:—

“Father Eternal, thine is to decree;  
Mine both in Heaven and Earth to do thy  
will 69

Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved,  
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to  
judge

On Earth these thy transgressors; but thou  
know'st,

Whoever judged, the worst on me must  
light,

When time shall be; for so I undertook  
Before thee, and, not repenting, this obtain  
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
On me derived. Yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor train,  
 where none<sup>80</sup>  
 Are to behold the judgment but the judged,  
 Those two; the third best absent is con-  
 demned,

Convict by flight, and rebel to all law;  
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he  
 rose  
 Of high collateral glory. Him Thrones and  
 Powers,

Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant,  
 Accompanied to Heaven-gate, from whence  
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended straight; the speed of  
 Gods<sup>90</sup>

Time counts not, though with swiftest min-  
 utes winged.

Now was the Sun in western cadence low  
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their  
 hour

To fan the Earth now waked, and usher in  
 The evening cool, when he, from wrauth  
 more cool,

Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both,  
 To sentence Man. The voice of God they  
 heard

Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears, while day declined;  
 they heard,

And from his presence hid themselves  
 among<sup>100</sup>

The thickest trees, both man and wife, till  
 God,

Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud: —  
 "Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy  
 to meet

My coming, seen far off? I miss thee  
 here,

Not pleased thus entertained, with solitude,  
 Where obvious duty erewhile appeared  
 unsought.

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains?  
 Come forth!"

He came, and with him Eve, more loth,  
 though first

To offend, discountenanced both, and dis-  
 composed.<sup>110</sup>

Love was not in their looks, either to God  
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam, faltering long, thus an-  
 swered brief: —

"I heard thee in the Garden, and, of thy  
 voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To  
 whom

The gracious Judge, without revile, re-  
 plied: —

"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast  
 not feared,

But still rejoiced; how is it now become<sup>120</sup>  
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked  
 who

Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the  
 Tree

Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst  
 not eat?"

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied: —

"O Heaven! in evil strait this day I  
 stand

Before my Judge — either to undergo

Myself the total crime, or to accuse

My other self, the partner of my life,

Whose failing, while her faith to me re-  
 mains,<sup>129</sup>

I should conceal, and not expose to blame

By my complaint. But strict necessity

Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

Lest on my head both sin and punishment,

However insupportable, be all

Devolved; though, should I hold my peace,  
 yet thou

Wouldest easily detect what I conceal.

This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my  
 help,

And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,

That from her hand I could suspect no  
 ill,<sup>140</sup>

And what she did, whatever in itself,

Her doing seemed to justify the deed —

She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat."

To whom the Sovran Presence thus re-  
 plied: —

"Was she thy God, that her thou didst  
 obey

Before his voice? or was she made thy  
 guide,

Superior, or but equal, that to her

Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the  
 place

Wherein God set thee above her, made of  
 thee<sup>149</sup>

And for thee, whose perfection far excelled

Hers in all real dignity? Adorned

She was indeed, and lovely, to attract

Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts

Were such as under government well  
seemed —

Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thyself  
aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few: —  
"Say, Woman, what is this which thou  
hast done?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh over-  
whelmed,

Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied: —

"The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."  
Which when the Lord God heard, with-  
out delay

To judgment he proceeded on the accused  
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer  
The guilt on him who made him instru-  
ment

Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation — justly then accursed,  
As vitiated in nature. More to know  
Concerned not Man (since he no further  
knew),

Nor altered his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,  
Though in mysterious terms, judged as  
then best;

And on the Serpent thus his curse let  
fall: —

"Because thou hast done this, thou art  
accursed

Above all cattle, each beast of the field;  
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
Between thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;  
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise  
his heel."

So spake this oracle — then verified  
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from  
Heaven,

Prince of the Air; then, rising from his  
grave,  
Spoiled Principalities and Powers, tri-  
umphant

In open shew, and, with ascension bright,  
Captivity led captive through the Air,  
The realm itself of Satan, long usurped,  
Whom He shall tread at last under our  
feet,

Even He who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his sentence  
turned: —

"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
By thy conception; children thou shalt  
bring

In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall  
rule."

On Adam last thus judgment he pro-  
nounced: —

"Because thou hast hearkened to the voice  
of thy wife,

And eaten of the Tree concerning which  
I charged thee, saying, *Thou shalt not eat  
thereof*,

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in  
sorrow

Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;  
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee  
forth

Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the  
field;

In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat  
bread,

Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy  
birth,

For dust thou art, and shalt to dust re-  
turn."

So judged he Man, both Judge and Sa-  
viour sent,

And the instant stroke of death, denounced  
that day,

Removed far off; then, pitying how they  
stood

Before him naked to the air, that now  
Must suffer change, disdained not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume.  
As when he washed his servants' feet, so  
now,

As Father of his family, he clad  
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or  
slain,

Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;  
And thought not much to clothe his ene-  
mies.

Nor he their outward only with the skins  
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much  
more

Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness  
Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.

To him with swift ascent he up returned,  
Into his blissful bosom reassumed

In glory as of old; to him, appeased,  
All, though all-knowing, what had passed  
with Man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinned and  
judged on Earth,  
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and  
Death,

In counterview within the gates, that now  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend passed  
through,  
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:—

“O Son, why sit we here, each other  
viewing

Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives  
In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be  
But that success attends him; if mishap,  
Ere this he had returned, with fury driven  
By his Avengers, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me

rise,  
Wings growing, and dominion given me  
large

Beyond this Deep — whatever draws me  
on,

Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kind  
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
Inseparable, must with me along;  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.

But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
(Adventurous work, yet to thy power and  
mine

Not unagreeable!) to found a path  
Over this Main from Hell to that new  
World

Where Satan now prevails — a monument  
Of merit high to all the infernal Host,  
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse  
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.”

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answered  
soon:—

“Go whither fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor  
err

The way, thou leading: such a scent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The savour of death from all things there  
that live.

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.”

So saying, with delight he snuffed the  
smell

Of mortal change on Earth. As when a  
flock

Of ravenous fowl, though many a league  
remote,

Against the day of battle, to a field  
Where armies lie encamped come flying,

lured  
With scent of living carcasses designed  
For death the following day in bloody

fight;

So scented the grim Feature, and upturned  
His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Then both, from out Hell-gates, into the  
waste

Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
Flew diverse, and, with power (their power  
was great)

Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea

Tossed up and down, together crowded  
drove,

From each side shoaling, towards the mouth  
of Hell;

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined

way

Beyond Petsora eastward to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil

Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry  
As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm

As Delos, floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move

And with asphaltic slime; broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of Hell the gathered

beach  
They fastened, and the mole immense  
wrought on

Over the foaming Deep high-arched, a  
bridge

Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immovable of this now fenceless World,

Forfeit to Death — from hence a passage  
broad,

Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compared,

Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,

Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont

Bridging his way, Europe with Asia  
     joined, <sup>310</sup>  
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical — a ridge of pendent rock  
 Over the vexed Abyss, following the track  
 Of Satan, to the self-same place where he  
 First lighted from his wing and landed safe  
 From out of Chaos — to the outside bare  
 Of this round World. With pins of adamant  
 And chains they made all fast, too fast  
     they made  
 And durable; and now in little space <sup>320</sup>  
 The confines met of empyrean Heaven  
 And of this World, and on the left hand  
     Hell,  
 With long reach interposed; three several  
     ways  
 In sight to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to Earth they had described,  
 To Paradise first tending, when, behold  
 Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,  
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
     ing  
 His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose !  
 Disguised he came; but those his children  
     dear <sup>330</sup>  
 Their parent soon discerned, though in  
     disguise.  
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
 Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape  
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her husband — saw their shame that  
     sought  
 Vain covertures; but, when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present — fearing, guilty, what his  
     wrath <sup>340</sup>  
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, returned  
 By night, and, listening where the hapless  
     pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,  
 Thence gathered his own doom; which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now returned,  
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd

Met who to meet him came, his offspring  
     dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at  
     sight <sup>350</sup>  
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy encreased.  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Inchanting daughter, thus the silence  
     broke:—  
 “O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy trophies ! which thou view'st as not  
     thine own;  
 Thou art their Author and prime Architect.  
 For I no sooner in my heart divined  
 (My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, joined in connexion  
     sweet)  
 That thou on Earth hadst prospered, which  
     thy looks <sup>360</sup>  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt —  
 Though distant from thee worlds between,  
     yet felt —  
 That I must after thee with this thy son;  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three.  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined  
 Within Hell-gates till now; thou us im-  
     powered  
 To fortify thus far, and overlay <sup>370</sup>  
 With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.  
 Thine now is all this World ; thy virtue  
     hath won  
 What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom  
     gained,  
 With odds, what war hath lost, and fully  
     avenged  
 Our foil in Heaven. Here thou shalt Mon-  
     arch reign,  
 There didst not; there let him still victor  
     sway,  
 As battle hath adjudged, from this new  
     World  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by the empyreal  
     bounds, <sup>380</sup>  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular World,  
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his  
     Throne.”  
 Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answered glad:—  
 “Fair daughter, and thou, son and grand-  
     child both,

High proof ye now have given to be the  
race

Of Satan (for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of Heaven's Almighty King),  
Amplly have merited of me, of all  
The Infernal Empire, that so near Heaven's  
door

Triumphal with triumphal act have met, <sup>390</sup>  
Mine with this glorious work, and made one  
realm

Hell and this World — one realm, one con-  
tinent

Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I  
Descend through Darkness, on your road  
with ease,

To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them re-  
joice,

You two this way, among these numerous  
orbs,

All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on  
the Earth

Dominion exercise and in the air, <sup>400</sup>  
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared;  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly  
kill.

My substitutes I send ye, and create  
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now  
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death exposed by my ex-  
ploit.

If your joint power prevail, the affairs of  
Hell

No detriment need fear; go, and be strong."  
So saying, he dismissed them; they with  
speed <sup>410</sup>

Their course through thickest constella-  
tions held,

Spreading their bane; the blasted stars  
looked wan,

And planets, planet-strook, real eclipse  
Then suffered. The other way Satan went  
down

The cause to Hell-gate; on either side  
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaimed,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,  
That scorned his indignation. Through the  
gate,

Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,  
And all about found desolate; for those <sup>420</sup>  
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all  
Far to the inland retired, about the walls

Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion called  
Of that bright star to Satan paragoned.  
There kept their watch the legions, while  
the Grand

In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their Emperor sent; so he  
Departing gave command, and they ob-  
served. <sup>430</sup>

As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,  
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste be-  
yond

The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Tauris or Casbeen; so these, the late  
Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost  
Hell

Many a dark league, reduced in careful  
watch

Round their Metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour their great Adventurer from the  
search <sup>440</sup>

Of foreign worlds. He through the midst  
unmarked,

In shew plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, passed, and, from the door  
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
Ascended his high Throne, which, under  
state

Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen.  
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter,  
clad <sup>450</sup>

With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed  
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
Bent their aspect, and whom they wished  
beheld,

Their mighty Chief returned: loud was the  
acclaim.

Forth rushed in haste the great consulting  
Peers,

Raised from their dark Divan, and with  
like joy

Congratulant approached him, who with  
hand

Silence, and with these words attention,  
won:—

"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,  
Virtues, Powers!— <sup>460</sup>

For in possession such, not only of right,  
I call ye, and declare ye now, returned,

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit  
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,  
And dungeon of our tyrant ! Now possess,  
As lords, a spacious World, to our native  
Heaven

Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
With peril great achieved. Long were to  
tell

What I have done, what suffered, with  
what pain

Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded Deep<sup>470</sup>  
Of horrible confusion — over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,  
To expedite your glorious march; but I  
Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to  
ride

The untractable Abyss, plunged in the  
womb

Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely op-  
posed

My journey strange, with clamorous up-  
roar

Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I  
found

The new-created World, which fame in  
Heaven

Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,  
Of absolute perfection; therein Man  
Placed in a paradise, by our exile  
Made happy. Him by fraud I have se-  
duced

From his Creator, and, the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an apple ! He, thereat  
Offended — worth your laughter ! — hath  
given up

Both his beloved Man and all his World  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,<sup>490</sup>  
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.  
True is, we also he hath judged; or rather  
Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose  
shape

Man I deceived. That which to me be-  
longs

Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and Mankind: I am to bruise his heel;  
His seed — when is not set — shall bruise  
my head !

A world who would not purchase with a  
bruise,

Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have<sup>500</sup>  
the account

Of my performance; what remains, ye  
Gods,

But up and enter now into full bliss ? ”  
So having said, a while he stood, expect-  
ing

Their universal shout and high applause  
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears,  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn. He wondered, but not  
long

Had leisure, wondering at himself now  
more.

His visage drawn he felt to sharp and  
spare,

His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining

Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,  
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power  
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he  
sinned,

According to his doom. He would have  
spoke,

But hiss for hiss returned with forked  
tongue

To forked tongue; for now were all trans-  
formed

Alike, to serpents all, as accessories<sup>520</sup>  
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarm-  
ing now

With complicated monsters, head and tail—  
Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,  
Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,  
And Dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the  
soil

Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,  
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the  
Sun

Ingendered in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python; and his power no less he  
seemed

Above the rest still to retain. They all<sup>530</sup>  
Him followed, issuing forth to the open  
field,

Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just ar-  
ray,

Sublime with expectation when to see  
In triumph issuing forth their glorious  
Chief.

They saw, but other sight instead — a  
crowd



Of ugly serpents ! Horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw  
They felt themselves now changing. Down  
their arms,

Down fell both spear and shield; down  
they as fast,

And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form  
Caught by contagion, like in punishment  
As in their crime. Thus was the applause  
they meant

Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from their own mouths.  
There stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their  
change,

His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like  
that

Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
Used by the Tempter. On that prospect  
strange

Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining  
For one forbidden tree a multitude  
Now risen, to work them further woe or  
shame;

Yet, parched with scalding thirst and  
hunger fierce,

Though to delude them sent, could not ab-  
stain,

But on they rowled in heaps, and, up the  
trees

Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked  
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which  
grew

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom  
flamed;

This, more delusive, not the touch, but  
taste

Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended  
taste

With spattering noise rejected. Oft they  
assayed,

Hunger and thirst constraining; drugged  
as oft,

With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws  
With soot and cinders filled; so oft they  
fell

Into the same illusion, not as Man  
Whom they triumphed' once lapsed. Thus  
were they plagued,

And, worn with famine, long and ceaseless  
hiss,

Till their lost shape, permitted, they re-  
sumed —

Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain numbered  
days,

To dash their pride, and joy for Man se-  
duced.

However, some tradition they dispersed  
Among the Heathen of their purchase got  
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they  
called

Ophion, with Eurynome (the wide-  
Encroaching Eve perhaps), had first the rule  
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven  
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the Hellish pair  
Too soon arrived — Sin, there in power be-  
fore

Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
Habitual habitant; behind her Death,  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted  
yet

On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus be-  
gan: —

“Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering  
Death !

What think'st thou of our empire now ?  
though earned

With travail difficult, not better far  
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have  
sat watch,

Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-  
starved ? ”

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster an-  
swered soon: —

“To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven —  
There best where most with ravin I may  
meet:

Which here, though plenteous, all too little  
seems

To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound  
corpse.”

To whom the incestuous Mother thus re-  
plied: —

“Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and  
fruits, and flowers,

Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and  
fowl —

No homely morsels; and whatever thing  
The scythe of Time mows down devour  
unspared;

Till I, in Man residing through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all  
infect,

And season him thy last and sweetest  
prey."

This said, they both betook them several  
ways, 610

Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,

From his transcendent Seat the Saints  
among,

To those bright Orders uttered thus his  
voice:—

"See with what heat these dogs of Hell  
advance

To waste and havoc yonder World, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of  
Man 619

Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me (so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his adherents), that with so much  
ease

I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heavenly, and, conniving, seem  
To gratify my scornful enemies,  
That laugh, as if, transported with some  
fit

Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I called and drew them  
thither,

My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and  
filth 630

Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath  
shed

On what was pure; till, crammed and  
gorged, nigh burst

With sucked and glutted offal, at one  
sling

Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave,  
at last

Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth  
of Hell

For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
Then Heaven and Earth, renewed, shall be  
made pure

To sanctity that shall receive no stain:  
Till then the curse pronounced on both  
precedes." 640

He ended, and the Heavenly Audience  
loud

Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung:—"Just are  
thy ways,

Righteous are thy decrees on all thy  
works;

Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the  
Son,

Destined restorer of Mankind, by whom  
New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages  
rise,

Or down from Heaven descend." Such  
was their song,

While the Creator, calling forth by name  
His mighty Angels, gave them several  
charge, 650

As sorted best with present things. The  
Sun

Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the Earth with cold and  
heat

Scarce tolerable, and from the north to  
call

Decrepit winter, from the south to bring  
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank  
Moon

Her office they prescribed; to the other  
five

Their planetary motions and aspects,  
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660  
In synod unbenign; and taught the fixed  
Their influence malignant when to shower—  
Which of them, rising with the Sun or fall-

ing,  
Should prove tempestuous. To the winds  
they set

Their corners, when with bluster to con-  
found

Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to  
roll

With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
Some say he bid his Angels turn askance

The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and  
more

From the Sun's axle; they with labour  
pushed 670

Oblique the centric Globe: some say the  
Sun

Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial  
road

Like distant breadth—to Taurus with the  
seven

Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down again

By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change

Of seasons to each clime. Else had the  
spring

Perpetual smiled on Earth with vernal  
 flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day &c;  
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun,  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still the horizon, and not  
 known  
 Or east or west — which had forbid the  
 snow  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit,  
 The Sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turned  
 His course intended; else how had the  
 world &c;  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the heavens, though slow,  
 produced  
 Like change on sea and land — sidereal  
 blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with  
 ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and  
 flaw,  
 Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud  
 And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas  
 upturn; &c;  
 With adverse blasts upturns them from  
 the south &c;  
 Notus and Afer, black with thundrous  
 clouds  
 From Serrationa; thwart of these, as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent  
 winds,  
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,  
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord  
 first,  
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy.  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl  
 with fowl, &c;  
 And fish with fish. To graze the herb all  
 leaving  
 Devoured each other; nor stood much in  
 awe  
 Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance  
 grim  
 Glared on him passing. These were from  
 without  
 The growing miseries; which Adam saw

Already in part, though hid in gloomiest  
 shade,  
 To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within,  
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad com-  
 plaint: —  
 “O miserable of happy! Is this the  
 end &c;  
 Of this new glorious World, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory? who now, become  
 Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my  
 highth  
 Of happiness! Yet well, if here would  
 end  
 The misery! I deserved it, and would  
 bear  
 My own deservings. But this will not  
 serve:  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard  
 Delightfully, ‘*Encrease and multiply* ;’  
 Now death to hear! for what can I en-  
 crease  
 Or multiply but curses on my head?  
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? ‘*Ill fare our Ancestor impure!*  
 For this we may thank Adam!’ but his  
 thanks  
 Shall be the execration. So, besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from  
 me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound —  
 On me, as on their natural centre, light; &c;  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting  
 joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here  
 place  
 In this delicious Garden? As my will  
 Concurred not to my being, it were but  
 right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I received, unable to perform &c;  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to  
 hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too  
 late

I thus contest; then should have been refused

Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.

Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,

Then cavil the conditions? And, though God

Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760

Prove disobedient, and, reproved, retort,  
'Wherefore didst thou beget me?' I  
sought it not!

Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee

That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,

But natural necessity, begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own

To serve him; thy reward was of his grace; Thy punishment, then, justly is at his will.

Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair, 769  
That dust I am, and shall to dust return.

O welcome hour whenever! Why delays His hand to execute what his decree

Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive? Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out

To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet

Mortality, my sentence, and be earth Insensible! how glad would lay me down

As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,

And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more

Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse 780

To me and to my offspring would torment me

With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt Pursues me still — lest all I cannot die;

Lest that pure breath of life, the Spirit of Man

Which God inspired, cannot together perish With this corporeal clod. Then, in the grave,

Or in some other dismal place, who knows But I shall die a living death? O thought

Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath

Of life that sinned: what dies but what had life 790

And sin? The body properly hath neither.

All of me, then, shall die: let this appease The doubt, since human reach no further knows.

For, though the Lord of all be infinite, Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so, But mortal doomed. How can he exercise Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end?

Can he make deathless death? That were to make

Strange contradiction; which to God himself

Impossible is held, as argument 800  
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,

For anger's sake, finite to infinite In punished Man, to satisfy his rigour

Satisfied never? That were to extend His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law;

By which all causes else according still To the reception of their matter act,

Not to the extent of their own sphere.

But say That death be not one stroke, as I supposed, Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810

From this day onward, which I feel begun Both in me and without me, and so last

To perpetuity — Ay me! that fear Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution

On my defenceless head! Both Death and I

Am found eternal, and incorporate both: Nor I on my part single; in me all

Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony That I must leave ye, sons! Oh, were I able 819

To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! So disinherited, how would ye bless

Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind,

For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned?

If guiltless! But from me what can proceed

But all corrupt — both mind and will depraved

Not to do only, but to will the same With me? How can they, then, acquitted stand

In sight of God? Him, after all disputes, Forced I absolve. All my evasions vain

And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still 830

But to my own conviction: first and last

On me, me only, as the source and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due.  
So might the wraith! Fond wish! couldst  
thou support

That burden, heavier than the Earth to  
bear —

Than all the world much heavier, though  
divided

With that bad Woman? Thus, what thou  
desir'st,

And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all  
hope

Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
Beyond all past example and future' — 840  
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.  
O Conscience! into what abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of  
which

I find no way, from deep to deeper  
plunged!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
Through the still night — not now, as ere

Man fell,  
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with  
black air

Accompanied, with damps and dreadful  
gloom;

Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror. On the  
ground 850

Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground,  
and oft

Cursed his creation; Death as oft accused  
Of tardy execution, since denounced

The day of his offence. "Why comes not  
Death,"

Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her  
word,

Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
But Death comes not at call; Justice divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or  
cries.

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and  
bowers! 860

With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song."

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she as-  
sayed;

But her, with stern regard, he thus re-  
pelled: —

"Out of my sight, thou Serpent! That  
name best

Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as  
false

And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy  
shape

Like his, and colour serpentine, may shew  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures  
from thee 871

Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form,  
pretended

To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for  
thee

I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained  
Not to be trusted — longing to be seen,  
Though by the Devil himself; him over-  
weening

To overreach; but, with the Serpent meet-  
ing,

Fooled and beguiled; by him thou, I by  
thee, 880

To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all as-  
saults,

And understood not all was but a shew,  
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib  
Crook'd by nature — bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister — from me  
drawn;

Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found! Oh, why did  
God,

Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven  
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890

This novelty on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once

With men as Angels, without feminine;  
Or find some other way to generate

Mankind? This mischief had not then  
befallen,

And more that shall befall — innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through female  
snares,

And strait conjunction with this sex. For  
either

He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mis-  
take; 900

Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her

gained

By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late

Shall meet, already linked and wedlock  
bound

To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace con-  
found."

He added not, and from her turned; but  
Eve,

Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not  
flowing, 910

And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
Fell humble, and, imbracing them, be-  
sought

His peace, and thus proceeded in her  
plaint:—

"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness  
Heaven

What love sincere and reverence in my  
heart

I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me  
not

Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920  
My only strength and stay. Forlorn of  
thee,

Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour  
perhaps,

Between us two let there be peace; both  
joining,

As joined in injuries, one enmity  
Against a Foe by doom express assigned  
us,

That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befallen—  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable. Both have sinned; but  
thou 930

Against God only; I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven,  
that all

The sentence, from thy head removed, may  
light

On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me, me only, just object of His ire."

She ended, weeping; and her lowly  
plight,

Immovable till peace obtained from fault  
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam  
wrought

Commiseration. Soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole de-  
light, 941

Now at his feet submissive in distress—

Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeased, his  
aid.

As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words upraised her  
soon:—

"Unwary, and too desirous, as before  
So now, of what thou know'st not, who  
desir'st

The punishment all on thyself! Alas!  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950  
His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet  
least part,

And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If  
prayers

Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder  
heard,

That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
To me committed, and by me exposed.

But rise; let us no more contend, nor  
blame

Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but  
strive

In offices of love how we may lighten 960  
Each other's burden in our share of woe;  
Since this day's death denounced, if aught  
I see,

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced  
evil,

A long day's dying, to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) de-  
rived."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, re-  
plied:—

"Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can  
find,

Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate. Nevertheless, 970

Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my  
heart,

Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are  
risen,

Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet toler-  
able,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, de-  
voured 980

By Death at last (and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to  
bring

Into this cursed world a woeful race,  
That, after wretched life, must be at last  
Food for so foul a Monster), in thy power  
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art; childless remain. So

Death  
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us  
two 990

Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But, if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From love's due rites, nuptial imbraces  
sweet,

And with desire to languish without hope  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire — which would be misery  
And torment less than none of what we  
dread —

Then, both our selves and seed at once to  
free

From what we fear for both, let us make  
short; 1000

Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves.  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears  
That shew no end but death, and have the  
power,

Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of death her  
thoughts

Had entertained as dyed her cheeks with  
pale.

But Adam, with such counsel nothing  
swayed, 1010

To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve re-  
plied: —

"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure  
seems

To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent than what thy mind con-  
temns:

But self-destruction therefore sought re-  
futes

That excellence thought in thee, and implies  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.

Or, if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020

Of misery, so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but  
God

Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire than  
so

To be forestalled. Much more I fear lest  
death

So snatched will not exempt us from the  
pain

We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
To make death in us live. Then let us  
seek

Some safer resolution — which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall  
bruise 1031

The Serpent's head. Piteous amends! un-  
less

Be meant whom I conjecture, our grand  
foe,

Satan, who in the Serpent hath contrived  
Against us this deceit. To crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed — which will be  
lost

By death brought on ourselves, or childless  
days

Resolved as thou proposest; so our foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordained, and  
we 1039

Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mentioned, then, of violence  
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness  
That cuts us off from hope, and savours  
only

Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our necks. Remember with what  
mild

And gracious temper he both heard and  
judged,

Without wrath or reviling. We expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by death that day; when, lo!  
to thee 1050

Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with  
joy,

Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope  
Glanced on the ground. With labour I  
must earn

My bread; what harm? Idleness had been  
worse;

My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold  
Or heat should injure us, his timely care

Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands  
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he  
judged. 1059

How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and  
snow!

Which now the sky, with various face,  
begins

To shew us in this mountain, while the  
winds

Blow moist and keen, shattering the grace-  
ful locks

Of these fair spreading trees; which bids  
us seek

Some better shroud, some better warmth  
to cherish

Our limbs benumbed — ere this diurnal  
star 1069

Leave cold the night, how we his gathered  
beams

Reflected may with matter sere foment,  
Or by collision of two bodies grind

The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds,  
Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in  
their shock,

Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart  
flame, driven down,

Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
And sends a comfortable heat from far,

Which might supply the Sun. Such fire to  
use,

And what may else be remedy or cure 1079  
To evils which our own misdeeds have  
wrought,

He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear  
To pass commodiously this life, sustained  
By him with many comforts, till we end  
In dust, our final rest and native home.  
What better can we do than, to the place  
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate  
fall

Before him reverent, and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with  
tears

Watering the ground, and with our sighs  
the air 1094

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in  
sign

Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation  
meek?

Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
From his displeasure, in whose look serene,  
When angry most he seemed and most  
severe,

What else but favour, grace, and mercy  
shon?"

So spake our Father penitent; nor Eve  
Felt less remorse. They, forthwith to the  
place

Repairing where he judged them, prostrate  
fell 1099

Before him reverent, and both confessed  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged,  
with tears

Watering the ground, and with their sighs  
the air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in  
sign

Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation.

## BOOK XI

### THE ARGUMENT

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant  
stood

Praying; for from the Mercy-seat above

Prevenient grace descending had removed  
The stony from their hearts, and made new  
flesh

Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now  
breathed

Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with  
speedier flight

Than loudest oratory. Yet their port  
Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
Seemed their petition than when the ancient  
Pair 10

In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drowned, before the  
shrine



Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their  
 prayers  
 Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious  
 winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they  
 passed  
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors;  
 then, clad  
 With incense, where the Golden Altar  
 fumed,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's Throne. Them the  
 glad Son 20  
 Presenting thus to intercede began:—  
 "See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth  
 are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in Man—these  
 sighs  
 And prayers, which in this golden censer,  
 mixed  
 With incense, I, thy priest, before thee  
 bring;  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy  
 seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than  
 those  
 Which, his own hand manuring, all the  
 trees  
 Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen  
 From innocence. Now, therefore, bend  
 thine ear 30  
 To supplication; hear his sighs, though  
 mute;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, me his Advocate  
 And propitiation; all his works on me,  
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those  
 Shall perfit, and for these my death shall  
 pay.  
 Accept me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward Mankind; let  
 him live,  
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
 Numbered, though sad, till death, his doom  
 (which I 40  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),  
 To better life shall yield him, where with  
 me  
 All my redeemed may dwell in joy and  
 bliss,  
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one."  
 To whom the Father, without cloud,  
 serene:—  
 "All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree.

But longer in that Paradise to dwell  
 The law I gave to Nature him forbids; 49  
 Those pure immortal elements, that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off,  
 As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
 Distempered all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
 Created him endowed—with Happiness  
 And Immortality; that fondly lost,  
 This other served but to eternize woe, 60  
 Till I provided Death: so Death becomes  
 His final remedy, and, after life  
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
 Waked in the renovation of the just,  
 Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth  
 renewed.  
 But let us call to synod all the Blest  
 Through Heaven's wide bounds; from them  
 I will not hide  
 My judgments—how with Mankind I pro-  
 ceed,  
 As how with peccant Angels late they  
 saw, 70  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more  
 confirmed."  
 He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright Minister that watched. He  
 blew  
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once  
 more  
 To sound at general doom. The angelic  
 blast  
 Filled all the regions: from their blissful  
 bowers  
 Of amarantin shade, fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they state  
 In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light 80  
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats, till from his Throne  
 supreme  
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran  
 will:—  
 "O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost and evil got,  
 Happier had it sufficed him to have known  
 Good by itself and evil not at all.  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays con-  
 trite — 90

My motions in him; longer than they move,  
His heart I know how variable and vain,  
Self-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder  
hand

Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the Garden forth, to  
till

The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.  
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim <sup>100</sup>  
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the  
Fiend,

Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise;  
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,  
From hallowed ground the unholy, and de-  
nounce

To them, and to their progeny, from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urged  
(For I behold them softened, and with  
tears <sup>110</sup>

Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal  
To Adam what shall come in future days,  
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix  
My covenant in the Woman's seed re-  
newed.

So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet  
in peace;

And on the east side of the Garden place,  
Where entrance up from Eden easiest  
climbs, <sup>119</sup>

Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame  
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,  
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life;  
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
With whose stolen fruit Man once more to  
delude."

He ceased, and the Archangelic Power  
prepared

For swift descent; with him the cohort  
bright

Of watchful Cherubim. Four faces each  
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape  
Spangled with eyes more numerous than  
those <sup>130</sup>

Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral  
reed

Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
To resalute the World with sacred light,  
Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews im-  
balm'd

The Earth, when Adam and first matron  
Eve

Had ended now their orisons, and found  
Strength added from above, new hope to  
spring

Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linked;  
Which thus to Eve his welcome words re-  
newed:— <sup>140</sup>

"Eve, easily may faith admit that all  
The good which we enjoy from Heaven de-  
scends;

But that from us aught should ascend to  
Heaven

So prevalent as to concern the mind  
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
Hard to belief may seem. Yet this will  
prayer,

Or one short sigh of human breath, up-  
borne

Even to the seat of God. For, since I  
sought

By prayer the offended Deity to appease,  
Kneeled and before him humbled all my  
heart, <sup>150</sup>

Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew  
That I was heard with favour; peace re-  
turned

Home to my breast, and to my memory  
His promise that thy seed shall bruise our  
Foe;

Which, then not minded in dismay, yet  
now

Assures me that the bitterness of death  
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to  
thee!

Eve rightly called, Mother of all Mankind,  
Mother of all things living, since by thee <sup>160</sup>  
Man is to live, and all things live for Man."

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour  
meek:—

"Ill-worthy I such title should belong  
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordained  
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise.  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I, who first brought death on all, am  
graced

The source of life; next favourable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st, <sup>170</sup>  
Far other name deserving. But the field

To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,

Though after sleepless night; for see! the Morn,

All unconcerned with our unrest, begins  
Her rosy progress smiling. Let us forth,  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoined

Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,

What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?

Here let us live, though in fallen state, content." <sup>180</sup>

So spake, so wished, much-humbled Eve;  
but Fate

Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs,  
impressed

On bird, beast, air — air suddenly eclipsed,  
After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight

The bird of Jove, stooped from his aerie tour,

Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;

Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,

First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight. <sup>190</sup>

Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase  
Pursuing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake: —

"O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,

Which Heaven by these mute signs in Nature shews,

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
Us, haply too secure of our discharge  
From penalty because from death released  
Some days: how long, and what till then our life,

Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,

And thither must return, and be no more? <sup>200</sup>

Why else this double object in our sight,  
Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground

One way the self-same hour? Why in the east

Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light

More orient in yon western cloud, that draws

O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends, with something Heavenly fraught?"

He erred not; for, by this, the Heavenly bands

Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt — <sup>210</sup>  
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.

Not that more glorious, when the Angels met

Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
The field pavilioned with his guardians bright;

Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeared

In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,  
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise  
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
War unproclaimed. The princely Hierarch <sup>220</sup>

In their bright stand there left his Powers to seize

Possession of the Garden; he alone,  
To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,

Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,  
While the great Visitant approached, thus spake: —

"Eve, now expect great tidings, which, perhaps,

Of us will soon determine, or impose  
New laws to be observed; for I descry,  
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,

One of the Heavenly host, and, by his gait, <sup>230</sup>

None of the meanest — some great Potentate

Or of the Thrones above, such majesty  
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
But solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,

With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,

Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms <sup>240</sup>  
A military vest of purple flowed,

Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof.  
His starry helm unbuckled shewed him  
prime

In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the  
spear.

Adam bowed low; he, kingly, from his state  
Inclined not, but his coming thus de-  
clared: — 250

“Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface  
needs.

Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and  
Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst  
transgress,

Defeated of his seizure many days,  
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st  
repent,

And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover. Well may then thy Lord,  
appeased,

Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious  
claim;

But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not. To remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the Garden forth, to  
till 261

The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter  
soil.”

He added not; for Adam, at the news  
Heart-strook, with chilling gripe of sorrow  
stood,

That all his senses bound; Eve, who un-  
seen

Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discovered soon the place of her retire: —

“O unexpected stroke, worse than of  
Death!

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus  
leave

Thee, native soil? these happy walks and  
shades, 270

Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to  
spend,

Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both? O  
flowers,

That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye  
names,

Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial  
fount?

Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned  
With what to sight or smell was sweet,  
from thee 281

How shall I part, and whither wander  
down

Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? How shall we breathe in other  
air

Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?”

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:  
“Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy  
heart,

Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.  
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art  
bound;

Where he abides, think there thy native  
soil.”

Adam, by this from the cold sudden  
damp

Recovering, and his scattered spirits re-  
turned,

To Michael thus his humble words ad-  
dressed: —

“Celestial, whether among the Thrones,  
or named

Of them the highest — for such of shape  
may seem

Prince above princes — gently hast thou  
told

Thy message, which might else in telling  
wound,

And in performing end us. What be-  
sides 300

Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring—  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left

Familiar to our eyes; all places else  
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,

Nor knowing us, nor known. And, if by  
prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of Him who all things can, I would not  
cease

To weary him with my assiduous cries; 310  
But prayer against his absolute decree

No more avails than breath against the  
wind,

Blown stifling back on him that breathes it  
forth:

Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me — that, departing  
     hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed countenance. Here I could  
     frequent,  
 With worship, place by place where he  
     voutsafed  
 Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,  
 ‘On this mount He appeared; under this  
     tree  
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice <sup>320</sup>  
 I heard; here with him at this fountain  
     talked.’

So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and  
     flowers.

In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
 For, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled  
 To life prolonged and promised race, I  
     now <sup>331</sup>

Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.”

To whom thus Michael, with regard be-  
     nign:—

“Adam, thou know’st Heaven his, and all  
     the Earth,

Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that  
     lives,

Fomented by his virtual power and warmed.  
 All the Earth he gave thee to possess and  
     rule,

No despicable gift; surmise not, then, <sup>340</sup>  
 His presence to these narrow bounds con-  
     fined

Of Paradise or Eden. This had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had  
     spread

All generations, and had hither come,  
 From all the ends of the Earth, to cele-  
     brate

And reverence thee their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost,  
     brought down

To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
 God is, as here, and will be found alike <sup>350</sup>  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee  
     round

With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou may’st believe, and be  
     confirmed

Ere thou from hence depart, know I am  
     sent

To shew thee what shall come in future  
     days

To thee and to thy offspring. Good with  
     bad

Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men — thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inured <sup>362</sup>

By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. As-  
     cend

This hill; let Eve (for I have drenched her  
     eyes)

Here sleep below while thou to foresight  
     wak’st,

As once thou slept’st while she to life was  
     formed.”

To whom thus Adam gratefully re-  
     plied:— <sup>370</sup>

“Ascend; I follow thee, safe Guide, the  
     path

Thou lead’st me, and to the hand of Hea-  
     ven submit,

However chastening — to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour  
     won,

If so I may attain.” So both ascend  
 In the Visions of God. It was a hill,  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken  
 Stretched out to the amplest reach of pro-  
     spect lay. <sup>380</sup>

Not higher that hill, nor wider looking  
     round,

Whereon for different cause the Tempter  
     set

Our second Adam, in the wilderness,  
 To shew him all Earth’s kingdoms and  
     their glory.

His eye might there command wherever  
     stood

City of old or modern fame, the seat  
 Of mightiest empire, from the destined  
     walls

Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir’s throne,

To Paquin, of Sinæan kings, and thence 390  
 To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,  
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola fardest south, 401  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,  
 Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was  
 to sway

The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled  
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410  
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film re-  
 moved

Which that false fruit that promised clearer  
 sight

Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and  
 rue

The visual nerve, for he had much to see,  
 And from the well of life three drops in-  
 stilled.

So deep the power of these ingredients  
 pierced,

Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became in-  
 tranced. 420

But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon raised, and his attention thus re-  
 called:—

“Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first  
 behold

The effects which thy original crime hath  
 wrought

In some to spring from thee, who never  
 touched

The excepted Tree, nor with the Snake  
 conspired,

Nor sinned thy sin, yet from that sin de-  
 rive

Corruption to bring forth more violent  
 deeds.”

His eyes he opened, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves

New-reaped, the other part sheep-walks  
 and folds;

I<sup>431</sup>’ the midst an altar as the landmark stood,  
 Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First-fruits, the green ear and the yellow  
 sheaf,

Unculled, as came to hand. A shepherd  
 next,

More meek, came with the firstlings of his  
 flock,

Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense  
 strewn,

On the cleft wood, and all due rites per-  
 formed.

His offering soon propitious fire from hea-  
 ven 440

Consumed, with nimble glance and grate-  
 ful steam;

The other’s not, for his was not sincere:  
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talked,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and, deadly pale,  
 Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood  
 effused.

Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismayed, and thus in haste to the Angel  
 cried:—

“O Teacher, some great mischief hath  
 befallen 450

To that meek man, who well had sacrificed:  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved,  
 replied:—

“These two are brethren, Adam, and to  
 come

Out of thy loins. The unjust the just hath  
 slain,

For envy that his brother’s offering found  
 From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody  
 fact

Will be avenged, and the other’s faith ap-  
 proved

Lose no reward, though here thou see him  
 die,

Rowling in dust and gore.” To which our  
 Sire:— 460

“Alas, both for the deed and for the  
 cause!

But have I now seen Death? Is this the  
 way

I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!”

To whom thus Michael: — "Death thou  
 hast seen  
 In his first shape on Man; but many shapes  
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave — all dismal, yet to sense  
 More terrible at the entrance than  
 within. <sup>470</sup>  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke  
 shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance  
 more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the Earth  
 shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear, that thou may'st  
 know  
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men." Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome,  
 dark;  
 A lazarus-house it seemed, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased — all maladies <sup>480</sup>  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture  
 qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
 Dæmoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking  
 rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; De-  
 spair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to  
 couch; <sup>490</sup>  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft in-  
 voked  
 With vows, as their chief good and final  
 hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could  
 long  
 Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but  
 wept,  
 Though not of woman born: compassion  
 quelled  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrained ex-  
 cess,  
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint  
 renewed: —  
 "O miserable Mankind, to what fall <sup>500</sup>  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given

To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can  
 thus  
 The image of God in Man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased, <sup>510</sup>  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not  
 Man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image's sake exempt?"  
 "Their Maker's image," answered Mi-  
 chael, "then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
 To serve ungoverned Appetite, and took  
 His image whom they served — a brutish  
 vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment, <sup>520</sup>  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their  
 own;  
 Or, if his likeness, by themselves defaced  
 While they pervert pure Nature's health-  
 ful rules  
 To loathsome sickness — worthily, since  
 they  
 God's image did not reverence in them-  
 selves."  
 "I yield it just," said Adam, "and sub-  
 mit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural  
 dust?"  
 "There is," said Michael, "if thou well  
 observe <sup>530</sup>  
 The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance  
 taught  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking  
 from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return.  
 So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou  
 drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death  
 mature.  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which  
 will change  
 To withered, weak, and grey; thy senses  
 then, <sup>540</sup>

Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo  
 To what thou hast; and, for the air of  
 youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will  
 reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life." To whom our Ancestor:—

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would  
 prolong  
 Life much—bent rather how I may be  
 quit,

Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend 551  
 My dissolution." Michael replied:—

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what  
 thou liv'st  
 Live well; how long or short permit to  
 Heaven.

And now prepare thee for another sight."

He looked, and saw a spacious plain,  
 whereon

Were tents of various hue: by some were  
 herds

Of cattle grazing; others whence the sound  
 Of instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of harp and organ, and who  
 moved 560

Their stops and chords was seen: his volent  
 touch

Instinct through all proportions low and  
 high

Fled and pursued transverse the resonant  
 fugue.

In other part stood one who, at the forge  
 Labouring, two massy clods of iron and  
 brass

Had melted (whether found where casual  
 fire

Had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,  
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding  
 hot

To some cave's mouth, or whether washed  
 by stream

From underground); the liquid ore he  
 drained 570

Into fit moulds prepared; from which he  
 formed

First his own tools, then what might else be  
 wrought

Fusil or graven in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side, a different sort

From the high neighbouring hills, which  
 was their seat,

Down to the plain descended: by their guise  
 Just men they seemed, and all their study  
 bent

To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid; nor those things last which might  
 preserve

Freedom and peace to men. They on the  
 plain 580

Long had not walked when from the tents  
 behold

A bevy of fair women, richly gay

In gems and wanton dress! to the harp  
 they sung

Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.  
 The men, though grave, eyed them, and let  
 their eyes

Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net  
 Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking  
 chose.

And now of love they treat, till the even-  
 ing-star,

Love's harbinger, appeared; then, all in  
 heat,

They light the nuptial torch, and bid in-  
 voke 590

Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview, and fair event

Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands,  
 flowers,

And charming symphonies, attached the  
 heart

Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
 The bent of Nature; which he thus ex-  
 pressed:—

"True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel  
 blest,

Much better seems this vision, and more  
 hope

Of peaceful days portends, than those two  
 past: 600

Those were of hate and death, or pain much  
 worse;

Here Nature seems fulfilled in all her ends."  
 To whom thus Michael:—"Judge not  
 what is best

By pleasure, though to Nature seeming  
 meet,

Created, as thou art, to nobler end,  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant were  
 the tents

Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race



Who slew his brother: studious they appear  
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare; 610  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his  
Spirit

Taught them; but they his gifts acknow-  
ledged none.

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;  
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that  
seemed

Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the  
eye; — 620

To these that sober race of men, whose  
lives

Religious titled them the Sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy  
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for  
which

The world erelong a world of tears must  
weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy be-  
reft: —

"O pity and shame, that they who to live  
well 629

Entered so fair should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!  
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe  
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin."

"From Man's effeminate slackness it be-  
gins,"

Said the Angel, "who should better hold  
his place

By wisdom, and superior gifts received.  
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him — towns, and rural works be-  
tween,

Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening  
war, 641

Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foam-  
ing steed,

Single or in array of battle ranged

Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering  
stood.

One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,  
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,

Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the  
plain,  
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds  
fly, 650

But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray:  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered  
lies

With carcasses and arms the ensanguined  
field

Deserted. Others to a city strong

Lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale, and  
mine,

Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphur-  
ous fire;

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the sceptred haralds call 660

To council in the city-gates: anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors  
mixed,

Assemble, and harangues are heard; but  
soon

In factious opposition, till at last

Of middle age one rising, eminent

In wise deport, spake much of right and  
wrong,

Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,  
And judgment from above: him old and  
young

Exploded, and had seized with violent  
hands,

Had not a cloud descending snatched him  
thence, 670

Unseen amid the throng. So violence  
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
Through all the plain, and refuge none was  
found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
Lamenting turned full sad: — "Oh, what  
are these ?

Death's ministers, not men ! who thus deal  
death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
His brother; for of whom such massacre  
Make they but of their brethren, men of  
men ? 680

But who was that just man, whom had not  
Heaven

Rescued, had in his righteousness been  
lost ? "

To whom thus Michael: — "These are  
the product'

Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,

Where good with bad were matched; who  
of themselves

Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mixed,  
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high re-  
nown;

For in those days might only shall be ad-  
mired,

And valour and heroic virtue called. 690

To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest  
pitch

Of human glory, and, for glory done,  
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of  
gods —

Destroyers rightlier called, and Plagues of  
men.

Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on  
earth,

And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou  
beheld'st 700

The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes, for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious truth, that God would  
come

To judge them with his Saints — him the  
Most High,

Rapt in a balmy cloud, with wingèd steeds,  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with  
God

High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death, to show thee what re-  
ward

Awaits the good, the rest what punish-  
ment; 710

Which now direct thine eyes and soon be-  
hold."

He looked, and saw the face of things  
quite changed.

The brazen throat of war had ceased to  
roar;

All now was turned to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allured them; thence from cups to civil  
broils.

At length a reverend Sire among them  
came, 719

And of their doings great dislike declared,  
And testified against their ways. He oft

Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preached  
Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
In prison, under judgments imminent;  
But all in vain. Which when he saw, he  
ceased

Contending, and removed his tents far off;  
Then, from the mountain hewing timber  
tall,

Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,  
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth,  
and highth, 730

Smeared round with pitch, and in the side  
a door

Contrived, and of provisions laid in large  
For man and beast: when lo! a wonder  
strange!

Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,  
Came sevens and pairs, and entered in, as  
taught

Their order; last, the Sire and his three  
sons,

With their four wives; and God made fast  
the door.

Meanwhile the South-wind rose, and, with  
black wings

Wide - hovering, all the clouds together  
drove

From under heaven; the hills to their  
supply 740

Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain; and now the thickened  
sky

Like a dark ceiling stood: down rushed the  
rain

Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
No more was seen. The floating Vessel  
swum

Uplifted, and secure with beakèd prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings  
else

Flood overwhelmed, and them with all  
their pomp

Deep under water rowled; sea covered sea,  
Sea without shore: and in their palaces, 750

Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters  
whelped

And stabled: of mankind, so numerous  
late,

All left in one small bottom swum im-  
barked.

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to be-  
hold

The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
Depopulation! Thee another flood,

Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also  
drowned,  
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently  
reared  
By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at  
last,  
Though comfortless, as when a father  
mourns <sup>760</sup>  
His children, all in view destroyed at once,  
And scarce to the Angel utter'dst thus thy  
plaint: —

“O Visions ill foreseen! Better had I  
Lived ignorant of future — so had borne  
My part of evil only, each day's lot  
Enough to bear. Those now that were dis-  
pensed

The burden of many ages on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining  
birth

Abortive, to torment me, ere their being,  
With thought that they must be. Let no  
man seek <sup>770</sup>

Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
Him or his children — evil, he may be  
sure,

Which neither his foreknowing can pre-  
vent,

And he the future evil shall no less  
In apprehension than in substance feel  
Grievous to bear. But that care now is  
past;

Man is not whom to warn; those few es-  
caped

Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
Wandering that watery desert. I had  
hope,

When violence was ceased and war on  
Earth, <sup>780</sup>

All would have then gone well, peace would  
have crowned

With length of happy days the race of  
Man;

But I was far deceived, for now I see  
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
How comes it thus? Unfold, Celestial  
Guide,  
And whether here the race of Man will  
end.”

To whom thus Michael: — “Those whom  
last thou saw'st

In triumph and luxurious wealth are they  
First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
Who, having spilt much blood, and done  
much waste, <sup>791</sup>

Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich  
prey,

Shall change their course to pleasure, ease,  
and sloth,

Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in  
peace.

The conquered, also, and enslaved by war,  
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue  
lose,

And fear of God — from whom their piety  
feigned

In sharp contest of battle found no aid <sup>800</sup>  
Against invaders; therefore, cooled in zeal,  
Thenceforth shall practise how to live se-  
cure,

Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth  
shall bear

More than enough, that temperance may  
be tried.

So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,  
Justice and temperance, truth and faith,  
forgot;

One man except, the only son of light  
In a dark age, against example good, <sup>809</sup>

Against allurements, custom, and a world  
Offended. Fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, he of their wicked ways

Shall them admonish, and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more  
safe

And full of peace, denouncing wrath to  
come

On their impenitence, and shall return  
Of them derided, but of God observed

The one just man alive: by his command  
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou be-  
held'st, <sup>819</sup>

To save himself and household from amidst  
A world devote to universal wrack.

No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged

And sheltered round, but all the cataracts  
Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour  
Rain day and night; all fountains of the  
deep,

Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise

Above the highest hills. Then shall this  
Mount <sup>829</sup>

Of Paradise by might of waves be moved  
Out of his place, pushed by the horned  
flood,

With all his verdure spoiled, and trees  
adrift,  
Down the great River to the opening Gulf,  
And there take root, an island salt and  
bare,  
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews'  
clang —  
To teach thee that God at'tributes to place  
No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
By men who there frequent or therein  
dwell.  
And now what furder shall ensue behold."  
He looked, and saw the Ark hull on the  
flood, 840  
Which now abated; for the clouds were  
fled,  
Driven by a keen North-wind, that, blow-  
ing dry,  
Wrinkled the face of Deluge, as decayed;  
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass  
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely  
drew,  
As after thirst; which made their flowing  
shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that  
stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now  
had stopt  
His sluices, as the heaven his windows  
shut.  
The Ark no more now floats, but seems on  
ground, 850  
Fast on the top of some high mountain  
fixed.  
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;  
With clamour thence the rapid currents  
drive  
Towards the retreating sea their furious  
tide.  
Forthwith from out the ark a Raven flies,  
And, after him, the surer messenger,  
A Dove, sent forth once and again to spy  
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may  
light;  
The second time returning, in his bill  
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign. 860  
Anon dry ground appears, and from his  
ark  
The ancient sire descends, with all his  
train;  
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a Bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,

Betokening peace from God, and covenant  
new.  
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
Greatly rejoiced; and thus his joy broke  
forth: —  
"O thou, who future things canst repre-  
sent 870  
As present, Heavenly Instructor, I revive  
At this last sight, assured that Man shall  
live,  
With all the creatures, and their seed pre-  
serve.  
Far less I now lament for one whole world  
Of wicked sons destroyed than I rejoice  
For one man found so perfect and so just  
That God voutsafes to raise another world  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But say what mean those coloured streaks  
in Heaven: 875  
Distended as the brow of God appeased?  
Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind  
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
Lest it again dissolve and shower the  
Earth?"  
To whom the Archangel: — "Dextrously  
thou aim'st.  
So willingly doth God remit his ire:  
Though late repenting him of Man de-  
praved,  
Grieved at his heart, when, looking down,  
he saw  
The whole Earth filled with violence, and  
all flesh  
Corrupting each their way; yet, those re-  
moved,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his  
sight 880  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The Earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the  
world  
With man therein or beast; but, when he  
brings  
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look  
And call to mind his Covenant. Day and  
night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary  
frost,  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all  
things new, 900  
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just  
shall dwell."

## BOOK XII

## THE ARGUMENT

The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall: his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who, in his journey, bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed, so here the Arch-  
angel paused  
Betwixt the world destroyed and world re-  
stored,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech re-  
sumes: —

“Thus thou hast seen one world begin  
and end,

And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense.  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and at-  
tend.

“This second source of men, while yet  
but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past re-  
mains

Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous  
crop,

Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or  
flock

Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings poured, and sac-  
red feast,

Shall spend their days in joy unblamed,  
and dwell

Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,  
Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content  
With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess

Concord and law of Nature from the  
Earth —

Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his  
game)

With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.

A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styled  
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,  
Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty,  
And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of rebellion others he accuse.

He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden towards the west,  
shall find

The Plain, wherein a black bituminous  
gurge

Boils out from under ground, the mouth of  
Hell.

Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to  
build

A city and tower, whose top may reach to  
Heaven;

And get themselves a name, lest, far dis-  
persed

In foreign lands, their memory be lost —  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.

But God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks,  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their city, ere the Tower  
Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision  
sets

Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase  
Quite out their native language, and, in-  
stead,

To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud

Among the builders; each to other calls,  
Not understood — till, hoarse and all in  
rage,

As mocked they storm. Great laughter  
was in Heaven,

And looking down to see the hubbub  
strange

And hear the din. Thus was the building  
left

Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* named.”  
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly dis-  
pleased: —

“O execrable son, so to aspire  
Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
Authority usurped, from God not given!  
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
Dominion absolute; that right we hold

By his donation: but man over men 69  
 He made not lord — such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on Man; to God his Tower intends  
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what  
 food

Will he convey up thither, to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails

gross,  
 And furnish him of breath, if not of  
 bread?"

To whom thus Michael: — "Justly thou  
 abhor'st

That son, who on the quiet state of men 80  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason  
 dwells

Twinned, and from her hath no dividual  
 being.

Reason in Man obscured, or not obeyed,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart passions catch the govern-  
 ment

From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he  
 permits 90

Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords,  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice and some fatal curse annexed,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100  
 Their inward lost: witness the irreverent  
 son

Of him who built the Ark, who, for the  
 shame

Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at  
 last,

Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes, resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted  
 ways, 110

And one peculiar nation to select

From all the rest, of whom to be invoked —  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring.  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship — Oh, that men  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid  
 grown,

While yet the patriarch lived who scaped  
 the Flood,

As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and  
 stone

For gods! — yet him God the Most High  
 voutsafes 120

To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred, and false gods, into a land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him  
 will raise

A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
 His benediction so that in his seed  
 All nations shall be blest. He straight  
 obeys;

Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what  
 faith

He leaves his gods, his friends, and native  
 soil,

Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford 130  
 To Haran — after him a cumbrous train  
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servi-  
 tude —

Not wandering poor, but trusting all his  
 wealth

With God, who called him, in a land un-  
 known.

Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
 Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbour-  
 ing plain

Of Moreh. There, by promise, he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the Desert  
 south

(Things by their names I call, though yet  
 unnamed), 140

From Hermon east to the great western  
 sea;

Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place  
 behold

In prospect, as I point them: on the shore,  
 Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted  
 stream,

Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of  
 hills.

This ponder, that all nations of the Earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed

Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall  
bruise <sup>149</sup>  
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch  
blest,  
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall  
call,  
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.  
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased,  
departs  
From Canaan to a land hereafter called  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven  
mouths  
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land  
He comes, invited by a younger son <sup>160</sup>  
In time of dearth — a son whose worthy  
deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that realm  
Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his  
race  
Growing into a nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes  
them slaves  
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:  
Till, by two brethren (those two brethren  
call <sup>169</sup>  
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
His people from enthrallment, they return,  
With glory and spoil, back to their promised  
land.  
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
To know their God, or message to regard,  
Must be compelled by signs and judgments  
dire:  
To blood unshed the rivers must be turned;  
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill  
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;  
His cattle must of rot and murrain die; <sup>179</sup>  
Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss,  
And all his people; thunder mixed with  
hail,  
Hail mixed with fire, must rend the Egypt-  
tian sky,  
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it  
rolls;  
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming  
down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing  
green;  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,

Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-  
born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten  
wounds <sup>190</sup>  
The River-dragon tamed at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and off  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
More hardened after thaw; till, in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea  
Swallows him with his host, but them lets  
pass,  
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,  
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided till his rescued gain their shore:  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will  
lend, <sup>200</sup>  
Though present in his Angel, who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire —  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire —  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while the obdurate king pur-  
sues.  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning-  
watch;  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot-wheels: when, by  
command, <sup>210</sup>  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
On their imbatled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war. The race elect  
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, ad-  
vance  
Through the wild Desert — not the readiest  
way,  
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life <sup>220</sup>  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads  
not on.  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness: there they shall  
found  
Their government, and their great Senate  
choose  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by laws  
ordained.  
God, from the Mount of Sinai, whose grey  
top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself,

In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's  
sound,

Ordain them laws — part, such as ap-  
pertain 230

To civil justice; part, religious rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadows, of that destined Seed to  
bruise

The Serpent, by what means he shall  
achieve

Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of  
God

To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,  
And terror cease; he grants what they be-  
sought,

Instructed that to God is no access 239

Without Mediator, whose high office now  
Moses in figure bears, to introduce

One greater, of whose day he shall fore-  
tell,

And all the Prophets, in their age, the  
times

Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws  
and rites

Established, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to his will that he vouchsafes

Among them to set up his Tabernacle —  
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.

By his prescript a sanctuary is framed  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein 250

An ark, and in the Ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant; over these

A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn

Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing  
The heavenly fires. Over the tent a cloud

Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
Save when they journey; and at length

they come,  
Conducted by his Angel, to the land

Promised to Abraham and his seed. The  
rest 260

Were long to tell — how many battles  
fought;

How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms  
won;

Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand  
still

A day entire, and night's due course ad-  
journ,

Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon  
stand,

And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,  
Till Israel overcome!' — so call the third

From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan  
win."

Here Adam interposed: — "O sent from  
Heaven, 270

Enlightener of my darkness, gracious  
things

Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which  
concern

Just Abraham and his seed. Now first I find  
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart

much eased,  
Erewhile perplexed with thoughts what

would become  
Of me and all mankind; but now I see

His day, in whom all nations shall be  
blest —

Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.

This yet I apprehend not — why to those  
Among whom God will deign to dwell on

Earth 281

So many and so various laws are given.  
So many laws argue so many sins

Among them; how can God with such re-  
side?"

To whom thus Michael: — "Doubt not  
but that sin

Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
And therefore was law given them, to

evinces  
Their natural pravity, by stirring up

Sin against Law to fight, that, when they  
see

Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290  
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,

The blood of bulls and goats, they may  
conclude

Some blood more precious must be paid for  
Man,

Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,  
To them by faith imputed, they may find

Justification towards God, and peace  
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing cannot live.

So Law appears imperfect, and but given  
With purpose to resign them, in full time,

Up to a better covenant, disciplined 302  
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to

spirit,  
From imposition of strict laws to free

Acceptance of large grace, from servile  
fear

To filial, works of law to works of faith.



And therefore shall not Moses, though of  
God

Highly beloved, being but the minister  
Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;  
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
His name and office bearing who shall  
quell <sup>311</sup>

The adversary Serpent, and bring back  
Through the world's wilderness long-wan-  
dered Man

Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan  
placed,

Long time shall dwell and prosper, but  
when sins

National interrupt their public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies —  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent,  
By Judges first, then under Kings; of  
whom <sup>320</sup>

The second, both for piety renowned  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall re-  
ceive

Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
For ever shall endure. The like shall sing  
All Prophecy — that of the royal stock  
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
A son, the Woman's Seed to thee fore-  
told,

Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall  
trust

All nations, and to kings foretold of kings  
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.  
But first a long succession must ensue; <sup>331</sup>  
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom  
famed,

The clouded Ark of God, till then in tents  
Wandering, shall in a glorious Temple en-  
shrine.

Such follow him as shall be registered  
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer  
scroll:

Whose foul idolatries and other faults,  
Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense  
God, as to leave them, and expose their  
land,

Their city, his Temple, and his holy Ark,  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and  
prey <sup>341</sup>

To that proud city whose high walls thou  
saw'st

Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.

There in captivity he lets them dwell  
The space of seventy years; then brings  
them back,

Remembering mercy, and his covenant  
sworn

To David, stablished as the days of Hea-  
ven.

Returned from Babylon by leave of kings,  
Their lords, whom God disposed, the house  
of God

They first re-edify, and for a while <sup>350</sup>  
In mean estate live moderate, till, grown  
In wealth and multitude, factious they  
grow.

But first among the priests dissension  
springs —

Men who attend the altar, and should most  
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution  
brings

Upon the Temple itself; at last they seize  
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;  
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
Anointed King Messiah might be born  
Barred of his right. Yet at his birth a  
Star, <sup>360</sup>

Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him  
come,

And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and  
gold:

His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by  
night;

They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
Of squadroned Angels hear his carol sung.  
A Virgin is his mother, but his sire  
The Power of the Most High. He shall  
ascend

The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with  
the Heavens." <sup>371</sup>

He ceased, discerning Adam with such  
joy

Surcharged as had, like grief, been dewed in  
tears,

Without the vent of words; which these he  
breathed: —

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
What oft my steadiest thoughts have  
searched in vain —

Why our great Expectation should be  
called

The Seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail!  
High in the love of Heaven, yet from my  
loins <sup>380</sup>

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb  
the Son

Of God Most High; so God with Man  
unites.

Needs must the Serpent now his capital  
bruise

Expect with mortal pain. Say where and  
when

Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the  
Victor's heel."

To whom thus Michael: — "Dream not  
of their fight

As of a duel, or the local wounds

Of head or heel. Not therefore joins the  
Son

Manhood to Godhead, with more strength  
to foil

Thy enemy; nor so is overcome <sup>390</sup>  
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier  
bruise,

Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;  
Which he who comes thy Saviour shall re-  
cure,

Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst  
want,

Obedience to the law of God, imposed  
On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
The penalty to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will  
grow: <sup>400</sup>

So only can high justice rest appaid.  
The Law of God exact he shall fulfil  
Both by obedience and by love, though  
love

Alone fulfil the Law; thy punishment  
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by faith — his  
merits

To save them, not their own, though legal,  
works. <sup>410</sup>

For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
Seized on by force, judged, and to death  
condemned

A shameful and accursed, nailed to the  
Cross

By his own nation, slain for bringing life;  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies —  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction. So he dies,  
But soon revives; Death over him no power

Shall long usurp. Ere the third dawning  
light

Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise <sup>421</sup>  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning  
light,

Thy ransom paid, which Man from Death  
redeems —

His death for Man, as many as offered life  
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace

By faith not void of works. This godlike  
act

Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst  
have died,

In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his  
strength, <sup>430</sup>

Defeating Sin and Death, his two main  
arms,

And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
Than temporal death shall bruise the Vic-  
tor's heel,

Or theirs whom he redeems — a death like  
sleep,

A gentle wafting to immortal life.

Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on Earth than certain times to ap-  
pear

To his disciples — men who in his life  
Still followed him; to them shall leave in  
charge

To teach all nations what of him they  
learned <sup>440</sup>

And his salvation, them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profuent stream — the  
sign

Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
For death like that which the Redeemer  
died.

All nations they shall teach; for from that  
day

Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons  
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the  
world;

So in his seed all nations shall be blest. <sup>450</sup>  
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall  
ascend

With victory, triumphing through the air  
Over his foes and thine; there shall sur-  
prise

The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in  
chains

Through all his realm, and there con-  
founded leave;

Then enter into glory, and resume  
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in Heaven; and thence  
shall come,

When this World's dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory and power, to judge both quick  
and dead — <sup>460</sup>

To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward

His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
Whether in Heaven or Earth; for then the  
Earth

Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the Archangel Michaël; then  
paused,

As at the World's great period; and our  
Sire,

Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied:—

"O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense,

That all this good of evil shall produce, <sup>470</sup>  
And evil turn to good — more wonderful  
Than that which by creation first brought  
forth

Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I  
stand,

Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By me done and occasioned, or rejoice  
Much more that much more good thereof  
shall spring —

To God more glory, more good-will to men  
From God — and over wrath grace shall  
abound.

But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven  
Must reascend, what will betide the few, <sup>480</sup>  
His faithful, left among the unfaithful  
herd,

The enemies of truth. Who then shall  
guide

His people, who defend? Will they not  
deal

Worse with his followers than with him  
they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said the Angel;  
"but from Heaven

He to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell,  
His Spirit, within them, and the law of  
faith

Working through love upon their hearts  
shall write,

To guide them in all truth, and also arm <sup>490</sup>  
With spiritual armour, able to resist

Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery  
darts —

What man can do against them not afraid,  
Though to the death; against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompensed,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze

Their proudest persecutors. For the Spirit,  
Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts  
endue <sup>500</sup>

To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they  
win

Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven:  
at length,

Their ministry performed, and race well  
run,

Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they fore-  
warn,

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous  
wolves,

Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn <sup>510</sup>  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth

With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written Records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.

Then shall they seek to avail themselves of  
names,

Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual; to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promised alike and  
given

To all believers; and, from that pretence, <sup>520</sup>  
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience — laws which none  
shall find

Left them enrowled, or what the Spirit  
within

Shall on the heart engrave. What will  
they then

But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and  
bind

His consort, Liberty? what but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand —  
Their own faith, not another's? for, on  
Earth,

Who against faith and conscience can be  
heard

Infallible? Yet many will presume: <sup>530</sup>  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise

On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater  
     part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious  
     forms  
 Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works  
     of Faith  
 Rarely be found. So shall the World go  
     on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning, till the  
     day  
 Appear of respiration to the just <sup>540</sup>  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,  
 The Woman's Seed — obscurely then fore-  
     told,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy  
     Lord;  
 Last in the clouds from Heaven to be re-  
     vealed  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted World; then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and re-  
     fined,  
 New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless  
     date  
 Founded in righteousness and peace and  
     love, <sup>550</sup>  
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."  
 He ended; and thus Adam last re-  
     plied:—  
 "How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
 Measured this transient World, the race of  
     Time,  
 Till Time stand fixed! Beyond is all  
     abyss—  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my  
     fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can con-  
     tain;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. <sup>560</sup>  
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God, to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe  
 His providence, and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things — by things  
     deemed weak  
 Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-  
     wise

By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's  
     sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory, <sup>570</sup>  
 And to the faithful death the gate of life —  
 Taught this by his example whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."  
 To whom thus also the Angel last re-  
     plied:—  
 "This having learned, thou hast attained  
     the sum  
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the  
     stars  
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal  
     powers,  
 All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,  
 Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or  
     sea, <sup>579</sup>  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
 And all the rule, one empire. Only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add  
     faith;  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,  
 By name to come called Charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be  
     loth  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
 Let us descend now, therefore, from this top  
 Of speculation; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence; and, see! the  
     guards, <sup>590</sup>  
 By me encamped on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming  
     sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.  
 We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,  
 Portending good, and all her spirits com-  
     posed  
 To meek submission: thou, at season fit,  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast  
     heard—  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to  
     come <sup>600</sup>  
 (For by the Woman's Seed) on all man-  
     kind—  
 That ye may live, which will be many  
     days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous; though sad  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more  
     cheered  
 With meditation on the happy end."  
 He ended, and they both descend the hill.  
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve

Lay sleeping ran before, but found her  
waked;  
And thus with words not sad she him re-  
ceived:—

“Whence thou return’st and whither  
went’st I know; <sup>610</sup>  
For God is also in sleep, and dreams ad-  
vise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great  
good  
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart’s  
distress

Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;  
In me is no delay; with thee to go  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
Art all things under Heaven, all places  
thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banished  
hence.

This further consolation yet secure <sup>620</sup>  
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,  
Such favour I unworthy am voutsafed,  
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.”

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam  
heard  
Well pleased, but answered not; for now  
too nigh  
The Archangel stood, and from the other  
hill

To their fixed station, all in bright array,  
The Cherubim descended, on the ground  
Gliding metéorous, as evening mist

Risen from a river o’er the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the labourer’s  
heel <sup>631</sup>

Homeward returning. High in front ad-  
vanced,

The brandished sword of God before them  
blazed,

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate clime;  
whereat

In either hand the hastening Angel caught  
Our lingering Parents, and to the eastern  
gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain—then disap-  
peared. <sup>640</sup>

They, looking back, all the eastern side  
beheld

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand; the  
gate

With dreadful faces thronged and fiery  
arms.

Some natural tears they dropped, but  
wiped them soon;

The world was all before them, where to  
choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their  
guide.

They, hand in hand, with wandering steps  
and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.



**PARADISE REGAINED**

**1665-1667**





## PARADISE REGAINED

Among the jottings which Milton made in 1640-41 of possible subjects for poems, were several from the life of Christ, such as Christ Born, Christ Bound, Christ Crucified, and Christ Risen. He contemplated also a drama dealing with the agony in the garden, under the title *Christus Patiens*, suggested by Hugo Grotius's drama of the same name. Although the subject of *Paradise Regained*, the temptation in the Wilderness, was suggested by Ellwood's chance remark in returning the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, the lesser poem was doubtless a result of a long period of thought, though of a less conscious and centred kind than evolved *Paradise Lost*. Milton's long brooding, during the composition of *Paradise Lost*, on the subject of the origin of evil and the fall of man, included by implication much reflection on the final triumph of good and the reinstatement of fallen humanity in its favored station. The very fact that his thought on these subjects was conventional, and straitly bound by scriptural authority, imposed upon him all the more imperatively the need of rounding out the system which *Paradise Lost* had left incomplete. It is almost safe to say, therefore, that even without the young Quaker's "pleasant" hint, Milton would sooner or later have felt the need of supplementing the story of the first temptation with that of the second, in order to close the circle of his theology.

*Paradise Regained* is, then, so far as its matter goes, a continuation of *Paradise Lost*; but in point of manner it is remarkably different, — so different, indeed, that there seems some ground for refusing to it the title of epic altogether. In his *Reason of Church Government*, Milton speaks of

"that Epic form, whereof the two Poems of Homer and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief, model," and it has been suggested that in *Paradise Regained* he essayed the "brief" epic, modelling it more or less consciously upon the precedent of Job. Certainly the form of the English and the Hebrew poem is similar. In the latter, after a short narrative introduction Job begins a series of colloquies with his friends and with the Lord which occupy the entire remainder of the poem except the short narrative conclusion. So in *Paradise Regained*, the body of the poem is dialogue, with narrative introduction and conclusion, and with narrative interludes between the various stages of the temptation. Strictly speaking, therefore, both poems are disguised dramas, the epic element being little else than expanded stage directions. In both, too, the drama is a spiritual one; the scene of conflict is in the hearts and minds of the protagonists, and the external world exists only as picturesque accessory and illustration.

The parallel is a damaging one for Milton, for it throws into relief his fatal fault in dealing with biblical material, — lack of simplicity. His account of the Creation in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost* shows this fault most glaringly. Milton's Creation is an elaborate function, the inauguration of a great celestial show; it has none of the simple awe, the lonely majesty, of Genesis, whereby we are made to feel the vague stirring of the Abyss pregnant with mortal shapes and passions. The touching anthropomorphism of the Hebrew God and the Hebrew Heaven too often becomes grotesque under his elaborating hand. Like-

wise, in *Paradise Regained*, the story of Christ's hunger and temptation in the wilderness, so strangely moving in the bare apostolic account, suffers a change into something ample and grandiose almost beyond recognition. The trial of hunger, in which Christ is bidden to turn the stone into bread, occupies in the original but two short verses. Upon the working up of this "simple passage of few notes" Milton exhausts the resources of his orchestration. He pictures forth a feast to tempt a prince in the *Arabian Nights*. In the trial of ambition, again, Milton transmutes the single phrase "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" into a vast panorama of Persian and Roman imperialism, and enlarges the theme still more by including in his picture Athens, as a type of the imperialism of mind. Out of the apostle's rude drawing he makes a mighty tapestry heavy with threads of gold, gorgeous and sombre with far-brought dyes. Here, as elsewhere, he shows the stamp of the later Italian Renaissance. He works over the earnest meagre traits of the apostolic story in a manner at once massive and rococo, just as the later Italian painters were wont to treat the subjects which they drew from the same source. And to match this physical elaboration in the setting of the dialogue, there is an intellectual elaboration in the dialogue itself, a parry and thrust of debate, a refinement of forensic device, which is thoroughly unbiblical, yet admirably in harmony with Milton's whole conception of his artistic problem.

The tenable objection against this elaboration is not that it falsifies the original, (for every artist must be allowed to translate his material into his own idiom, and Milton's idiom happened to be magniloquent and orotund,) but that it lowers the moral tension of the original. Satan's suggestion to Christ, that he shall turn the stone into bread, is a subtle temptation, appealing at once to physical distress and to reason. The very simplicity of the thing

demanding, the naturalness of the relief offered, gives the words a devilish insinuation. One holds one's breath before the outcome. But when Satan falls back upon steaming trenchers, cakes and dainties, silver plate and dance-girls, to accomplish his end, the moral tension disappears. The temptation is one to conquer a school-boy or a prodigal. It is strange that Milton, ascetic and arch-idealist, should have fallen into such an error. For it is a moral error, though springing from an artistic source. The "motivation" of the poem is injured by it; the spiritual intensity falls away in exact proportion as the decorative richness increases. The spiritual defect of *Paradise Lost* lies in the fact that both Satan's sin and Adam's are offences against positive edicts, not essential moral laws such as appeal to the universal conscience. The spiritual defect of *Paradise Regained* lies in the fact that, given Christ's nature, the temptations are not tempting.

And just as the elaboration of the physical accessories lowers the moral tension, so does the elaboration of the argument lower the imaginative tension. Between Satan's words in the scriptural account, "To whomsoever I will I will give it. If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine," and Christ's reply, "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God," the mind hangs in awe-struck suspense. But when the Christ of Milton's poem begins to argue the point we lose interest. The air is no longer tense with the strain of mute decisions. In the flow of words the sense of spiritual catastrophe evaporates; we are in a world of second thoughts, and can wait. Milton the controversialist has once more defeated Milton the artist.

But *Paradise Regained* is, after all, a great work of art, and it is great by virtue of the inexplicable quality of voice which must so often be Milton's sufficient justification. This force of style is most obviously shown in the gorgeous descriptive interludes of the poem; but much more noteworthy is

the way in which it plays over and through the grey dialogue. Few persons can read this dialogue without a sense of the tiresomeness of its matter; no one with any feeling for style can read it without a conviction — an almost vexing conviction under the circumstances — that every word proceeds out of the mouth of a poet, "skilled to sing of time and eternity." This, however, is merely to say that the style of *Paradise Regained* is Miltonic; we must not leave out of the account the specific difference which marks off the style of this poem from that of *Paradise Lost*. The difference is remarkable. *Paradise Lost* leaves as a whole an impression of tireless energy. The rhythms, for all their massiveness, are buoyant; the mighty periods march with lifted front and banners streaming. *Paradise Regained* leaves an impression of strength overborne by a weight of weariness. The language, with the exception of two or three purple patches, is neutral tinted, and the rhythms, though unconquerable as of old, move heavily, under some ghostly burden. The whole effect of the poem is sombre, nor does the sombreness seem to proceed from the subject, but to be suspended cloud-like over it. The effect is, in other words, due to a temperamental condition on Milton's part, subtly finding expression in style.

And it is this sombreness of style, halfway between the martial elateness of *Paradise Lost* and the profound depression of *Samson Agonistes*, which redeems the shortcomings of *Paradise Regained*, giving dignity to the dialogue, and majesty to the interludes. What is meant will be made clear by comparing Giles Fletcher's treatment of the Temptation in his epic of *Christ's Victory*, — a poem from which Milton drew valuable hints. Fletcher, a true Spenserian, elaborates his subject with every artifice of decoration and amplification, and thus sins against the sincerity of the biblical story as grievously as does Milton; but unlike Milton he fails to re-

deem his treatment by throwing the whole elaborate picture into shadow. His descriptions are open-hearted as a child's, and his poem, for all its loveliness, remains queerly vacant of the tragic sense. Milton, having lost the tragic sense by elaboration, proceeds to reinvoke it mysteriously by means of a shadowed, tragic style.

As *Lycidas* stands between Milton's youth and his manhood and gathers to itself the grace of the one and the strenuousness of the other, so *Paradise Regained* stands between his manhood and his old age. His poetic maturity is past; the autumnal touch is everywhere; the picture settles rapidly into brown and grey. But here and there the frost has come only to glorify with scarlet and purple and bronze. Indeed, there occasionally falls across the page a ray of delicate light like spring: —

"Faery damsels met in forest wide  
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore." —

In this poem, too, the two men of whom Milton was composed find their clear expression in style. Occasionally we come upon a line which shows the poet pure: —

"So they in heaven their odes and vigils tuned"  
or: —

"Morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey"  
or, incomparable for visual truth: —

"The field all iron cast a gleaming brown" —  
then without warning the poet merges into the dialectician who uses the poet for a mouthpiece: —

"Saidst thou not that to all things I had right?  
And who withholds my power that right to use?  
Shall I receive by gifts what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command?"

Less perhaps than any other work of Milton's can *Paradise Regained* stand the test to which modern criticism is more and more prone to subject the literature of the past. When we cast aside conventions and ask the simple human question, "Does this

poem interest and charm me ? ” the answer with regard to *Paradise Regained* will be less ready than that with regard to any other of the poems. The early poems, the sonnets, and *Samson*, rest on more permanent human foundations than either of the epics, and *Paradise Regained* has not the great creative impulse behind it which saves *Paradise Lost*. The most certain pleasure will be got from it by casting aside preconceptions and comparisons, by refraining

from a too rigid application of standards, and looking at it as one looks at an old tapestry like those at Dresden of Raphael's designing. Here and there patches of it are faded ; not a few of its admired adornments seem now odd and rococo ; some of its lines, that once were majestic, are now only stiff ; but taken all in all it is still a fine work, massive and grave, to which age has added perhaps quite as much as it has taken away.

### THE FIRST BOOK

I, WHO erewhile the happy Garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter  
foiled

In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Ere-  
mite

Into the desert, his victorious field  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st  
him thence <sup>10</sup>

By proof the undoubted Son of God, in-  
spire,

As thou art wont, my prompted song, else  
mute,

And bear through highth or depth of Na-  
ture's bounds,

With prosperous wing full summed, to tell  
of deeds

Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age:  
Worthy to have not remained so long un-  
sung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a  
voice

More awful than the sound of trumpet,  
cried

Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at  
hand <sup>20</sup>

To all baptized. To his great baptism  
flocked

With awe the regions round, and with them  
came

From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed  
To the flood Jordan — came as then obscure,  
Unmarked, unknown. But him the Bap-  
tist soon

Descried, divinely warned, and witness  
bore

As to his worthier, and would have resigned  
To him his heavenly office. Nor was long  
His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized  
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a Dove <sup>30</sup>  
The Spirit descended, while the Father's  
voice

From Heaven pronounced him his beloved  
Son.

That heard the Adversary, who, roving  
still

About the world, at that assembly famed  
Would not be last, and, with the voice di-  
vine

Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to  
whom

Such high attest was given a while sur-  
veyed

With wonder; then, with envy fraught and  
rage,

Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To council summons all his mighty Peers,  
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold in-  
volved, <sup>41</sup>

A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,  
With looks aghast and sad, he thus be-  
spoke:—

“ O ancient Powers of Air and this wide  
World

(For much more willingly I mention Air,  
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
Our hated habitation), well ye know

How many ages, as the years of men,  
This Universe we have possessed, and ruled

In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,  
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve <sup>51</sup>

Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though  
since

With dread attending when that fatal  
wound

Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
Upon my head. Long the decrees of  
Heaven

Delay, for longest time to Him is short;  
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compassed, wherein  
we

Must bide the stroke of that long-threat-  
ened wound

(At least, if so we can, and by the head 60  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infringed, our freedom and our be-  
ing

In this fair empire won of Earth and Air) —  
For this ill news I bring: The Woman's  
Seed,

Destined to this, is late of woman born.  
His birth to our just fear gave no small  
cause;

But his growth now to youth's full flower,  
displaying

All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve  
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70  
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
Purified to receive him pure, or rather  
To do him honour as their King. All come,  
And he himself among them was baptized —  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I  
saw

The Prophet do him reverence; on him, ris-  
ing 80

Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds  
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his  
head

A perfect Dove descend (what'er it meant);  
And out of Heaven the sovereign voice I  
heard,

'This is my Son beloved, — in him am  
pleased.'

His mother, then, is mortal, but his Sire  
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;  
And what will He not do to advance his  
Son?

His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the  
Deep; 90

Who this is we must learn, for Man he  
seems

In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.

Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
But must with something sudden be opposed  
(Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-  
woven snares),

Ere in the head of nations he appear,  
Their king, their leader, and supreme on  
Earth.

I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed  
Successfully: a calmer voyage now  
Will waft me; and the way found prosper-  
ous once

Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings. But no time was  
then

For long indulgence to their fears or  
grief: 110

Unanimous they all commit the care  
And management of this main enterprise  
To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had  
thrived

In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in  
light,

Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea  
gods,

Of many a pleasant realm and province  
wide.

So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120  
Where he might likeliest find this new-de-  
clared,

This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try —  
So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed:  
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled  
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and  
fixed,

Of the Most High, who, in full frequency  
bright

Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake: —  
"Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt  
behold, 130

Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth  
With Man or men's affairs, how I begin  
To verify that solemn message late,  
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,

Great in renown, and called the Son of God.

Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be

To her a virgin, that on her should come  
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest

O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown, <sup>140</sup>

To shew him worthy of his birth divine  
And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay  
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng

Of his Apostasy. He might have learnt  
Less overweening, since he failed in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a man, <sup>150</sup>  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell —

Winning by conquest what the first man lost

By fallacy surprised. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the Wilderness;  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes.

By humiliation and strong sufferance <sup>160</sup>  
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,

And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
That all the Angels and æthereal Powers —  
They now, and men hereafter — may discern

From what consummate virtue I have chose

This perfect man, by merit called my Son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven

Admiring stood a space; then into hymns  
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved, <sup>170</sup>

Circling the throne and singing, while the hand

Sung with the voice, and this the argument: —

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!

The Father knows the Son; therefore secure

Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,

Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell, <sup>180</sup>  
And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.

Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days

Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,  
Musing and much revolving in his breast  
How best the mighty work he might begin

Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first

Publish his godlike office now mature,  
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading

And his deep thoughts, the better to converse <sup>190</sup>

With solitude, till, far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,

He entered now the bordering Desert wild,  
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,

His holy meditations thus pursued: —

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once

Awakened in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compared! <sup>200</sup>

When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,

What might be public good; myself I thought

Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,

The Law of God I read, and found it sweet;

Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection that, ere yet my age  
Had measured twice six years, at our great Feast <sup>210</sup>

I went into the Temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our Law, and to propose

What might improve my knowledge or  
their own,  
And was admired by all. Yet this not all  
To which my spirit aspired. Victorious  
deeds

Flamed in my heart, heroic acts — one  
while

To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;  
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
Till truth were freed, and equity re-  
stored: 220

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly,  
first

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,  
Not willfully misdoing, but unware  
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.

These growing thoughts my mother soon  
perceiving,

By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
And said to me apart, 'High are thy  
thoughts,

O Son! but nourish them, and let them  
soar 230

To what highth sacred virtue and true  
worth

Can raise them, though above example  
high;

By matchless deeds express thy matchless  
Sire.

For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules  
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of  
men.

A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold  
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's  
throne, 240

And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity a glorious quire  
Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
To shepherds, watching at their folds by  
night,

And told them the Messiah now was born,  
Where they might see him; and to thee  
they came,

Directed to the manger where thou lay'st;  
For in the inn was left no better room.

A Star, not seen before, in heaven appear-  
ing,

Guided the Wise Men thither from the  
East, 250

To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and  
gold;

By whose bright course led on they found  
the place,

Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,  
By which they knew thee King of Israel  
born.

Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned  
By vision, found thee in the Temple, and  
spake,

Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
This having heard, straight I again re-  
volved

The Law and Prophets, searching what was  
writ 260

Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
Known partly, and soon found of whom  
they spake

I am — this chiefly, that my way must lie  
Through many a hard assay, even to the  
death,

Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
Or work redemption for mankind, whose  
sins'

Full weight must be transferred upon my  
head.

Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,  
The time prefixed I waited; when behold  
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had  
heard, 270

Not knew by sight) now come, who was to  
come

Before Messiah, and his way prepare!

I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
Which I believed was from above; but  
he

Straight knew me, and with loudest voice  
proclaimed

Me him (for it was shewn him so from  
Heaven) —

Me him whose harbinger he was; and first  
Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won.  
But, as I rose out of the laving stream, 280  
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from  
whence

The Spirit descended on me like a Dove;  
And last, the sum of all, my Father's  
voice,

Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced  
me his,

Me his beloved Son, in whom alone

He was well pleased: by which I knew the  
time

Now full, that I no more should live obscure,

But openly begin, as best becomes  
The authority which I derived from Heaven. <sup>289</sup>

And now by some strong motion I am led  
Into this wilderness; to what intent  
I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know;  
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,

And, looking round, on every side beheld  
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.  
The way he came, not having marked return,

Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts <sup>299</sup>

Accompanied of things past and to come  
Lodged in his breast as well might recommend

Such solitude before choicest society.

Full forty days he passed — whether on hill

Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient oak  
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,  
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed;  
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,  
Till those days ended; hungered then at last

Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild, <sup>310</sup>

Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk

The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;  
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,

Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve

Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,

To warm him wet returned from field at eve,

He saw approach; who first with curious eye

Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake: — <sup>320</sup>

"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place,

So far from path or road of men, who pass  
In troop or caravan? for single none

Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here

His carcass, pined with hunger and with droughth.

I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
For that to me thou seem'st the man whom late

Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford  
Of Jordan honoured so, and called thee Son

Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes <sup>330</sup>

Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth

To town or village nigh (nighest is far),  
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,

What happens new; fame also finds us out."  
To whom the Son of God: — "Who

brought me hither  
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

"By miracle he may," replied the swain;  
"What other way I see not; for we here  
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured

More than the camel, and to drink go far — <sup>340</sup>

Men to much misery and hardship born.  
But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;

So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve  
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied: —  
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written

(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),  
Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed <sup>350</sup>

Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount

Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;  
And forty days Eliah without food

Wandered this barren waste; the same I now.

Why dost thou, then, suggest to me distrust,

Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answered the Arch-Fiend,  
now undisguised: —

"'T is true, I am that Spirit unfortunate



Who, leagued with millions more in rash  
revolt, <sup>359</sup>  
Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
With them from bliss to the bottomless  
Deep—

Yet to that hideous place not so confined  
By rigour unconniving but that oft,  
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,  
Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven  
of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
I came, among the Sons of God, when he  
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job, <sup>369</sup>  
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;  
And, when to all his Angels he proposed  
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,  
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demur-  
ring,

I undertook that office, and the tongues  
Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with  
lies

To his destruction, as I had in charge:  
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost  
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
To be beloved of God, I have not lost <sup>379</sup>  
To love, at least contemplate and admire,  
What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.  
What can be then less in me than desire  
To see thee and approach thee, whom I  
know

Declared the Son of God, to hear attent  
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?  
Men generally think me much a foe  
To all mankind. Why should I? they to  
me

Never did wrong or violence. By them  
I lost not what I lost; rather by them <sup>390</sup>  
I gained what I have gained, and with them  
dwell

Copartner in these regions of the World,  
If not disposer—lend them oft my aid,  
Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
Whereby they may direct their future life.  
Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain  
Companions of my misery and woe!

At first it may be; but, long since with woe  
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof <sup>400</sup>  
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar  
load;

Small consolation, then, were Man ad-  
joined.

This wounds me most (what can it less?)  
that Man,  
Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus re-  
plied:—

"Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of  
lies

From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,  
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave  
to come

Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st,  
indeed, <sup>410</sup>

As a poor miserable captive thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour, now de-  
posed,

Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,  
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,  
To all the host of Heaven. The happy  
place

Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy—  
Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;  
So never more in Hell than when in  
Heaven. <sup>420</sup>

But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King!  
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy  
fear

Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
What but thy malice moved thee to mis-  
deem

Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict  
him

With all inflictions? but his patience won.  
The other service was thy chosen task,  
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.

Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles <sup>430</sup>  
By thee are given, and what confessed more  
true

Among the nations? That hath been thy  
craft,

By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
But what have been thy answers? what  
but dark,

Ambiguous, and with double sense de-  
luding,

Which they who asked have seldom under-  
stood,

And, not well understood, as good not  
known?

Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,  
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct <sup>439</sup>  
To fly or follow what concerned him most,  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?

For God hath justly given the nations up  
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous. But, when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his providence,  
To thee not known, whence hast thou then  
thy truth,  
But from him, or his Angels president  
In every province, who, themselves disdain-  
ing

To approach thy temples, give thee in com-  
mand

What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say <sup>449</sup>  
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling  
fear,

Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;  
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;  
No more shalt thou by oraceling abuse  
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,  
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
Shalt be enquired at Delphos or else-  
where —

At least in vain, for they shall find thee  
mute.

God hath now sent his living Oracle <sup>450</sup>  
Into the world to teach his final will,  
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to  
dwell

In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle  
Fiend,

Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
Dissembled, and this answer smooth re-  
turned:—

"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
And urged me hard with doings which not  
will, <sup>459</sup>

But misery, hath wrested from me. Where  
Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
And not informed oft-times to part from  
truth,

If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
But thou art placed above me; thou art  
Lord;

From thee I can, and must, submiss, endure  
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.  
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to  
walk,

Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing  
to the ear,

And tunable as sylvan pipe or song; <sup>450</sup>

What wonder, then, if I delight to hear  
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men  
admire

Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me  
To hear thee when I come (since no man  
comes),

And talk at least, though I despair to  
attain.

Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing, and voutsafed his  
voice <sup>459</sup>

To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspired: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered  
brow:—

"Thy coming hither, though I know thy  
scope,  
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st  
Permission from above; thou canst not  
more."

He added not; and Satan, bowing low  
His gray dissimulation, disappeared,  
Into thin air diffused: for now began <sup>499</sup>  
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were  
couched;

And now wild beasts came forth the woods  
to roam.

## THE SECOND BOOK

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet  
remained

At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly  
called

Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,  
And on that high authority had believed,  
And with him talked, and with him lodged  
— I mean

Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others, though in Holy Writ not  
named —

Now missing him, their joy so lately found,  
So lately found and so abruptly gone, <sup>10</sup>  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And, as the days increased, increased their  
doubt.

Sometimes they thought he might be only  
shewn,

And for a time caught up to God, as once

Moses was in the Mount and missing long,  
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to  
come.

Therefore, as those young prophets then  
with care

Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara — in Jericho

The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,<sup>20</sup>  
Machærus, and each town or city walled  
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
Or in Peræa — but returned in vain.

Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
Where winds with reeds and osiers whis-  
pering play,

Plain fishermen (no greater men them  
call),

Close in a cottage low together got,  
Their unexpected loss and complaints out-  
breathed: —

“Alas, from what high hope to what re-  
lapse

Unlooked for are we fallen ! Our eyes be-  
held

Messiah certainly now come, so long  
Expected of our fathers; we have heard  
His words, his wisdom full of grace and  
truth.

‘Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at  
hand;

The kingdom shall to Israel be restored:’  
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is  
turned

Into perplexity and new amaze.  
For whither is he gone ? what accident  
Hath rapt him from us ? will he now re-  
tire

After appearance, and again prolong<sup>40</sup>  
Our expectation ? God of Israel,  
Send thy Messiah forth; the time is come.  
Behold the kings of the earth, how they  
oppress

Thy Chosen, to what highth their power  
unjust

They have exalted, and behind them cast  
All fear of Thee; arise, and vindicate  
Thy glory; free thy people from their  
yoke !

But let us wait; thus far He hath per-  
formed —

Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him<sup>49</sup>  
By his great Prophet pointed at and shown  
In public, and with him we have conversed.  
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his providence; He will not fail,

Nor will withdraw him now, nor will re-  
call —

Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch  
him hence:

Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, re-  
turn.”

Thus they out of their complaints new hope  
resume

To find whom at the first they found un-  
sought.

But to his mother Mary, when she saw<sup>60</sup>  
Others returned from baptism, not her  
Son,

Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,  
Within her breast though calm, her breast  
though pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and  
raised

Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs  
thus clad: —

“Oh, what avails me now that honour  
high,

To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
‘Hail, highly favoured, among women  
blest !’

While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
And fears as eminent above the lot<sup>70</sup>  
Of other women, by the birth I bore:

In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
Could be obtained to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air ? A stable was our  
warmth,

A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and, miss-  
ing, filled

With infant blood the streets of Bethle-  
hem.

From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth  
Hath been our dwelling many years; his  
life

Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,<sup>80</sup>  
Little suspicious to any king. But now,  
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I  
hear,

By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,  
Son owned from Heaven by his Father’s  
voice,

I looked for some great change. To  
honour ? no;

But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
That to the fall and rising he should be  
Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
Spoken against — that through my very  
soul

A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured  
lot,

My exaltation to afflictions high!

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest!

I will not argue that, nor will repine.

But where delays he now? Some great  
intent

Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce  
had seen,

I lost him, but so found as well I saw

He could not lose himself, but went about

His Father's business. What he meant I  
mused —

Since understand; much more his absence  
now <sup>100</sup>

Thus long to some great purpose he ob-  
scures.

But I to wait with patience am inured;

My heart hath been a storehouse long of  
things

And sayings laid up, portending strange  
events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to  
mind

Recalling what remarkably had passed

Since first her Salutation heard, with  
thoughts

Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:

The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,

Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, <sup>110</sup>

Into himself descended, and at once

All his great work to come before him  
set —

How to begin, how to accomplish best

His end of being on Earth, and mission  
high.

For Satan, with sly preface to return,

Had left him vacant, and with speed was  
gone

Up to the middle region of thick air,

Where all his Potentates in council sate.

There, without sign of boast, or sign of  
joy,

Solicitous and blank, he thus began: — <sup>120</sup>

"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, Æthe-  
real Thrones —

Dæmonian Spirits now, from the element

Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called

Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth be-  
neath

(So may we hold our place and these mild  
seats

Without new trouble!) — such an enemy

Is risen to invade us, who no less

Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.

I, as I undertook, and with the vote

Consenting in full frequency was impow-  
ered,

Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; <sup>130</sup>  
but find

Far other labour to be undergone

Than when I dealt with Adam, first of  
men,

Though Adam by his wife's allurements  
fell,

However to this Man inferior far —

If he be Man by mother's side, at least

With more than human gifts from Heaven  
adorned,

Perfections absolute, graces divine,

And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

Therefore I am returned, lest confidence

Of my success with Eve in Paradise <sup>141</sup>

Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure

Of like succeeding here. I summon all

Rather to be in readiness with hand

Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst

Thought none my equal, now be over-  
matched."

So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and  
from all

With clamour was assured their utmost aid

At his command; when from amidst them  
rose

Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell, <sup>150</sup>

The sensuallest, and, after Asmodai,

The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised: —

"Set women in his eye and in his walk,

Among daughters of men the fairest found.

Many are in each region passing fair

As the noon sky, more like to goddesses

Than mortal creatures, graceful and dis-  
creet,

Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues

Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild

And sweet allayed, yet terrible to ap-  
proach, <sup>160</sup>

Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw

Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.

Such object hath the power to soften and  
tame

Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st  
brow,

Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,

Draw out with credulous desire, and lead

At will the manliest, resolute breast,

As the magnetic hardest iron draws.

Women, when nothing else, beguiled the  
heart

Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, <sup>170</sup>

And made him bow, to the gods of his  
wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus re-  
turned:—

"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself. Because of old  
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admir-  
ing

Their shape, their colour, and attractive  
grace,

None are, thou think'st, but taken with  
such toys.

Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew,  
False titled Sons of God, roaming the  
Earth,

Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of  
men,

And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In courts and regal chambers how thou  
lurk'st,

In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side,  
In valley or green meadow, to waylay  
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more  
Too long—then lay'st thy scapes on names  
adored,

Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190  
Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan? But these  
haunts

Delight not all. Among the sons of men  
How many have with a smile made small  
account

Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!  
Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
He slightly viewed, and slightly over-  
passed;

How he surnamed of Africa dismissed,  
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.  
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full 201  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not be-  
yond

Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplish-  
ment

Of greatest things. What woman will you  
find,

Though of this age the wonder and the  
fame,

On whom his leisure will voutsafe an  
eye 210

Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms be-  
girt

To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove (so fables  
tell),

How would one look from his majestic  
brow,

Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
Discountenance her despised, and put to  
rout

All her array, her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty  
stands 220

In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her  
plumes

Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abashed.  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy—with such as have more  
shew

Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular  
praise

(Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest  
wrecked);

Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond. 230

And now I know he hungers, where no  
food

Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness:  
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft as-  
say."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud  
acclaim;

Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,  
To be at hand and at his beck appear,  
If cause were to unfold some active scene  
Of various persons, each to know his part;  
Then to the desert takes with these his  
flight, 241

Where still, from shade to shade, the Son  
of God,

After forty days' fasting, had remained,  
Now hungering first, and to himself thus  
said:—

"Where will this end? Four times ten  
days I have passed

Wandering this woody maze, and human  
food

Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast  
To virtue I impute not, or count part  
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,  
Or God support nature without repast, <sup>250</sup>  
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?

But now I feel I hunger; which declares  
Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet  
God

Can satisfy that need some other way,  
Though hunger still remain. So it remain  
Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
And from the sting of famine fear no  
harm;

Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that  
feed

Me hungering more to do my Father's  
will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the  
Son <sup>260</sup>  
Communed in silent walk, then laid him  
down

Under the hospitable covert nigh  
Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,  
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment  
sweet.

Him thought he by the brook of Cherith  
stood,

And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn —  
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from  
what they brought;

He saw the Prophet also, how he fled <sup>270</sup>  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper — then how, awaked,  
He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof sufficed him forty  
days:

Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night; and now the harald  
Lark

Left his ground-nest, high towering to de-  
sery <sup>280</sup>

The Morn's approach, and greet her with  
his song.

As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a  
dream;

Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting  
waked.

Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,

From whose high top to ken the prospect  
round,

If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or  
herd;

But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he  
saw —

Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding  
loud. <sup>290</sup>

Thither he bent his way, determined there  
To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade  
High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys  
brown,

That opened in the midst a woody scene;  
Nature's own work it seemed (Nature  
taught Art),

And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He  
viewed it round;

When suddenly a man before him stood,  
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
As one in city or court or palace bred, <sup>300</sup>  
And with fair speech these words to him  
addressed: —

"With granted leave officious I return,  
But much more wonder that the Son of  
God

In this wild solitude so long should bide,  
Of all things destitute, and, well I know,  
Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
As story tells, have trod this wilderness:  
The fugitive Bond-woman, with her son,  
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
By a providing Angel; all the race <sup>310</sup>  
Of Israel here had famished, had not God  
Rained from heaven manna; and that Pro-  
phet bold,

Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed  
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.  
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
Forty and more deserted here indeed."

To whom thus Jesus: — "What con-  
clud'st thou hence?

They all had need; I, as thou seest, have  
none."

"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan  
replied.

"Tell me, if food were now before thee  
set, <sup>320</sup>

Wouldst thou not eat?" "Thereafter as  
I like

The giver," answered Jesus. "Why should  
that

Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle Fiend.  
"Hast thou not right to all created things?"

Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee  
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power? Nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offered first  
 To idols — those young Daniel could refuse;  
 Nor proffered by an enemy — though who  
 Would scruple that, with want oppressed?

Behold, 331

Nature ashamed, or, better to express,  
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath  
 purveyed

From all the elements her choicest store,  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
 With honour. Only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words  
 had end,

Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,  
 In ample space under the broadest shade,  
 A table richly spread in regal mode, 340  
 With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour — beasts of chase, or fowl of  
 game,

In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
 Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or  
 shore,

Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was  
 drained

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 Alas! how simple, to these eates compared,  
 Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!  
 And at a stately sideboard, by the wine, 350  
 That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,  
 Under the trees now tripped, now solemn  
 stood,

Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's  
 horn,

And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed  
 Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since  
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pelleanore.  
 And all the while harmonious airs were  
 heard

Of chiming strings or charming pipes;  
 and winds

Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest  
 smells.

Such was the splendour; and the Tempter  
 now

His invitation earnestly renewed: —

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and  
 eat?

These are not fruits forbidden; no inter-  
 dict

Defends the touching of these viands pure;  
 Their taste no knowledge works, at least  
 of evil, 371

But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.

All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and  
 springs,

Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their  
 Lord.

What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit  
 down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately re-  
 plied: —

"Said'st thou not that to all things I had  
 right?

And who withholdeth my power that right to  
 use? 380

Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can com-  
 mand?

I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
 Command a table in this wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,  
 Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend:  
 Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this dili-  
 gence

In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
 And with my hunger what hast thou to  
 do?

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390  
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but  
 guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan, male-  
 content: —

"That I have also power to give thou  
 seest;

If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestowed on whom I  
 pleased,

And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I  
 see

What I can do or offer is suspect.  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
 Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil."

With that 401

Both table and provision vanished quite,  
 With sound of harpies' wings and talons  
 heard;

Only the importune Tempter still remained,

And with these words his temptation pursued:—

“By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;

Thy temperance, invincible besides,  
For no allurement yields to appetite;  
And all thy heart is set on high designs, <sup>410</sup>  
High actions. But wherewith to be achieved?

Great acts require great means of enterprise;

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,

A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.

Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire

To greatness? whence authority deriv’st?  
What followers, what retain’ue canst thou gain,

Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, <sup>420</sup>  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?

Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.

What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod placed on Juda’s throne,

Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends?

Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,

Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap—

Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;

They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, <sup>430</sup>

While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want.”

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:—

\*Yet wealth without these three is impotent

To gain dominion, or to keep it gained—  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;

But men endued with these have oft attained,

In lowest poverty, to highest deeds—  
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad

Whose offspring on the throne of Juda sate <sup>440</sup>

So many ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.

Among the Heathen (for throughout the world

To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember

Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn

Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.

And what in me seems wanting but that I  
May also in this poverty as soon <sup>451</sup>

Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?

Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man’s cumbrance, if not snare;  
more apt

To slacken virtue and abate her edge  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms! Yet not for that a crown,

Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights, <sup>460</sup>

To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man’s burden lies;

For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king—

Which every wise and virtuous man attains;

And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within, <sup>471</sup>

Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead

To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;

That other o’er the body only reigns,  
And off by force—which to a generous mind



So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been  
 thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.

Riches are needless, then, both for them-  
 selves,  
 And for thy reason why they should be  
 scught—  
 To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

## THE THIRD BOOK

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood  
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
 What to reply, confuted and convinced  
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;  
 At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
 With soothing words renewed, him thus  
 accosts:—

"I see thou wonder'st what is of use to  
 know,  
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;  
 Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words  
 To thy large heart give utterance due; thy  
 heart 10

Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect  
 shape.

Should kings and nations from thy mouth  
 consult,

Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
 On Aaron's breast, or tongue of Seers old  
 Infallible; or, wert thou sought to deeds  
 That might require the array of war, thy  
 skill

Of conduct would be such that all the world  
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
 These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou  
 hide? 21

Affecting private life, or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive  
 All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The fame and glory—glory, the reward  
 That sole excites to high attempts the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure  
 Æthereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and powers, all but the high-  
 est? 30

Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought  
 down

The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey  
 quelled

The Pontic king, and in triumph' had rode.  
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment ma-  
 ture,

Quench not the thirst of glory, but aug-  
 ment.

Great Julius, whom now all the world ad-  
 mires,

The more he grew in years, the more  
 inflamed 40

With glory, wept that he had lived so long  
 Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus re-  
 plied:—

"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek  
 wealth

For empire's sake, nor empire to affect

For glory's sake, by all thy argument.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,

The people's praise, if always praise un-  
 mixed?

And what the people but a herd confused,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50

Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce  
 worth the praise?

They praise and they admire they know  
 not what,

And know not whom, but as one leads the  
 other;

And what delight to be by such extolled,  
 To live upon their tongues, and be their  
 talk?

Of whom to be dispraised were no small  
 praise—

His lot who dares be singularly good.

The intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.

This is true glory and renown—when God,  
 Looking on the Earth, with approbation

marks 61

The just man, and divulges him through  
 Heaven

To all his Angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,

When, to extend his fame through Heaven  
 and Earth,

As thou to thy reproach may'st well re-  
 member,

He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant  
 Job?'  
 Famous he was in Heaven; on Earth less  
 known,  
 Where glory is false glory, attributed  
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of  
 fame.  
 They err who count it glorious to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
 Large countries, and in field great battles  
 win,  
 Great cities by assault. What do these  
 worthies  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and en-  
 slave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave be-  
 hind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace de-  
 stroy;  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled  
 Gods,  
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
 Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacri-  
 fice?  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce  
 men,  
 Rowling in brutish vices, and deformed,  
 Violent or shameful death their due re-  
 ward.  
 But, if there be in glory aught of good;  
 It may by means far different be attained,  
 Without ambition, war, or violence —  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance. I mention still  
 Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly pa-  
 tience borne,  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
 Who names not now with honour patient  
 Job?  
 Poor Socrates, (who next more memora-  
 ble?)  
 By what he taught and suffered for so do-  
 ing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust,  
 lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
 Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffered — if young African for  
 fame  
 His wasted country freed from Punic  
 rage —

The deed becomes unpraised, the man at  
 least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
 Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,  
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but  
 His  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence  
 I am."  
 To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus  
 replied:—  
 "Think not so slight of glory, therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father. He seeks  
 glory,  
 And for his glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs; nor content in Hea-  
 ven,  
 By all his Angels glorified, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemp-  
 tion.  
 Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or  
 Greek,  
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath de-  
 clared;  
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he ex-  
 acts."  
 To whom our Saviour fervently replied:  
 "And reason; since his Word all things  
 produced,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
 His good communicable to every soul  
 Freely; of whom what could He less expect  
 Than glory and benediction — that is,  
 thanks —  
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
 From them who could return him nothing  
 else,  
 And, not returning that, would likeliest  
 render  
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
 For so much good, so much beneficence!  
 But why should man seek glory, who of his  
 own  
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing be-  
 longs  
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame —  
 Who, for so many benefits received,  
 Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoiled;  
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
 That which to God alone of right belongs?

Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again  
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin — for he himself,  
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;

Yet of another plea bethought him soon: —  
"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so  
deem; 150

Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.  
But to a Kingdom thou art born — or-  
dained

To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
By mother's side thy father, though thy  
right

Be now in powerful hands, that will not  
part

Easily from possession won with arms.  
Judæa now and all the Promised Land,  
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled  
With temperate sway: oft have they vio-  
lated 160

The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once  
Antiochus. And think'st thou to regain  
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?  
So did not Machabeus. He indeed  
Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;  
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed  
That by strong hand his family obtained,  
Though priests, the crown, and David's  
throne usurped,

With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee  
zeal 171

And duty — zeal and duty are not slow,  
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:  
They themselves rather are occasion best —  
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free  
Thy country from her heathen servitude.  
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,  
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless  
reign —

The happier reign the sooner it begins.  
Reign then; what canst thou better do the  
while? " 180

To whom our Saviour answer thus re-  
turned: —

"All things are best fulfilled in their due  
time;

And time there is for all things, Truth  
hath said.

If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told

That it shall never end, so, when begin  
The Father in his purpose hath decreed —  
He in whose hand all times and seasons  
rowl.

What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
Be tried in humble state, and things ad-  
verse,

By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190  
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and  
violence,

Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting  
Without distrust or doubt, that He may  
know

What I can suffer, how obey? Who best  
Can suffer best can do, best reign who first  
Well hath obeyed — just trial ere I merit  
My exaltation without change or end.

But what concerns it *thee* when I begin  
My everlasting Kingdom? Why art *thou*  
Solicitous? What moves *thy* inquisition?  
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy  
fall, 201

And my promotion will be thy destruc-  
tion?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, re-  
plied: —

"Let that come when it comes. All hope  
is lost

Of my reception into grace; what worse?  
For where no hope is left is left no fear.

If there be worse, the expectation more  
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,  
My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210  
The end I would attain, my final good.

My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,  
And will alike be punished, whether thou  
Reign or reign not — though to that gentle  
brow

Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
Would stand between me and thy Father's  
ire

(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of  
Hell) 220

A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.

If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is  
best?

Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,  
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be  
their King!

Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained

Of the enterprise so hazardous and high !  
No wonder; for, though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in Man be found,  
Or human nature can receive, consider <sup>231</sup>  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part  
spent

At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,  
And once a year Jerusalem, few days'  
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst  
thou observe ?

The world thou hast not seen, much less  
her glory,

Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant  
courts —

Best school of best experience, quickest in  
sight

In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever <sup>240</sup>  
Timorous, and loth, with novice modesty  
(As he who, seeking asses, found a king-  
dom)

Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous.

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt  
quit

Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp  
and state —

Sufficient introduction to inform

Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
And regal mysteries; that thou may'st  
know

How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him  
then), he took <sup>251</sup>

The Son of God up to a mountain high.

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
A spacious plain outstretched in circuit  
wide

Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers  
flowed,

The one winding, the other straight, and  
left between

Fair champaign, with less rivers inter-  
veined,

Then meeting joined their tribute to the  
sea.

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;  
With herds the pasture thronged, with  
flocks the hills; <sup>260</sup>

Huge cities and high-towered, that well  
might seem

The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so  
large

The prospect was that here and there was  
room

For barren desert, fountainless and dry.  
To this high mountain-top the Tempter  
brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words be-  
gan: —

"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill  
and dale,

Forest, and field, and flood, temples and  
towers,

Cut shorter many a league. Here thou be-  
hold'st <sup>269</sup>

Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,  
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on  
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,  
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:

Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall  
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,  
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
Israel in long captivity still mourns; <sup>279</sup>

There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
Judah and all thy father David's house  
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,  
His city, there thou seest, and Bactra  
there;

Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,  
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;  
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,

The drink of none but kings; of later fame,  
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,

The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there <sup>291</sup>  
Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,

Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.  
All these the Parthian (now some ages  
past

By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
That empire) under his dominion holds,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
And just in time thou com'st to have a  
view

Of his great power; for now the Parthian  
king

In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host <sup>300</sup>  
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild

Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
He marches now in haste. See, though  
from far,

His thousands, in what martial equipage  
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts  
their arms,

Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit —  
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;

See how in warlike muster they appear,  
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons,  
and wings."

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless

The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops

In coats of mail and military pride.

In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,

Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice

Of many provinces from bound to bound —

From Arachosia, from Candaor east,

And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs

Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;

From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains

Of Adiabene, Media, and the south

Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,

How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot

Sharp sleet of arrow showers against the face

Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.

Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,

Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers

Of archers; nor of labouring pioners

A multitude, with spades and axes armed,

To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,

Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay

With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke:

Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,

And waggons fraught with utensils of war.

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican, with all his northern pow-

ers,

Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,

The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win

The fairest of her sex, Angelica,

His daughter, sought by many prowrest knights,

Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemane.

Such and so numerous was their chivalry;

At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,

And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:—

"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage

Thy virtue, and not every way secure

On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark

To what end I have brought thee hither, and shew

All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold

By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou

Endeavour, as thy father David did,

Thou never shalt obtain: prediction still

In all things, and all men, supposes means;

Without means used, what it predicts revokes.

But say thou wert possessed of David's throne

By free consent of all, none opposite,

Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope Long to enjoy it quiet and secure

Between two such enclosing enemies,

Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these

Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,

By my advice, as nearer, and of late

Found able by invasion to annoy

Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,

Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,

Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task

To render thee the Parthian at dispose,

Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.

By him thou shalt regain, without him not,

That which alone can truly reinstall thee

In David's royal seat, his true successor —

Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes

Whose offspring in his territory yet serve

In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:

Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost

Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old

Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,

This offer sets before thee to deliver.

These if from servitude thou shalt restore

To their inheritance, then, nor till then,

Thou on the throne of David in full glory,

From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,

Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus,

unmoved:—

"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm  
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my  
ear 390

Vented much policy, and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.  
Means I must use, thou say'st; prediction  
else

Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne !  
My time, I told thee (and that time for  
thee

Were better farthest off), is not yet come.  
When that comes, think not thou to find  
me slack

On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shewn me — argu-  
ment 401

Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those  
Ten Tribes,

I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons !  
But whence to thee this zeal ? Where was  
it then

For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the  
pride

Of numbering Israel — which cost the  
lives 410

Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days' pestilence ? Such was thy  
zeal

To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were  
they

Who wrought their own captivity, fell off

From God to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
And all the idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish  
crimes;

Nor in the land of their captivity 420  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers, but so died  
Impenitent, and left a race behind

Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
And God with idols in their worship joined.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,

Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
Headlong would follow, and to their gods  
perhaps 430

Of Bethel and of Dan ? No; let them  
serve

Their enemies who serve idols with God.  
Yet He at length, time to himself best  
known,

Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous  
call

May bring them back, repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian  
flood,

While to their native land with joy they  
haste,

As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the Promised Land their fathers  
passed.

To his due time and providence I leave  
them.' 440

So spake Israel's true King, and to the  
Fiend

Made answer meet, that made void all his  
wiles.

So fares it when with truth falsehood con-  
tends.

## THE FOURTH BOOK

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his  
hope

So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleeked his tongue, and won so much  
on Eve,

So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve;  
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived  
And rash, beforehand had no better weighed

The strength he was to cope with, or his  
own.

But — as a man who had been matchless  
held 10

In cunning, over-reached where least he  
thought,

To salve his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him  
still,

And never cease, though to his shame the  
more;

Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time,

About the wine-press where sweet must is  
poured,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming  
sound;

Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault  
renew,  
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles  
end— 20

So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of  
success,

And his vain importunity pursues.

He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might  
behold

Another plain, long, but in breadth not  
wide,

Washed by the southern sea, and on the  
north

To equal length backed with a ridge of  
hills

That screened the fruits of the earth and  
seats of men 30

From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the  
midst

Divided by a river, off whose banks  
On each side an Imperial City stood,  
With towers and temples proudly elevate  
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,  
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes  
Above the highth of mountains interposed—  
By what strange parallax, or optic skill 40  
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to enquire.  
And now the Tempter thus his silence  
broke:—

“The city which thou seest no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of  
the Earth

So far renowned, and with the spoils en-  
riched

Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine, 50  
The imperial palace, compass huge, and  
high

The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like

Houses of gods—so well I have disposed  
My aerie microscope—thou may'st behold,  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs  
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye,  
and see

What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:  
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces

Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their  
power;

Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and  
wings;

Or embassies from regions far remote,  
In various habits, on the Appian road,  
Or on the Æmilian—some from farthest  
south,

Syene, and where the shadow both way  
falls, 70

Meroë, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,  
The realm of Boechus to the Blackmoor sea;  
From the Asian kings (and Parthian among  
these),

From India and the Golden Chersoness,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbants  
wreathed;

From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians  
north

Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool. 79

All nations now to Rome obedience pay—  
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide do-  
main,

In ample territory, wealth and power,  
Civility of manners, arts and arms,

And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
Before the Parthian. These two thrones  
except,

The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth  
the sight,

Shared among petty kings too far removed;  
These having shewn thee, I have shewn  
thee all

The kingdoms of the world, and all their  
glory. 89

This Emperor hath no son, and now is old,  
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
To Capree, an island small but strong  
On the Campanian shore, with purpose  
there

His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;  
Committing to a wicked favourite  
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;

Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
 Endued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his  
 throne, 100

Now made a sty, and, in his place ascend-  
 ing,

A victor-people free from servile yoke !  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the  
 power

Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim, therefore, at no less than all the  
 world;

Aim at the highest; without the highest  
 attained,

Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what  
 will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, re-  
 plied:—

"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic  
 shew 110

Of luxury, though called magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine  
 eye,

Much less my mind; though thou should'st  
 add to tell

Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous  
 feasts

On citron tables or Atlantic stone  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read),  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in  
 gold,

Crystal, and myrrhine cups, imbossed with  
 gems

And studs of pearl—to me should'st tell,  
 who thirst 120

And hunger still. Then embassies thou  
 shew'st

From nations far and nigh ! What honour  
 that,

But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries ? Then proceed'st to  
 talk

Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,  
 How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel

A brutish monster: what if I withal  
 Expel a Devil who first made him such ?

Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him  
 out; 130

For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal—who, once just,

Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered  
 well,

But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all

By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;

Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts ex-  
 posed; 140

Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier  
 still,

And from the daily Scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to  
 free

These, thus degenerate, by themselves en-  
 slaved,

Or could of inward slaves make outward  
 free ?

Know, therefore, when my season comes to  
 sit

On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash

All monarchies besides throughout the  
 world; 150

And of my Kingdom there shall be no end.  
 Means there shall be to this; but what the  
 means

Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter, impudent, re-  
 plied:—

"I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.  
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,

Or nothing more than still to contradict.  
 On the other side know also thou that I

On what I offer set as high esteem, 160  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for  
 naught.

All these, which in a moment thou be-  
 hold'st,

The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give  
 (For, given to me, I give to whom I please),

No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else—  
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,

And worship me as thy superior Lord  
 (Easily done), and hold them all of me;

For what can less so great a gift deserve ?"

Whom thus our Saviour answered with  
 disdain:— 170

"I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to  
 utter

The abominable terms, impious condition.  
 But I endure the time, till which expired



Thou hast permission on me. It is written,  
 ten,

The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship

The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve;

And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound

To worship thee, accursed? now more accursed

For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
 And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.

The kingdoms of the world to thee were given! 181

Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;  
 Other donation none thou canst produce.  
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,

God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now repaid!  
 But gratitude in thee is lost long since.  
 Wert thou so void of fear or shame

As offer them to me, the Son of God — 190  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
 Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear'st

That Evil One, Satan for ever damned."  
 To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed,  
 replied: —

"Be not so sore offended, Son of God —  
 Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men —

If I, to try whether in higher sort  
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed

What both from Men and Angels I receive, 199  
 Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth

Nations besides from all the quartered winds —

God of this World invoked, and World beneath.

Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold

To me most fatal, me it most concerns.  
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;  
 Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.

Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more

210

Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.

And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
 To contemplation and profound dispute;  
 As by that early action may be judged,  
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st

Alone into the Temple, there wast found  
 Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant  
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,

Teaching, not taught. The childhood shews the man, 220  
 As morning shews the day. Be famous, then,

By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
 In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.  
 All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,

The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;

The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach

To admiration, led by Nature's light;  
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,

Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st. 229  
 Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,

Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinced.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,

Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold

Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
 Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil — 239

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades.

See there the olive-grove of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;

There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound

Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rowls

His whispering stream. Within the walls  
 then view <sup>250</sup>  
 The schools of ancient sages — his who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
 Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.  
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret  
 power  
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
 By voice or hand, and various-measured  
 verse,  
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher  
 sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his  
 own. <sup>260</sup>  
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians  
 taught  
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight received  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they  
 treat  
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human  
 life,  
 High actions and high passions best de-  
 scribing.  
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,  
 Those ancient whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,  
 Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over  
 Greece <sup>270</sup>  
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.  
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From heaven descended to the low-roofed  
 house  
 Of Socrates — see there his tenement —  
 Whom, well inspired, the Oracle pro-  
 nounced  
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued  
 forth  
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the  
 schools  
 Of Academics old and new, with those  
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe. <sup>280</sup>  
 These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at  
 home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's  
 weight;  
 These rules will render thee a king com-  
 plete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire  
 joined."  
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus re-  
 plied:—

"Think not but that I know these things;  
 or, think  
 I know them not, not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought. He who re-  
 ceives  
 Light from above, from the Fountain of  
 Light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted  
 true; <sup>290</sup>  
 But these are false, or little else but  
 dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all professed  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
 The next to fabling fell and smooth con-  
 ceits;  
 A third sort doubted all things, though  
 plain sense;  
 Others in virtue placed felicity,  
 But virtue joined with riches and long life;  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride, <sup>300</sup>  
 By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possess-  
 ing,  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death  
 and life —  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts  
 he can;  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas! what can they teach, and not mis-  
 lead, <sup>309</sup>  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
 And how the World began, and how Man  
 fell,  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;  
 And in themselves seek virtue; and to  
 themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none;  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks  
 in these  
 True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only  
 meets, <sup>320</sup>  
 An empty cloud. However, many books,  
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; whe  
 reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,

(And what he brings what needs he else-  
where seek?)

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep-versed in books and shallow in him-  
self,

Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a  
sponge,

As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

Or, if I would delight my private hours  
With music or with poem, where so soon  
As in our native language can I find

That solace? All our Law and Story  
strewed

With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms  
inscribed,

Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
That pleased so well our victor's ear, de-  
clare

That rather Greece from us these arts de-  
rived —

Ill imitated while they loudest sing  
The vices of their deities, and their own,

In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past  
shame.

Remove their swelling epithetes, thick-laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,

Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare

With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excel-  
ling,

Where God is praised aright and godlike  
men,

The Holiest of Holies and his Saints  
(Such are from God inspired, not such from  
thee);

Unless where moral virtue is expressed  
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.

Their orators thou then extoll'st as those  
The top of eloquence — statist indeed,

And lovers of their country, as may seem;  
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,

As men divinely taught, and better teach-  
ing

The solid rules of civil government,  
In their majestic, unaffected style,

Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.

In them is plainest taught, and easiest  
learnt,

What makes a nation happy, and keeps it  
so,

What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
These only, with our Law, best form a  
king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now  
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were  
spent),

Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, re-  
plied: —

"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms  
nor arts,

Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor  
aught

By me proposed in life contemplative  
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,

What dost thou in this world? The Wil-  
derness

For thee is fittest place: I found thee  
there,

And thither will return thee. Yet remem-  
ber

What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have  
cause

To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,

Which would have set thee in short time  
with ease

On David's throne, or throne of all the  
world,

Now at full age, fulness of time, thy sea-  
son,

When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.

Now, contrary — if I read aught in heaven,  
Or heaven write aught of fate — by what  
the stars

Voluminous, or single characters  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,

Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,  
Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,

Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel  
death.

A kingdom they portend thee, but what  
kingdom,

Real or allegoric, I discern not;

Nor when: eternal sure — as without end,  
Without beginning; for no date prefixed

Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his  
power

Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness  
Brought back, the Son of God, and left  
him there,

Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
As daylight sunk, and brought in louring  
Night,

Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day.

Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled  
mind

After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined  
 might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered head;  
 But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head  
 The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven;  
 the clouds <sup>410</sup>  
 From many a horrid rift abortive poured  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire  
 In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st <sup>420</sup>  
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:  
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
 Environed thee; some howled, some yelled,  
 some shrieked,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.  
 Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey,  
 Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised <sup>430</sup>  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet  
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,

After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.  
 Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, <sup>440</sup>  
 The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem  
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;  
 Yet with no new device (they all were spent),  
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
 And mad despite to be so oft repelled.  
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
 Backed on the north and west by a thick wood;  
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
 And in a careless mood thus to him said:—  
 “Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God, <sup>451</sup>  
 After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,  
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,  
 As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,  
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as inconsiderable  
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone.  
 Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light <sup>460</sup>  
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.  
 This tempest at this desert most was bent;  
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
 The perfect season offered with my aid  
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way <sup>470</sup>  
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when  
 (For both the when and how is nowhere told),  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt;

For Angels have proclaimed it, but con-  
 cealing  
 The time and means? Each act is right-  
 liest done  
 Not when it must, but when it may be  
 best.  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find  
 What I foretold thee — many a hard as-  
 say  
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre gett'st hold;  
 Whereof this ominous night that closed  
 thee round, 481  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."  
 So talked he, while the Son of God went  
 on,  
 And staid not, but in brief him answered  
 thus: —  
 "Me worse than wet thou find'st not;  
 other harm  
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did  
 me none.  
 I never feared they could, though noising  
 loud  
 And threatening nigh: what they can do as  
 signs  
 Betokening or ill-boding I contemn 490  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but  
 thee;  
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy pre-  
 venting,  
 Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accept-  
 ing,  
 At least might seem to hold all power of  
 thee,  
 Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought  
 my God;  
 And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will! Desist (thou art dis-  
 cerned,  
 And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."  
 To whom the Fiend, now swoln with  
 rage, replied: —  
 "Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-  
 born! 500  
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.  
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth, at length  
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I  
 knew,  
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour  
 born.  
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye

Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private  
 bred;  
 Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510  
 Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest  
 (Though not to be baptized), by voice from  
 Heaven  
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God  
 beloved.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my  
 nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art called  
*The Son of God*, which bears no single  
 sense.  
 The Son of God I also am, or was;  
 And, if I was, I am; relation stands:  
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I  
 thought 520  
 In some respect far higher so declared.  
 Therefore I watched thy footsteps from  
 that hour,  
 And followed thee still on to this waste  
 wild,  
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who  
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;  
 By parle or composition, truce or league,  
 To win him, or win from him what I can.  
 And opportunity I here have had 531  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have  
 found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant and as a centre, firm  
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and  
 good,  
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms,  
 glory,  
 Have been before contemned, and may  
 again.  
 Therefore, to know what more thou art  
 than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from  
 Heaven,  
 Another method I must now begin." 540  
 So saying, he caught him up, and, with-  
 out wing  
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The Holy City, lifted high her towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious Temple reared  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount

Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:  
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:—

“There stand, if thou wilt stand;  
stand upright<sup>551</sup>  
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father’s  
house  
Have brought thee, and highest placed:  
highest is best.

Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,  
Cast thyself down. Safely, if Son of God;  
For it is written, ‘He will give command  
Concerning thee to his Angels; in their  
hands

They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a  
stone.’”

To whom thus Jesus: “Also it is writ-  
ten,<sup>560</sup>  
‘Tempt not the Lord thy God.’” He said,  
and stood;

But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.  
As when Earth’s son, Antæus (to compare  
Small things with greatest), in Irassa  
strove

With Jove’s Alcides, and, oft foiled, still  
rose,

Receiving from his mother Earth new  
strength,

Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple  
joined,

Throttled at length in the air expired and  
fell,

So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,  
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride  
Fell whence he stood to see his victor  
fall;<sup>571</sup>

And, as that Theban monster that proposed  
Her riddle, and him who solved it not de-  
voured,

That once found out and solved, for grief  
and spite

Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian  
steep,

So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the  
Fiend,

And to his crew, that sat consulting,  
brought

Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of  
God.<sup>580</sup>

So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
Who on their plummy vans received Him soft

From his uneasy station, and upbore,  
As on a floating couch, through the blithe  
air;

Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
On a green bank, and set before him spread  
A table of celestial food, divine  
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of  
Life,

And from the Fount of Life ambrosial  
drink,<sup>590</sup>

That soon refreshed him wearied, and re-  
paired

What hunger, if aught hunger, had im-  
paired,

Or thirst; and, as he fed, Angelic quires  
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory

Over temptation and the Tempter proud:—

“True Image of the Father, whether  
throned

In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, en-  
shrined

In fleshly tabernacle and human form,<sup>599</sup>

Wandering the wilderness—whatever place,  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing

The Son of God, with Godlike force endued  
Against the attempter of thy Father’s  
throne

And thief of Paradise! Him long of old  
Thou didst debeat, and down from Heaven  
cast

With all his army; now thou hast avenged  
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.

He never more henceforth will dare set  
foot<sup>610</sup>

In paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.  
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be  
failed,

A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,

A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time

shall be,  
Of tempter and temptation without fear.

But thou, Infernal Serpent! shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal  
star,

Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven,  
trod down<sup>620</sup>

Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou  
feel’st

Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest  
wound)

By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell  
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with  
awe

To dread the Son of God. He, all un-  
armed,

Shall chase thee, with the terror of his  
voice,

From thy demoniac holds, possession foul —  
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall  
fly,

And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
Lest he command them down into the

Deep,

631

Bound, and to torment sent before their  
time.

Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both  
Worlds,

Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save Mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour  
meek,

Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast re-  
freshed,

Brought on his way with joy. He, unob-  
served,

Home to his mother's house private re-  
turned.





# SAMSON AGONISTES

## A DRAMATIC POEM

*Aristot. Poet. cap. 6. Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεωσ σπουδαίας, &c. — Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c., per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.*

1667-1671



## SAMSON AGONISTES

### I

The story of *Samson* was, as has been before stated (introductory biography, p. xxxi.), one of those to which Milton gave attention after his return from Italy, while he was in search of a subject for a great epic or drama. At that time, apparently, he considered it little, since the jottings are unaccompanied by any hints as to treatment. He did, however, look at five phases of Samson's history, as is indicated by the note: "Samson Pursophorus, or Hybristes, or Samson Marrying, or Ramath-Lechi, Judges xv., Dagonalia, Judges xvi." Samson Pursophorus, or the Bearer of the Firebrand, would have dealt with the hero's exploit of firing the corn; Samson Hybristes, or the Violent, with his bearing away of the gates of Gaza, or some similar action of disdain for his Philistine foes; Samson Marrying, with his earlier life, and his marriage with the woman of Timnath; Ramath-Lechi, with his slaughter of the Philistines at Lehi; Dagonalia, with his destruction of the temple and his death. When, about 1667, Milton's mind again recurred to this subject, he saw a double reason for choosing the last of these episodes. Samson's story, continued to its last stage, offered a striking parallelism with his own; and besides this personal reason for the selection, there was the obvious artistic one, that the last subject held in solution the other four. Besides being in itself a unified action, with a magnificent climax, and hence naturally adapted to dramatic treatment, it also carried along with it a great fund of previous story, to be drawn upon at the dramatist's will for the purpose of enriching the rather meagre

action with semi-narrative episodes. The exact nature of the drama which Milton proposed to write made this circumstance one of vital importance.

Even in the days of *Comus*, even when praising Jonson's learned sock and Shakespeare's wild wood-notes, Milton seems never to have had a real sympathy for the English stage. Since that time, the stage had degenerated rapidly, until the closing of the theatres in 1642 by decree of the Long Parliament. When they reopened at the Restoration it was to produce a species of cynical comedy even more hateful to the Puritan sense than the morbid tragedies of Ford upon which they had closed. Never in sympathy with the type of drama to which he found the stage pledged, Milton was now removed by all conceivable motives from the desire to produce an acting play. He was left free, therefore, from the restrictions of stage-craft; and he took advantage of that freedom to give his work a kind of interest inadmissible except in the closet-drama, but often very effective there. To the purely dramatic episode of Samson's death he added, by way of reminiscence on Samson's part or on the part of the Chorus, the epic material which lay in Samson's life up to the time of his falling prisoner to the Philistines. Almost every episode of that life, from his birth onward, is touched upon; and the immediate action goes on against a background of past events which add incalculably to its dignity and pathos. The meagreness of its action has been frequently objected to in *Samson Agonistes*; the objection leaves out of account the peculiar type of drama which it represents. We have said that *Paradise Regained* is a kind of disguised

drama, a dramatic epic; it is equally true that *Samson Agonistes* holds in solution a large amount of narrative not directly connected with the development, but serving to light up the hero's character,—that it is, in other words, a kind of epical drama. The mighty central figure is made to loom before our imagination not only by the pure dramatist's device of appropriate action, but by the narrative poet's—one might almost say the novelist's—devices of cumulative incident, illustration, and comment.

So much for Milton's selection of the closet over the stage drama. His selection of the classic form over the romantic was inevitable. In the first place, the tragedies of Greece and Rome did not lie under the stigma of disgrace with which Puritanism had marked the modern play; at least it was possible for Milton to shed over the ancient forms of tragedy the hallowing association of such names as Plutarch, St. Paul, and Gregory Nazianzen, though perhaps the elaborateness of his apology proves that he did not consider himself, even when following in the footsteps of Sophocles, safe from the attacks of zealous brethren. His original bias toward the classic form, shown in the drafts of plays which he made in 1640-41, had naturally strengthened with age. The turbulence and vividness of romantic drama could only be distasteful to the blind, defeated man of sixty; but into the suppression, the low-keyed passion, of ancient tragedy, he could throw the daily accents of his own heart. Goethe, reading *Samson Agonistes* in his old age, could find no words adequate to praise it. It is, indeed, as Dr. Garnett observes, an old man's play. The grimness, the grey imminence of Fate, which lies upon ancient tragedy even in its lighter moods, is here reinforced by the mood of a mind fallen upon evil days, when the pitcher is about to be broken at the fountain.

With regard to the famous "three uni-

ties" of Aristotelian criticism, Milton allows himself no liberties; so far, at least, as two of them are concerned, there can be no question. "Unity of time" prescribes that the events of a play should cover a space of not more than twenty-four hours; the action of *Samson Agonistes* begins at sunrise, and ends about noon, covering, therefore, six or eight hours at the most. "Unity of place" is as strictly observed, since the whole action passes in front of the prison at Gaza. "Unity of action" prescribes that the action shall be "complete and single" (*πρᾶξις μία τε καὶ ὅλη*). This of course excludes at once the underplot of the Elizabethans, an accessory which Milton unequivocally condemns as "the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons; which by all judicious hath been accounted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people." It does not exclude episodic material, provided that such material is organically connected with the development of the climax, toward which classical tragedy was expected to move unswervingly from the beginning. In this particular, *Samson Agonistes* has not escaped criticism; consideration of the points involved will be taken up in the analysis of the play below.

The chorus of *Samson* is structurally different from the choruses of classical tragedy. Milton describes it as "*monostrophic* or, rather, *apolelymenon*, without regard had to strophe, antistrophe, and epode,—which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material." By discarding the division into balanced strophe and antistrophe, and substituting instead a form of verse entirely unhampered even by rhyme or by fixed line-length, Milton has abandoned the letter in order to follow the spirit of the classic chorus; for the freedom of the form allows the Chorus to con-

nect itself very intimately with the shifting mood of the protagonist, to develop his thought or reflect passingly upon his state, without forfeiting, even in the shortest passages, the lyric element. It is worthy of note that Milton follows Sophocles rather than his favorite Euripides in making the Chorus cling closely to the thought and emotion of the play itself, instead of allowing it to wander away into philosophic generalizations only remotely suggested by the action in hand. Occasionally, to be sure, it does so escape, and these rare breakings-away have the effect of wonderfully calming and chastening the crude passion of the piece, throwing the particular tragedy of the moment back into an ideal remoteness where its meaning can be seen pure, untroubled by passing emotion. It will be noticed, however, that these passages occur chiefly after Samson has left the stage, while, according to the classical precedent, the climax is taking place at a distance, or after news of the hero's death has been brought. The effect aimed at is obviously that of calming the spectator, that the play may close in an atmosphere not only purged by pity and terror, but also calmed and sweetened by abstract meditation. The use of the Messenger to announce the catastrophe is of course an indispensable part of the classic apparatus; it is in the passage devoted to him that Milton has caught, perhaps more completely than anywhere else, the very form and pressure of Sophoclean dialogue. Division into acts and scenes Milton omits, as "referring chiefly to the stage, for which this work never was intended;" but the fact that he adds, "It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act" shows that he did not neglect the requirements of such division. A brief analysis will make the act-and-scene structure of the drama clear, and will throw light also on the question of its unity of action.

The opening speech of Samson, as he is

led from his prison to spend in the open air the few hours of rest which the superstition of his enemies allows him on the feast-day of their god, establishes at once the key of sombre dejection. The very first line makes us realize his pathetic helplessness, and the sense of hopelessness, of *tædium vitæ*, grows to its culmination in the famous lines:—

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day!"

His helplessness under indignity is emphasized by the fact that he mistakes the approaching Chorus for a rabble of his enemies, come to stare at and insult him; and the chanting of the Chorus, where pity for his present state is mingled with celebration of his youthful deeds of pride and might, deepens the tragic force of the picture. Samson's second speech introduces the spiritual side of his misery, remorse for his sin of weakness. The rest of Act I. is taken up with the past history of the hero. The elements of his character which it impresses upon us are: his wilfulness and amorous weakness; his exultant pride of strength; and his sense of consecration to the task of delivering Israel. This act ends with Manoa's entrance at line 331.

The sight of his son's wretchedness wrings from Manoa, as he enters, a horrified exclamation, "O miserable change!" which intensifies the effect of pity already produced. The old man's querulous questioning of God's dealings with His anointed champion brings out a new side of Samson's character; for we see that he accepts his suffering nobly, as a just punishment for sin. It is a master-stroke of artistic harmony that accomplishes this without disturbing for a moment the atmosphere of sullen gloom surrounding him. At the same time, occasion is given for a detailed account of his weakness in giving up his secret to Dalila. Upon this ensues the first of those "provocative" elements, calculated to arouse Samson little by little to the

height of passion and resolution required by the climax; this is Manoa's reminder that for the magnifying of Dagon set apart for this feast-day, Samson is indirectly responsible, that by reason of his faithlessness an idolatrous abomination shall be set above Jehovah. Very skillfully this is made to bring out another noble trait of Samson's character, namely his impersonal optimism; though hoping nothing for himself, he still has heart to believe in the ultimate triumph of right:—

"Dagon hath presumed,  
The overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
His deity comparing and preferring  
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,  
But will arise, and his great name assert.  
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him  
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
And with confusion blank his worshippers."

The last four lines should be noticed, also, as the first application in the play of the Greek principle of Tragic Irony. In *Samson*, as in the Greek tragedies, a story is being handled which is perfectly familiar to every one. The element of suspense, therefore, on which a modern playwright largely depends, is impossible here, because the catastrophe is foreseen and taken for granted from the outset. To supply its place the Greek tragedians adopted a device capable of being used with great psychological subtlety, namely, that of putting into the mouths of the persons of the drama words which to themselves, ignorant of the future course of events, were trivial, but which to the audience had a tragic emphasis because of their bearing upon the impending catastrophe. The lines quoted above are of this sort, though they lack the poignancy usually attaching to tragic or pathetic irony. The principle is used throughout *Samson*, often with extreme effectiveness; to note and weigh the instances as they occur is necessary if we would gain from the play the peculiar effect intended,—an effect so unparalleled in English drama

that it costs, and is worth, some pains to perceive in completeness.

In the conversation between Manoa and Samson, which takes up the greater part of this act, the old man's hopeful looking to the future, his plans for ransoming his son from captivity, are thrown into relief against the listlessness of the hero himself, who knows that there is no future for him. The conversation ends with his reiteration of his deadly weariness, coupled with touching recurrence to the glories of his youth. Then follows the most noble chorus of the play, beginning,—

"God of our fathers! what is man,"

in which Samson's special case is taken as a starting point for reflection upon the tragic changes everywhere in human fortune. Dalila now appears, and a subtle change in the metre and color of the verse heralds her approach; the movement becomes more vivacious, evanescent vowel rhymes appear, and epithet and imagery take on a more opulent hue. Her triumphant beauty, as she comes

"Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
Of Javan or Gadire . . .  
An amber scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger,"

is the last touch needed to emphasize the wretchedness of the captive. Act II. ends with her entrance, at line 731.

The coming of Dalila is the second provocative incident necessary to rouse Samson to a supreme effort. Upon the portrayal of her character Milton has lavished all his art; she is perhaps the one really dramatic creation, endowed with Shakespearean reality of life, to be found in his work. Her approach is humble, full of penitence and the sweetness of reawakened wifely love. First she seeks extenuation for her own weakness by reminding Samson of his; next, with exquisite casuistry, she urges the jealousy of her love as the impelling motive of her action, cunningly

reënforcing this plea by the further one of love of country and religion. Samson repels her again and again, with a mounting passion of abhorrence ; but she refuses to be turned away, and at last says humbly, "Let me approach at least and touch thy hand." When this last consummate simulacrum of tenderness fails, she throws off the mask, and stands in her heartless pride, as magnificent in self-justification as Webster's *Vittoria Corombona* :—

"in my country, where I most desire,  
In Eeron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be named among the famoussest  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who, to save  
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
Above the faith of wedlock bands."

Act III. closes, upon Dalila's departure, with a chorus in which Milton's quarrel with woman finds its most terrible expression. The strophes quiver and groan under their weight of personal bitterness. As we read we are reminded of yet another parallelism between Milton and his hero. Both had felt overmasteringly in youth the power of woman. For both, the cruellest irony was the survival of the old longing, the old cry of the heart and the flesh, long after the unworthiness of the thing desired seemed proved. (The chorus hints at this aspect of Samson's anguish in a way that illustrates the intimacy with which Milton has used his Chorus to interpret the subtle shiftings of emotion and thought in the mind of his protagonist. After Samson has dismissed his wife, the Chorus muses,—

"Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,

After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possessed, nor can be easily  
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,  
And secret sting of amorous remorse."

Act IV. begins at line 1076, after the Chorus has heralded the approach of Harapha. The visit of Dalila has stung Samson again to life; in his passion of resentment, he has shaken off the *tedium vite* which

weighed him down. The coming of the giant Harapha, the third provocative incident, does more: it rouses in him again the proud consciousness of power, and fills him with lust to use it for revenge. As Harapha, ceasing from his insults, and frightened and discountenanced by Samson's challenge to single combat, goes off, the giant utters the threat which motives the remainder of the play, —

"By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries." . . .

This closes, at line 1243, what may be considered the first scene of Act IV. After some talk between Samson and the Chorus as to the outcome of Harapha's visit, their doubts are resolved by the arrival of the Officer, sent by the Lords at Harapha's instigation. Samson refuses to obey the summons and the Officer departs. The remonstrances of the Chorus are of no avail to change Samson's decision. But suddenly, as if smitten by a new and absorbing thought, he changes his mind. His words, —

"Be of good courage; I begin to feel  
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
I with this messenger will go along."

show that a vague scheme of vengeance has dawned in his brain. In the Chorus which closes the act, a strange hovering half-consciousness of what is about to happen seems to have been caught from Samson by sympathy. A very poignant effect is produced, too, by the Chorus's recalling at this juncture the signs and wonders which had long ago attended the hero's birth.

Act V. opens with line 1445. The most striking use of pathetic irony occurs here, where Manoa appears and explains his hope of ransoming Samson from captivity. While the old man is musing over his plans for tending his son and making him happy, he is interrupted by a great shout in the distance, and later by another, still louder. The Chorus is conjecturing that maybe the Lord has restored sight to his champion

and given him power to vanquish the Philistines, when a Messenger enters to make known the catastrophe. The speeches of the Messenger, the calmness and reconciliation of Manoah's tone after his one touching cry, —

"O! lastly over-strong against thyself,"

and the lyric quietness and elevation of the Chorus at the close, are all in the highest antique strain. It is impossible to turn from the play without feeling that it has accomplished that which the motto on the title-page declares to be the highest function of tragedy, *Per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem*, — Through fear and terror to purge the heart of fear and terror.

Such an analysis, if it has been a true one, would seem to settle the question of the unity of action in *Samson*. The visits of Dalila and Harapha, so far from being purely episodic as they have sometimes been treated, are most vital to the denouement, besides contributing immensely to the understanding of Samson's character in several of its phases. The large amount of reminiscence concerning Samson's early life is also indispensable in the painting of that elaborate portrait which constitutes the larger unity of the drama. The figure of the hero lives, not with the elemental typical life common to most of Milton's figures, but, one may say, with an idiomatic life, a special eloquence of reality. Yet its reality impresses us less, perhaps, than its monumental quality; carved larger than human, of the grey everlasting rock, it stands in its grey world, while the little generations of art go by and are forgotten.

## II

*Samson Agonistes* contains Milton's most studied and artful verse; but the key in which the poem is set is so low, its method so restrained, that its most finely calculated effects are likely to be passed over unregarded. Even among those persons who

are neither careless nor unequipped with the requisite technical knowledge, misunderstanding of the metrical structure of the poem has been frequent. Mr. Robert Bridges, on whose treatise entitled *Milton's Prosody* the following paragraphs are based, was the first to make clear the very simple theory upon which the elaborate rhythmical effects of *Samson* are built up.

In the typical blank-verse line of ten syllables, the stressed syllables fall in the even places, but this arrangement may in any of the five feet be inverted, so that the stressed syllable falls in the odd place. In such cases the regular iambic structure of the line, e. g., —

˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ /  
So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tuned,

suffers various modifications, as in the following, where the first and second feet are inverted and become trochaic : —

/ ˘ / ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ /  
Irresistible Samson, whom unarmed;

or in this, where the second and fourth are inverted, and the first foot is weak, i. e. lacking a full stress : —

˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ /  
In their triple degrees; regions to which.

This device of inversion, which in *Paradise Lost* is used sparingly, appears in the choruses of *Samson* persistently, and is made, by artful manipulation, to produce varied rhythmical effects. In the last line quoted above, the first three feet, if taken alone, might constitute an anapaestic (˘˘˘) rhythm; and the last two might be read either as a single choriambus (/˘˘˘) or as a dactyl (/˘˘˘) followed by an extra syllable. The combinations of metre made possible by the free use of inversion are, it will be seen, very numerous, and of all of these Milton has taken advantage. We are to consider the whole poem, then, including the choruses, as written in iambic metre, except those few lines (less than thirty in all) which are in trochaic metre, e. g. : —



Let us not break in upon him,

and even these may be considered as iambic lines in which inversion has taken place in all the feet. Upon this simple iambic framework, various rhythms are embroidered by free inversion; but behind the shifting subtleties of rhythm thus introduced, the regular iambic beat is to be imagined as persisting.

One other variation, not accounted for by inversion, must be remembered; i. e. the possible substitution of a spondee, or foot of two stressed syllables, for the regular iambus. This usually occurs after a weak foot, e. g., —

The jaw | of a | dead ass, | their sword | of bone,  
but sometimes in other position, as, for emphasis, in the first foot of the line, —

This, this | is he; | softly | a while.

The general æsthetic effect at which Milton aimed in all this can be surmised. The prevailing mood of the drama is one of sombre dejection, and to establish this mood the monotonous iteration of the iambic rhythm is essential. But this prevailing mood is broken in upon fitfully, either by bursts of passionate recollection on the part of Samson, or by the lyric animation of the chorus. To have adopted for these breaks decided singing cadences would have introduced a too violent contrast, and destroyed the sense of oppression at which the poet aimed. By preserving the fiction of the iambic iteration, and syncopating upon it intermittent half-lyric strains, which rise above the norm with a certain effort and sink back into it with relief, Milton has not only kept the integrity of the mood, but has made the melancholy deepest at the very points where the lines seem to strive most to throw off their burden.

The same artistic motive prompted the peculiar use of rhyme in *Samson*. Nothing would more surely have dispelled the grey

atmosphere in which the poem moves than a copious rhyme. Rhyme inevitably enriches verse, makes it more winning and vivid. But for that reason Milton does not, as a lesser artist would have done, reject rhyme altogether. He lets it creep in, flicker lamently for a moment, then disappear, only to return again with the same faint-hearted insistence. Sometimes, as where the chorus announces the approach of Dalila, the rhyme is more copious, as befits the description of the woman and the richer atmosphere which she brings; but the neutral key is preserved by the employment of only vowel rhymes, which the ear distinguishes with hesitation.

The length of line is manipulated to the same end. A line of any given length, kept up without interruption, tends to take on what might be called a self-satisfied air. The expectation of the reader being constantly fulfilled, he ceases to expect; the lines go their way with resolution. The blank-verse line, because of its powerful movement, is especially apt to sustain itself in this way, and to create an impression of confidence the very obverse of that which Milton was seeking. In the speculations and reflections of the chorus there is something excitable and anxious, in the musings of the blind Samson something febrile, intermittent, almost peevish, which only the lines of varying length could register. The prevalence throughout of feminine lines, i. e. those ending in an unstressed extrametrical syllable, adds to the cumulative sense of weariness.

A more formal account may also be given of the matter. The falsity of putting a thought of whatever dimensions into a line of fixed length, and packing or spreading it to suit, is obvious. In his blank verse Milton had escaped the difficulty by overlapping phrases and sentences variously from line to line. The idea might naturally occur to him of casting away the fixed line altogether, as a useless fiction. Certainly, some such liberty as this he sought for him-

self when he adopted, in place of the elaborately constructed choruses of classic drama, a chorus of loose structure, capable of following the thought with supple freedom. Probably both sets of motives combined to determine the peculiarities of *Samson*. In any case, the drama represents Milton's art at its subtlest and maturest. For those who are willing to give it the requisite attention, it can hardly fail to have a sombre fascination, as strong perhaps as the sweeter sylvan beguilement of *Comus*.

### III

The sources of *Samson Agonistes*, aside from the Bible, are few and unimportant. The fifth book of the *Antiquities* of Josephus, and the *Relation* of the traveller Sandys, each seem to have furnished a few hints. The *Historie of Samson*, by Francis Quarles, a predecessor of Milton's at Cambridge, may have been glanced into, though certainly to no great purpose. For Vondel's play of *Samson* as the inspirer of *Samson Agonistes* Mr. Edmundson makes an ingenious but unconvincing plea. There is ground for belief that Milton knew Vondel's work, and it is possible that the Dutch drama revived in him interest in the subject which he had meditated more than twenty-five years before. The only "source" worth much consideration, however, is the account given in Judges, chapters xiii.-xvi. Almost every incident of the Bible narrative Milton has worked into the texture of the play, either in the text or in the choruses. Besides the Officer, the Messenger, and the Chorus, the only new personage introduced is the giant Harapha, whose name Milton manufactured from the Hebrew word for giant, Rapha (2 Samuel, xxi. 15-22). A thorough knowledge of the Scripture passages is indispensable to an understanding of many passages of the drama; they are accordingly subjoined:—

And the children of Israel did evil again in the sight of the Lord; and the Lord delivered them into the hand of the Philistines forty years.

And there was a certain man of Zorah, of the family of the Danites, whose name was Manoah; and his wife was barren, and bare not. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto the woman, and said unto her, Behold now, thou art barren, and bearest not: but thou shalt conceive, and bear a son; and no razor shall come on his head: for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb: and he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines.

So Manoah took a kid with a meat offering, and offered it upon a rock unto the Lord: and the angel did wonderously; and Manoah and his wife looked on. For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar. And Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground.

And Samson went down to Timnath, and saw a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines. And he came up, and told his father and his mother, and said, I have seen a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines: now therefore get her for me to wife. Then his father and his mother said unto him, Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines? And Samson said unto his father, Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well.

Then went Samson down, and his father and his mother, to Timnath, and came to the vineyards of Timnath: and, behold, a young lion roared against him. And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand: but he told not his father or his mother what he had done. And he went down, and talked with the woman; and she pleased Samson well.

And after a time he returned to take her, and he turned aside to see the carcase of the lion: and, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion.

So his father went down unto the woman: and Samson made there a feast; for so used the young men to do. And it came to pass, when they saw him, that they brought thirty companions to be with him.

And Samson said unto them, I will now put forth a riddle unto you: if ye can certainly de-

clare it me within the seven days of the feast, and find it out, then I will give you thirty sheets and thirty change of garments: And he said unto them, Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. And they could not in three days expound the riddle. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they said unto Samson's wife, Entice thy husband, that he may declare unto us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire. And Samson's wife wept before him, and said, Thou dost but hate me, and lovest me not: thou hast put forth a riddle unto the children of my people, and hast not told it me. And she wept before him the seven days, while their feast lasted: and it came to pass on the seventh day, that he told her, because she lay sore upon him: and she told the riddle to the children of her people. And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day before the sun went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?

And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon, and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them which expounded the riddle. And his anger was kindled, and he went up to his father's house. But Samson's wife was given to his companion, whom he had used as his friend.

And Samson said concerning them, Now shall I be more blameless than the Philistines, though I do them a displeasure. And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives.

And he smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter: and he went down and dwelt in the top of the rock Etam.

Then the Philistines went up, and pitched in Judah, and spread themselves in Lehi. And the men of Judah said, Why are ye come up against us? And they answered, To bind Samson are we come up, to do to him as he hath done to us. Then three thousand men of Judah went to the top of the rock Etam, and said to Samson, Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us? what is this that thou hast done unto us? And he said unto them, As they did unto me, so have I done unto them. And they said unto him, We are come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee into the hand of the Philistines. And Samson said unto

them, Swear unto me, that ye will not fall upon me yourselves. And they spake unto him, saying, No; but we will bind thee fast, and deliver thee into their hand: but surely we will not kill thee. And they bound him with two new cords, and brought him up from the rock.

And when he came unto Lehi, the Philistines shouted against him: and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands. And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith. And it came to pass, that he cast away the jawbone out of his hand, and called that place Ramath-lehi.

And it was told the Gazites, saying, Samson is come hither. And they compassed him in, and laid wait for him all night in the gate of the city, and were quiet all the night, saying, In the morning, when it is day, we shall kill him. And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron.

And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah. And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him: and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver.

And Delilah said to Samson, Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound to afflict thee. And Samson said unto her, If they bind me with seven green withes that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and be as another man. Then the lords of the Philistines brought up to her seven green withes which had not been dried, and she bound him with them. Now there were men lying in wait, abiding with her in the chamber. And she said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he brake the withes, as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known. And Delilah said unto Samson, Behold, thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: now tell me, I pray thee, wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If they bind me fast with new ropes that never were occupied, then shall I be weak, and be as another man. Delilah therefore took new

ropes, and bound him therewith, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And there were liers in wait abiding in the chamber. And he brake them from off his arms like a thread. And Delilah said unto Samson, Hitherto thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: tell me wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If thou weave the seven locks of my head with the web. And she fastened it with the pin, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awaked out of his sleep, and went away with the pin of the beam, and with the web.

And she said unto him, How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me? thou hast mocked me these three times, and hast not told me wherein thy great strength lieth. And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death, that he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb: if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man. And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath shewed me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and brought money in their hand. And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him. And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound

him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven. Then the lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice: for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand. And when the people saw him, they praised their god: for they said, Our god hath delivered into our hands our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, which slew many of us. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport: and they set him between the pillars. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport. And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life. Then his brethren and all the house of his father came down, and took him, and brought him up, and buried him between Zorah and Eshtaol in the burying-place of Manoah his father.

## MILTON'S INTRODUCTION

### OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM CALLED TRAGEDY

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such-like passions—that is, to tem-

per and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so, in Physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other grave writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others

frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book, as a Tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which he entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common Interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons: which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And, though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle, in behalf of this tra-

gedy, coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be *epistled* — that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only, but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, — which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Allæostrophæ*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit — which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum — they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

## SAMSON AGONISTES

### THE ARGUMENT

SAMSON, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson — which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption: who, in the meanwhile, is visited by other persons, and, lastly, by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long

his son's deliverance; in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly, relating the catastrophe — what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

### THE PERSONS

MANOA, the father of Samson.	SAMSON Public Officer.
DALILA, his wife.	Messenger.
HARAPHA of Gath.	Chorus of Danites.

The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.

*Sams.* A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me.  
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw

The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel  
amends —

The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure  
and sweet, <sup>10</sup>

With day-spring born; here leave me to  
respire.

This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me; hence, with  
leave

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some  
ease —

Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly  
swarm

Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone <sup>20</sup>  
But rush upon me thronging, and present

Times past, what once I was, and what am  
now.

Oh, therefore was my birth from Heaven  
foretold

Twice by an Angel, who at last, in sight  
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended  
From off the altar where an offering  
burned,

As in a fiery column charioting  
His godlike presence, and from some great  
act

Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding ordered and pre-  
scribed <sup>30</sup>

As of a person separate to God,  
Designed for great exploits, if I must  
die

Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put  
out,

Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glo-  
rious strength,

Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was  
that I

Should Israel from Philistian yoke de-  
liver!

Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find  
him <sup>40</sup>

Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  
Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction. What if all foretold

Had been fulfilled but through mine own  
default?

Whom have I to complain of but myself,  
Who this high gift of strength committed  
to me,

In what part lodged, how easily bereft  
me,

Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, <sup>50</sup>  
O'ercome with importunity and tears?

O impotence of mind in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double  
share

Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears com-  
mand.

God, when he gave me strength, to shew  
withal

How slight the gift was, hung it in my  
hair.

But peace! I must not quarrel with the  
will <sup>60</sup>

Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know.  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my mis-  
eries —

So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of  
all,

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies! O worse than  
chains,

Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is ex-  
tinct, <sup>70</sup>

And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might in part my grief  
have eased.

Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel  
me:

They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, ex-  
posed

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and  
wrong,

Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own —  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than  
half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of  
noon, <sup>80</sup>

Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Without all hope of day !  
 O first-created Beam, and thou great  
 Word,  
 "Let there be light, and light was over  
 all,"  
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime de-  
 cree ?  
 The Sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the Moon,  
 When she deserts the night,  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part, why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched,  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts dif-  
 fused,  
 That she might look at will through every  
 pore ?  
 Then had I not been thus exiled from  
 light,  
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100  
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable !  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;  
 Buried, yet not exempt,  
 By privilege of death and burial,  
 From worst of other evils, pains, and  
 wrongs;  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I  
 hear 110  
 The tread of many feet steering this  
 way;  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult —  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.  
*Chor.* This, this is he; softly a while;  
 Let us not break in upon him.  
 O change beyond report, thought, or be-  
 lief !  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly dif-  
 fused,  
 With languished head unpropt,  
 As one past hope, abandoned, 120  
 And by himself given over,  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soiled.  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this  
 be he,

That heroic, that renowned,  
 Irresistible Samson ? whom, unarmed,  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast,  
 could withstand;  
 Who tore the lion as the lion tears the  
 kid;  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,  
 And, weaponless himself, 130  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered  
 cuirass,  
 Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of  
 mail  
 Adamantean proof:  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanced,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike  
 tools,  
 Spurned them to death by troops. The  
 bold Ascalonite  
 Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors  
 turned  
 Their plated backs under his heel, 140  
 Or grovelling soiled their crested helmets  
 in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to  
 hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of  
 Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:  
 Then by main force pulled up, and on his  
 shoulders bore,  
 The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants  
 old —  
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded  
 so —  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up  
 Heaven. 150  
 Which shall I first bewail —  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark ?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)  
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without  
 cause complain)  
 Imprisoned now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells, 160  
 Shut up from outward light  
 To incorporate with gloomy night;  
 For inward light, alas !  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth, unparalleled,  
The rarer thy example stands,  
By how much from the top of wondrous  
glory,

Strongest of mortal men,  
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art  
fallen.

For him I reckon not in high estate 170  
Whom long descent of birth,  
Or the sphere of fortune, raises;  
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was  
her mate,

Might have subdued the Earth,  
Universally crowned with highest praises.

*Sams.* I hear the sound of words; their  
sense the air

Dissolves unjoined ere it reach my ear.

*Chor.* He speaks: let us draw nigh.  
Matchless in might,

The glory late of Israel, now the grief!  
We come, thy friends and neighbours not  
unknown, 180

From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,  
Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy sores: apt words have power  
to swage

The tumours of a troubled mind,  
And are as balm to festered wounds.

*Sams.* Your coming, friends, revives me;  
for I learn

Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
How counterfeit a coin they are who  
"friends"

Bear in their superscription (of the most 190  
I would be understood). In prosperous  
days

They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their  
head,

Not to be found, though sought. Ye see,  
O friends,

How many evils have enclosed me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least  
afflicts me,

Blindness; for, had I sight, confused with  
shame,

How could I once look up, or heave the  
head,

Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked  
My Vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigged, and for a word, a tear, 200  
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of  
God

To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,  
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool

In every street? Do they not say, "How  
well

Are come upon him his deserts"? Yet  
why?

Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me; of wisdom nothing more than  
mean.

This with the other should at least have  
paired;

These two, proportioned ill, drove me trans-  
verse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal. Wisest  
men

Have erred, and by bad women been de-  
ceived;

And shall again, pretend they ne'er so  
wise.

Deject not, then, so overmuch thyself,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.

Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men  
wonder

Why thou should'st wed Philistian women  
rather

Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as  
fair,

At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sams.* The first I saw at Timna, and she  
pleased

Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220  
The daughter of an Infidel. They knew  
not

That what I motioned was of God; I knew  
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
The marriage on, that, by occasion hence,  
I might begin Israel's deliverance —

The work to which I was divinely called.  
She proving false, the next I took to wife  
(O that I never had! fond wish too  
late!)

Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
That specious monster, my accomplished  
snare. 230

I thought it lawful from my former act,  
And the same end, still watching to op-  
press

Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suf-  
fer

She was not the prime cause, but I my-  
self,

Who, vanquished with a peal of words, (O  
weakness!)

Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to pro-  
voke

The Philistine, thy country's enemy.



Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness;  
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. <sup>240</sup>  
*Sams.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,  
 Who, seeing those great acts which God  
 had done  
 Singly by me against their conquerors,  
 Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,  
 Deliverance offered. I, on the other  
 side,  
 Used no ambition to commend my deeds;  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke  
 loud the doer.  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not  
 seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at  
 length <sup>250</sup>  
 Their lords, the Philistines, with gathered  
 powers,  
 Entered Judea, seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired —  
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantaged best.  
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harass of their land, beset me round;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield  
 me  
 To the Uncircumcised a welcome prey, <sup>260</sup>  
 Bound with two cords. But cords to me  
 were threads  
 Touched with the flame: on their whole host  
 I flew  
 Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled  
 Their choicest youth; they only lived who  
 fled.  
 Had Judah that day joined, or one whole  
 tribe,  
 They had by this possessed the Towers of  
 Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom now they  
 serve.  
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty — <sup>270</sup>  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty —  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,  
 Whom God hath of his special favour  
 raised  
 As their deliverer? If he aught begin,

How frequent to desert him, and at last  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!  
*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance  
 bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemned,  
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit <sup>280</sup>  
 Of Madian, and her vanquished kings;  
 And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
 Had not his prowess quelled their pride  
 In that sore battle when so many died  
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death  
 For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.  
*Sams.* Of such examples add me to the  
 roll. <sup>290</sup>  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.  
*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men,  
 Unless there be who think not God at all.  
 If any be, they walk obscure;  
 For of such doctrine never was there school,  
 But the heart of the Fool,  
 And no man therein doctor but himself.  
 Yet more there be who doubt his ways  
 not just, <sup>300</sup>  
 As to his own edicts found contradicting;  
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,  
 Regardless of his glory's diminution,  
 Till, by their own perplexities involved,  
 They ravel more, still less resolved,  
 But never find self-satisfying solution.  
 As if they would confine the Interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full right to exempt <sup>310</sup>  
 Whomso it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstriction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt;  
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.  
 He would not else, who never wanted  
 means,  
 Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, <sup>320</sup>  
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down, Reason, then; at least, vain reasonings down;  
 Though Reason here aver  
 That moral verdit quits her of unclean:  
 Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.

But see! here comes thy reverend sire,  
 With careful step, locks white as down,  
 Old Manoa: advise  
 Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

*Sams.* Ay me! another inward grief,  
 awaked <sup>330</sup>  
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

*Man.* Brethren and men of Dan (for such ye seem  
 Though in this uncouth place), if old respect,  
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,

My son, now captive, hither hath informed  
 Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,  
 Came lagging after, say if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state  
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change! Is this the man, <sup>340</sup>  
 That invincible Samson, far renowned,  
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength

Equivalent to Angels' walked their streets,  
 None offering fight; who, single combatant,  
 Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,  
 Himself an Army — now unequal match  
 To save himself against a coward armed  
 At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust

In mortal strength! and, oh, what not in man

Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good <sup>350</sup>  
 Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?

I prayed for children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,  
 And such a son as all men hailed me happy:  
 Who would be now a father in my stead?  
 Oh, wherefore did God grant me my request,

And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?

Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand

As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? <sup>360</sup>  
 For this did the Angel twice descend? for this

Ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
 Select and sacred? glorious for a while,  
 The miracle of men; then in an hour  
 Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!  
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once

To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err, <sup>369</sup>

He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Sams.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, father.

Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me  
 But justly; I myself have brought them on;

Sole author I, sole cause. If aught seem vile,

As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned

The mystery of God, given me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betrayed it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. <sup>380</sup>

This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,  
 But warned by oft experience. Did not she

Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her highth  
 Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight

To them who had corrupted her, my spies  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who, also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offered only, by the scent conceived <sup>390</sup>

Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?

Thrice she assayed, with flattering prayers  
 and sighs,

And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength  
 Lay stored, in what part summed, that she might know;

Thrice I deluded her, and turned to sport  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly and with what impudence

She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse  
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt<sup>400</sup>

She sought to make me traitor to myself.  
Yet, the fourth time, when, mustering all  
her wiles,  
With blandished parleys, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor  
night

To storm me, over-watched and wearied  
out,  
At times when men seek most repose and  
rest,

I yielded, and unlocked her all my heart,  
Who, with a grain of manhood well re-  
solved,

Might easily have shook off all her snares;  
But foul effeminacy held me yoked<sup>410</sup>  
Her bond-slave. O indignity, O blot  
To Honour and Religion! servile mind  
Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
True slavery; and that blindness worse  
than this,

That saw not how degenerately I served.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage-  
choices, son —<sup>420</sup>

Rather approved them not; but thou didst  
plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou  
might'st

Find some occasion to infest our foes.  
I state not that; this I am sure — our foes  
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the  
sooner

Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,  
To violate the sacred trust of silence  
Deposited within thee — which to have  
kept

Tacit was in thy power. True; and thou  
bear'st<sup>430</sup>  
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art pay-  
ing.

That rigid score. A worse thing yet re-  
mains:

This day the Philistines a popular feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim  
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,  
To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered

Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their  
hands —

Them out of thine, who slew'st them many  
a slain.

So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,<sup>440</sup>  
Besides whom is no god, compared with  
idols,

Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
Which to have come to pass by means of  
thee,

Samson, of all thy sufferings think the  
heaviest,  
Of all reproach the most with shame that  
ever

Could have befallen thee and thy father's  
house.

*Sams.* Father, I do acknowledge and  
confess

That I this honour, I this pomp, have  
brought<sup>449</sup>

To Dagon, and advanced his praises high  
Among the Heathen round — to God have  
brought

Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
Of idolists and atheists; have brought  
scandal

To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
To waver, or fall off and join with idols:

Which is my chief affliction, shame and  
sorrow,

The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to  
rest.<sup>459</sup>

This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
With me hath end. All the contest is now  
'Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath pre-  
sumed,

Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
His deity comparing and preferring  
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,  
But will arise, and his great name assert.  
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long re-  
ceive

Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him  
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,<sup>470</sup>  
And with confusion blank his Worshipers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee;  
and these words

I as a prophecy receive; for God  
(Nothing more certain) will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his name  
Against all competition, nor will long

Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord  
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be  
done?

Thou must not in the meanwhile, here  
forgot,

Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480  
Neglected. I already have made way  
To some Philistian lords, with whom to  
treat

About thy ransom. Well they may by this  
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge,  
By pains and slaveries, worse than death,  
inflicted

On thee, who now no more canst do them  
harm.

*Sams.* Spare that proposal, father; spare  
the trouble

Of that solicitation. Let me here,  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,  
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490  
Shameful garrulity. To have revealed  
Secrets of *men*, the secrets of a friend,  
How heinous had the fact been, how de-  
serving

Contempt and scorn of all — to be excluded  
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
The mark of fool set on his front!

But I *God's* counsel have not kept, his holy  
secret

Presumptuously have published, impiously,  
Weakly at least and shamefully — a sin  
That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500  
To their Abyss and horrid pains confined.

*Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault con-  
trite;

But act not in thy own affliction, son.  
Repent the sin; but, if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps  
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
Who ever more approves and more ac-  
cepts 510

(Best pleased with humble and filial sub-  
mission)

Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as  
due;

Which argues over-just, and self-displeased  
For self-offence more than for God of-  
fended.

Reject not, then, what offered means who  
knows

But God hath set before us to return thee

Home to thy country and his sacred house.  
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to  
avert

His further ire, with prayers and vows re-  
newed. 520

*Sams.* His pardon I implore; but, as for  
life,

To what end should I seek it? When in  
strength

All mortals I excelled, and great in hopes,  
With youthful courage, and magnanimous  
thoughts

Of birth from Heaven foretold and high  
exploits,

Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond

The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,  
Fearless of danger, like a petty god 530

I walked about, admired of all, and dreaded  
On hostile ground, none daring my af-  
front —

Then, swollen with pride, into the snare I  
fell

Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life  
At length to lay my head and hallowed  
pledge

Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
Of a deceitful Concubine, who shored me,  
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,  
Shaven, and disarmed among my ene-  
mies. 540

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious  
drinks,

Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou could'st repress; nor did the dancing  
ruby,

Sparkling out-poured, the flavour or the  
smell,

Or taste, that cheers the heart of gods and  
men,

Allure thee from the cool crystal/lin stream.

*Sams.* Wherever fountain or fresh cur-  
rent flowed

Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
With touch æthereal of Heaven's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allay-  
ing 550

Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the  
grape

Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills  
with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness! to think use of strong-  
est wines

And strongest drinks our chief support of health,

When God with these forbidden made choice to rear

His mighty Champion, strong above compare,

Whose drink was only from the liquid brook !

*Sams.* But what availed this temperance, not complete

Against another object more enticing ?

What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560

And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquished ? by which means,  
Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,

To what can I be useful ? wherein serve  
My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed ?

But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burdensome drone ; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object ; these redundant locks,  
Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,  
Vain monument of strength ; till length of years 570

And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure.

Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread,

Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,  
Consume me, and oft-invoked death  
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them ?

Better at home lie bed-ridden, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemployed, with age outworn. 580

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay

After the brunt of battle, can as easily  
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast.

And I persuade me so. Why else this strength

Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ?  
His might continues in thee not for naught,  
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend — 590

That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,

Nor the other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand ;  
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat : Nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself ;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions, which proceed

From anguish of the mind, and humours black 600

That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,  
Must not omit a father's timely care  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom or how else : meanwhile be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

*Sams.* Oh, that torment should not be confined

To the body's wounds and sores,  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, breast, and reins,  
But must secret passage find 610  
To the inmost mind,

There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense !

My griefs not only pain me

As a lingering disease,  
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage ;  
Nor less than wounds immedicable 620  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.

Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with deadly stings,

Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure ; 630

Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,  
His destined from the womb,

Promised by heavenly message twice descending.

Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds,

Above the nerve of mortal arm, 639

Against the Uncircumcised, our enemies:

But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,

Whom I by his appointment had provoked,  
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss

Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless.

This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,

No long petition — speedy death, 650

The close of all my miseries and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise,

In ancient and in modern books enrolled,

Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,

And to the bearing well of all calamities,

All chances incident to man's frail life,

Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,

Lenient of grief and anxious thought.

But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound 660

Little prevails, or rather seems a tune

Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,

Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings that repair his strength

And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers! what is Man,

That thou towards him with hand so various —

Or might I say contrarious? —

Temper'st thy providence through his short course: 670

Not evenly, as thou rul'st

The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,

Irrational and brute?

Nor do I name of men the common rout,

That, wandering loose about,

Grow up and perish as the summer fly,

Heads without name, no more remembered;

But such as thou hast solemnly elected,

With gifts and graces eminently adorned,

To some great work, thy glory, 680

And people's safety, which in part they effect.

Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,

Amidst their highth of noon,

Changest thy countenance and thy hand,  
with no regard

Of highest favours past

From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,

But throw'st them lower than thou didst  
exalt them high —

Unseemly falls in human eye, 690

Too grievous for the trespass or omission;

Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword

Of heathen and profane, their carcasses

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,

Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,

And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.

If these they scape, perhaps in poverty

With sickness and disease thou bow'st  
them down,

Painful diseases and deformed,

In crude old age; 700

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering

The punishment of dissolute days. In fine,

Just or unjust alike seem miserable,

For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious  
Champion,

The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.

What do I beg? how hast thou dealt  
already!

Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn

His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land — 710

Female of sex it seems —

That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,

Comes this way sailing,

Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for the isles

Of Javan or Gadire,

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails filled, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them  
play;

An amber scent of odorous perfume 720

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ?  
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;  
And now, at nearer view, no other certain  
Than Dalila thy wife.

*Sams.* My wife ! my traitress ! let her  
not come near me.

*Chor.* Yet on she moves; now stands and  
eyes thee fixed,  
About to have spoke; but now, with head  
declined,  
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew,  
she weeps,  
And words addressed seem into tears dis-  
solved,

Wetting the borders of her silken veil. 730  
But now again she makes address to speak.

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering  
resolution

I came, still dreading thy displeasure,  
Samson;

Which to have merited, without excuse,  
I cannot but acknowledge. Yet, if tears  
May expiate (though the fact more evil  
drew

In the perverse event than I foresaw),  
My penance hath not slackened, though  
my pardon

No way assured. But conjugal affection,  
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740  
Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
If aught in my ability may serve  
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
Thy mind with what amends is in my  
power —

Though late, yet in some part to recom-  
pense

My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Sams.* Out, out, Hyæna ! These are thy  
wonted arts,

And arts of every woman false like thee —  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, be-  
tray; 750

Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,  
And reconciliation move with feigned re-  
morse,

Confess, and promise wonders in her  
change —

Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband, how far urged his patience  
bears,

His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
Then, with more cautious and instructed  
skill,

Again transgresses, and again submits;

That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,  
With goodness principled not to reject 760  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Entangled with a poisonous bosom-snake,  
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I  
endeavour

To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
But that, on the other side, if it be weighed  
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
Or else with just allowance counter-  
poised, 770

I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them — both common female  
faults —

Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity, that is for naught,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and  
safety ? 780  
To what I did thou shew'dst me first the  
way.

But I to enemies revealed, and should not !  
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to  
woman's frailty:

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
Let weakness, then, with weakness come to  
parle,

So near related, or the same of kind;  
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure  
thine

The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me than in thyself was  
found.

And what if love, which thou interpret'st  
hate, 790

The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards  
thee,

Caused what I did ? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy; feared lest one day thou would'st  
leave me

As her at Timna; sought by all means,  
therefore,

How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
No better way I saw than by importuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt  
say,

"Why, then, revealed?" I was assured  
by those <sup>800</sup>

Who tempted me that nothing was designed  
Against thee but safe custody and hold.

That made for me; I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enter-  
prises,

While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed;  
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and  
night,

Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philis-  
tines',

Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love. <sup>810</sup>  
These reasons in Love's law have passed  
for good,

Though fond and reasonless to some per-  
haps;

And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought  
much woe,

Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.

Be not unlike all others, not austere

As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.

If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Sams.* How cunningly the Sorceress dis-  
plays

Her own transgressions, to upbraid me  
mine! <sup>820</sup>

That malice, not repentance, brought thee  
hither

By this appears. I gave, thou say'st, the  
example,

I led the way — bitter reproach, but true;  
I to myself was false ere thou to me.

Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly  
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou  
seest

Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much  
rather

Confess it feigned. Weakness is thy ex-  
cuse,

And I believe it — weakness to resist <sup>830</sup>  
Philistian gold. If weakness may excuse,

What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead  
it?

All wickedness is weakness; that plea,  
therefore,

With God or Man will gain thee no remis-  
sion.

But love constrained thee! Call it furious  
rage

To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have  
love;

My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st  
the way

To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee be-  
trayed? <sup>840</sup>

In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with  
shame,

Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Dal.* Since thou determin'st weakness  
for no plea

In man or woman, though to thy own con-  
demning,

Hear what assaults I had, what snares  
besides,

What sieges girt me round, ere I con-  
sented;

Which might have awed the best-resolved  
of men,

The constantest, to have yielded without  
blame.

It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
That wrought with me. Thou know'st the

Magistrates <sup>850</sup>

And Princes of my country came in person,  
Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,

Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
And of religion — pressed how just it was,

How honourable, how glorious, to entrap  
A common enemy, who had destroyed

Such numbers of our nation: and the Priest  
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,

Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
It would be to ensnare an irreligious <sup>860</sup>

Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I  
To oppose against such powerful argu-  
ments?

Only my love of thee held long debate,  
And combated in silence all these reasons

With hard contest. At length, that  
grounded maxim,

So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men, that to the public good

Private respects must yield, with grave  
authority

Took full possession of me, and prevailed;  
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoin-  
ing. <sup>870</sup>

*Sams.* I thought where all thy circling  
wiles would end —

In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy!  
But, had thy love, still odiously pretended,

Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have  
taught thee



Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.

I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
And of my nation, chose thee from among  
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou  
knew'st;

Too well; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,  
Not out of levity, but overpowered 880  
By thy request, who could deny thee  
nothing;

Yet now am judged an enemy. Why,  
then,  
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband —

Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed ?

Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave

Parents and country; nor was I their subject,

Nor under their protection, but my own;  
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against  
my life

Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,

Against the law of nature, law of nations; 890

No more thy country, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the  
ends

For which our country is a name so dear;  
Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal  
moved thee;

To please thy gods thou didst it! Gods  
unable

To acquit themselves and prosecute their  
foes

But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be —  
Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or  
feared. 900

These false pretexts and varnished colours  
failing,

Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman  
ever

Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

*Sams.* For want of words, no doubt, or  
lack of breath!

Witness when I was worried with thy  
peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite  
mistaken

In what I thought would have succeeded  
best.

Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;  
Afford me place to shew what recom-  
pense 910

Towards thee I intend for what I have  
misdone,

Misguided. Only what remains past cure  
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight  
be lost,

Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed  
Where other senses want not their de-  
lights —

At home, in leisure and domestic ease,  
Exempt from many a care and chance to  
which

Eyesight exposes, daily, men abroad. 919

I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting  
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to  
abide

With me, where my redoubled love and  
care,

With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
May ever tend about thee to old age,  
With all things grateful cheered, and so  
supplied

That what by me thou hast lost thou least  
shalt miss.

*Sams.* No, no; of my condition take no  
care;

It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;  
Nor think me so unwary or accursed 930

To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught. I know  
thy trains,

Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils.  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling  
charms,

No more on me have power; their force is  
nulled;

So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength,  
when all men

Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone  
could hate me,

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and  
forgo me, 940

How would'st thou use me now, blind, and  
thereby

Deceivable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contemned and  
scorned,

And last neglected ! How would'st thou  
insult,

When I must live uxorious to thy will  
In perfect thralldom ! how again betray me,  
Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or  
smile !

This gaol I count the house of Liberty  
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never  
enter. 950

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch  
thy hand.

*Sams.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remem-  
brance wake

My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
At distance I forgive thee; go with that;  
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee mem-  
orable

Among illustrious women, faithful wives;  
Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the  
gold

Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more  
deaf 960

To prayers than winds and seas. Yet  
winds to seas

Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest never to be calmed.

Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and  
hate,

Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounced ?  
To mix with thy concerns I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my  
own. 970

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-  
mouthed,

And with contrary blast proclaims most  
deeds;

On both his wings, one black, the other  
white,

Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.  
My name, perhaps, among the Circumcised  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defamed,  
With malediction mentioned, and the blot  
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.

But in my country, where I most desire, 980  
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be named among the famousest  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who, to save

Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb  
With odours visited and annual flowers;  
Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim  
Jael, who, with inhospitable guile,  
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples  
nailed. 990

Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
The public marks of honour and reward  
Conferred upon me for the piety  
Which to my country I was judged to have  
shewn.

At this whoever envies or repines,  
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

*Chor.* She's gone — a manifest Serpent  
by her sting

Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

*Sams.* So let her go. God sent her to  
debase me,

And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000  
To such a viper his most sacred trust  
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath  
strange power,

After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possessed, nor can be easily  
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,  
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sams.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing con-  
cord end;

Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, 1010  
wit,

Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest  
merit,

That woman's love can win, or long in-  
herit;

But what it is, hard is to say,

Harder to hit,

Which way soever men refer it,  
(Much like thy riddle, Samson) in one day  
Or seven though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride  
Had not so soon preferred

Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee com-  
pared, 1020

Successor in thy bed,

Nor both so loosely disallied

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacher-  
ously

Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament

Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts

Were left for haste unfinished, judgment  
scant,

Capacity not raised to apprehend  
 Or value what is best,  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? <sup>1030</sup>  
 Or was too much of self-love mixed,  
 Of constancy no root infixed,  
 That either they love nothing, or not long?  
 What'er it be, to wisest men and best,  
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin  
 veil,

Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once joined, the contrary she proves — a  
 thorn

Intestine, far within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms  
 Draws him awry, enslaved <sup>1041</sup>  
 With dotage, and his sense depraved  
 To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin  
 ends.

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,  
 Embarked with such a steers-mate at the  
 helm?

Favoured of Heaven who finds  
 One virtuous, rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines!  
 Happy that house! his way to peace is  
 smooth:

But virtue which breaks through all oppo-  
 sition, <sup>1050</sup>

And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour:

So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not swayed  
 By female usurpation, nor dismayed. <sup>1060</sup>

But had we best retire? I see a storm.  
*Sams.* Fair days have oft contracted  
 wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest  
 brings.

*Sams.* Be less abstruse; my riddling  
 days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice,  
 nor fear

The bait of honeyed words; a rougher  
 tongue

Draws hitherward; I know him by his  
 stride,

The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built and  
 proud.

Comes he in peace? What wind hath  
 blown him hither <sup>1070</sup>

I less conjecture than when first I saw  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:  
 His habit carries peace, his brow defi-  
 ance.

*Sams.* Or peace or not, alike to me he  
 comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know:  
 he now arrives.

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy  
 chance,

As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of  
 Gath;

Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned  
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old <sup>1080</sup>  
 That Kiriathaim held. Thou know'st me  
 now,

If thou at all art known. Much I have  
 heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats per-  
 formed,

Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
 That I was never present on the place  
 Of those encounters, where we might have  
 tried

Each other's force in camp or listed field;  
 And now am come to see of whom such  
 noise

Hath walked about, and each limb to sur-  
 vey,

If thy appearance answer loud report. <sup>1090</sup>  
*Sams.* The way to know were not to see,  
 but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me? I  
 thought  
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O  
 that fortune

Had brought me to the field where thou art  
 famed

To have wrought such wonders with an  
 ass's jaw!

I should have forced thee soon wish other  
 arms,

Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;  
 So had the glory of prowess been recovered  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
 From the unforskinped race, of whom thou  
 bear'st <sup>1100</sup>

The highest name for valiant acts. That  
 honour,

Certain to have won by mortal duel from  
 thee,

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

*Sams.* Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do  
What then thou would'st; thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
And thou hast need much washing to be touched.

*Sams.* Such usage as your honourable Lords

Afford me, assassinated and betrayed;  
Who durst not with their whole united powers <sup>1170</sup>

In fight withstand me single and unarmed,  
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,

Till they had hired a woman with their gold,

Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.

Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assigned

Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;

Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet

And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, <sup>1120</sup>

Vant-brass and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,

A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield:

I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
And raise such outcries on thy clattered iron,

Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,

That in a little time, while breath remains thee,

Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast

Again in safety what thou would'st have done

To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms <sup>1130</sup>

Which greatest heroes have in battel worn,  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some magician's art,

Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou from Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,

Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs

Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back

Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;

My trust is in the Living God, who gave me, <sup>1140</sup>

At my nativity, this strength, diffused

No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,

Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,

The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
Go to his temple, invoke his aid

With solemnest devotion, spread before him

How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells, <sup>1149</sup>

Which I to be the power of Israel's God

Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Offering to combat thee, his Champion bold,

With the utmost of his godhead seconded:  
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow

Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God. What-e'er he be,

Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and delivered up

Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fettered

send thee <sup>1160</sup>

Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,

As good for nothing else, no better service  
With those thy boisterous locks; no worthy

match

For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,

But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are

From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me <sup>1170</sup>

Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;

In confidence whereof I once again  
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose god is God,  
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God,  
in trusting

He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber ! 1180

*Sams.* Tongue-doughty giant, how dost  
thou prove me these ?

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our  
Lords ?

Their magistrates confessed it when they  
took thee

As a league-breaker, and delivered bound  
Into our hands; for hadst thou not com-  
mitted

Notorious murder on those thirty men  
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
Then, like a robber, stripp'dst them of  
their robes ?

The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the  
league,

Went up with armed powers thee only seek-  
ing, 1190

To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sams.* Among the daughters of the Phi-  
listines

I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,  
And in your city held my nuptial feast;  
But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
Who, threatening cruel death, constrained  
the bride

To wring from me, and tell to them, my  
secret,

That solved the riddle which I had pro-  
posed. 1200

When I perceived all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
I used hostility, and took their spoil,  
To pay my underminers in their coin.  
My nation was subjected to your lords !

It was the force of conquest; force with  
force

Is well ejected when the conquered can.

But I, a private person, whom my country  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, pre-  
sumed

Single rebellion, and did hostile acts ! 1210

I was no private, but a person raised,  
With strength sufficient, and command  
from Heaven,

To free my country. If their servile minds

Me, their Deliverer sent, would not re-  
ceive,

But to their masters gave me up for  
nought,

The unworthier they; whence to this day  
they serve.

I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,  
And had performed it if my known offence  
Had not disabled me, not all your force.

These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
Though by his blindness maimed for high  
attempts, 1221

Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee, a man condemned, a  
slave enrolled,

Due by the law to capital punishment ?

To fight with thee no man of arms will  
deign.

*Sams.* Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster,  
to survey me,

To descant on my strength, and give thy  
verdit ?

Come nearer; part not hence so slight in-  
formed;

But take good heed my hand survey not  
thee. 1230

*Har.* O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unused  
Hear these dishonours, and not render  
death ?

*Sams.* No man withholds thee; nothing  
from thy hand

Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;  
My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer  
fits.

*Sams.* Go, baffled coward, lest I run  
upon thee,

Though in these chains, bulk without spirit  
vast,

And with one buffet lay thy structure  
low,

Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee  
down, 1240

To the hazard of thy brains and shattered  
sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt  
lament

These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

*Chor.* His Giantship is gone somewhat  
crest-fallen,

Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant  
brood,

Though fame divulge him father of five sons,

All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250

And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offered fight

Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;  
And that he durst not plain enough appeared.

Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,  
If they intend advantage of my labours,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping, 1260

With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will; my deadliest foe will prove

My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;

The worst that he can give to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* O, how comely it is, and how re-  
viving

To the spirits of just men long oppressed,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270

Puts invincible might,  
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,

The brute and boisterous force of violent men,

Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!

He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour armed; 1280  
Their armouries and magazines contemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition  
Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,  
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each his own deliverer,

And victor over all 1290  
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

Either of these is in thy lot,  
Samson, with might endued  
Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved  
May chance to number thee with those  
Whom Patience finally must crown.

This Idol's day hath been to thee no day  
of rest,

Labouring thy mind  
More than the working day thy hands.

And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind;  
For I desery this way 1301

Some other tending; in his hand  
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
By his habit I discern him now  
A public officer, and now at hand.  
His message will be short and voluble.

*Off.* Ebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him; there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say: 1310

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp and games;  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,

And now some public proof thereof require  
To honour this great feast, and great assembly.

Rise, therefore, with all speed, and come along,

Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,

To appear as fits before the illustrious Lords.

*Sams.* Thou know'st I am an Ebrew; therefore tell them

Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320  
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assured, will not content them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every sort

Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,

But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,

And over-laboured at their public mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?

Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels,  
On my refusal, to distress me more, 1330

Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

*Sams.* Myself! my conscience, and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debased  
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever

Will condescend to such absurd commands?

Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,

And, in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief,

To shew them feats, and play before their god — <sup>1340</sup>

The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
Joined with extreme contempt! I will not come.

*Off.* My message was imposed on me with speed,

Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

*Sams.* So take it with what speed thy message needs.

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Sams.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson; matters now are strained

Up to the highth, whether to hold or break.  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report <sup>1350</sup>

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
Expect another message, more imperious,  
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

*Sams.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression — so requite  
Favour renewed, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols,  
A Nazarite, in place abominable,  
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon? <sup>1360</sup>

Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st  
the Philistines,

Idoltrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

*Sams.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour

Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

*Sams.* Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds:

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, <sup>1370</sup>

Not dragging? The Philistian Lords command:

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

I do it freely, venturing to displease  
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,  
Set God behind; which, in his jealousy,  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.

Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
Present in temples at idoltrous rites  
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach. <sup>1380</sup>

*Sams.* Be of good courage; I begin to feel

Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.

I with this messenger will go along —  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour

Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,

This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolved: the man returns. <sup>1390</sup>

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our Lords

To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave,  
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
And dar'st thou, at our sending and command,

Dispute thy coming? Come without delay;

Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,

Though thou wert firmler fastened than a rock.

*Sams.* I could be well content to try  
their art,

Which to no few of them would prove pernicious; <sup>1400</sup>

Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through  
their streets

Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

Masters' commands come with a power resistless

To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?

(So mutable are all the ways of men!)

Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution. Doff these links: 1410

By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords  
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* Brethren, farewell. Your company along

I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight

Of me, as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them  
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;

And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired

With zeal, if aught religion seem concerned; 1420

No less the people, on their holy-days,  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.

Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our Law, my nation, or myself;  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One

Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name

Great among the Heathen round; 1430

Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field

Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire; that Spirit that first rushed on thee

In the camp of Dan,  
Be efficacious in thee now at need!  
For never was from Heaven imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,

As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.  
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste 1441

With youthful steps? Much livelier than  
erewhile

He seems: supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither

Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the Lords new parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.

I heard all as I came; the city rings, 1449  
And numbers thither flock: I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.

But that which moved my coming now was chiefly

To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us  
to partake

With thee. Say, reverend sire; we thirst  
to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted, one by one,  
the Lords,

Either at home, or through the high street  
passing,

With supplication prone and father's tears,  
To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner. 1460

Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,

Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and  
spite;

That part most revered Dagon and his  
priests:

Others more moderate seeming, but their  
aim

Private reward, for which both God and  
State

They easily would set to sale: a third  
More generous far and civil, who confessed

They had enough revenged, having reduced  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears;

The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470  
If some convenient ransom were proposed.

What noise or shout was that? It tore  
the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to  
behold

Their once great dread, captive and blind  
before them,

Or at some proof of strength before them  
shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance

May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And numbered down. Much rather I shall  
choose

To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest



And he in that calamitous prison left. <sup>1480</sup>  
No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.

For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit. Not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons;

Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age;

Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, <sup>1490</sup>

And view him sitting in his house, ennobled

With all those high exploits by him achieved,

And on his shoulders waving down those locks

That of a nation armed the strength contained.

And I persuade me God hath not permitted

His strength again to grow up with his hair  
Garrisoned round about him like a camp

Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service —

Not to sit idle with so great a gift <sup>1500</sup>

Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.  
And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,

God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,

Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;

In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds, and . . . O, what noise !

Mercy of Heaven ! what hideous noise was that ?

Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. <sup>1510</sup>

*Chor.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,

As if the whole inhabitation perished ?  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,

Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.

Oh ! it continues; they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry

From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be.

What shall we do — stay here, or run and see ? <sup>1520</sup>

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest, running thither,

We unawares run into danger's mouth.  
This evil on the Philistines is fallen:

From whom could else a general cry be heard ?

The sufferers, then, will scarce molest us here;

From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,

He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way ? <sup>1530</sup>

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible

For his people of old; what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;

Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.

A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

And to our wish I see one hither speeding —

An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

*Messenger.* O, whither shall I run, or which way fly <sup>1541</sup>

The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?

For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,

Or reason, though disturbed and scarce consulted,

To have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550

So in the sad event too much concerned.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee

With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not.

No preface needs; thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth; but I recover breath,

And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands; but all her sons are fallen,

All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

*Man.* Sad! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest 1560

The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it high to joy.

*Mess.* Ah! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly

To utter what will come at last too soon,  
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.

*Mess.* Then take the worst in brief:  
Samson is dead. 1570

*Man.* The worst indeed! O, all my hope's defeated

To free him hence! but Death, who sets all free,

Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceived,  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!

Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first  
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he? 1580

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter, then, or how? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence! What cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself

Among his foes?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause —

At once both to destroy and be destroyed.  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,

Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.

More than enough we know; but, while things yet

Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city;

And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,

When all abroad was rumoured that this day 1600

Samson should be brought forth, to shew the people

Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.

I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre,  
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,

With seats where all the Lords, and each degree

Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand: 1610

I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turned. Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad: before him pipes

And timbrels; on each side went armèd  
guards;  
Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and  
spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with  
praise, <sup>1621</sup>  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their  
thrall.  
He patient, but undaunted, where they led  
him,  
Came to the place; and what was set be-  
fore him,  
Which without help of eye might be as-  
sayed,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still  
performed  
All with incredible, stupendious force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length, for intermission sake, they led  
him  
Between the pillars; he his guide re-  
quested <sup>1630</sup>  
(For so from such as nearer stood we  
heard),  
As over-tired, to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massy  
pillars,  
That to the archèd roof gave main sup-  
port.  
He unsuspecting led him; which when Sam-  
son  
Felt in his arms, with head a while en-  
clined,  
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who  
prayed,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud: —  
“Hitherto, Lords, what your commands  
imposed <sup>1640</sup>  
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld;  
Now, of my own accord, such other trial  
I mean to shew you of my strength yet  
greater  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”  
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he  
bowed;  
As with the force of winds and waters pent  
When mountains tremble, those two massy  
pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugged, he shook, till down they came,  
and drew <sup>1650</sup>

The whole roof after them with burst of  
thunder  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or  
priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably  
Pulled down the same destruction on him-  
self;  
The vulgar only scaped, who stood with-  
out.  
*Chor.* O dearly bought revenge, yet  
glorious! <sup>1660</sup>  
Living or dying thou hast fulfilled  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To Israel, and now liest victorious  
Among thy slain self-killed;  
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
Of dire Necessity, whose law in death con-  
joined  
Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number  
more  
Than all thy life had slain before.  
*Semichor.* While their hearts were jo-  
cund and sublime,  
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine <sup>1670</sup>  
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
Before our Living Dread, who dwells  
In Silo, his bright sanctuary,  
Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,  
Who hurt their minds,  
And urged them on with mad desire  
To call in haste for their destroyer.  
They, only set on sport and play,  
Unweetingly importuned <sup>1680</sup>  
Their own destruction to come speedy upon  
them.  
So fond are mortal men,  
Fallen into wrath divine,  
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
And with blindness internal struck.  
*Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,  
Despised, and thought extinguished quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated,  
His fiery virtue roused <sup>1690</sup>  
From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as an evening Dragon came,  
Assailant on the perchèd roosts  
And nests in order ranged  
Of tame villatic fowl, but as an Eagle  
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So Virtue, given for lost,  
 Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods embost, <sup>1700</sup>  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teemed,  
 Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deemed;  
 And, though her body die, her fame sur-  
 vives,

A secular bird, ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come; no time for lamenta-  
 tion now,

Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit  
 himself

Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
 A life heroic, on his enemies <sup>1711</sup>  
 Fully revenged — hath left them years of  
 mourning,

And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel  
 Honour hath left and freedom, let but  
 them

Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was  
 feared,

But favouring and assisting to the end. <sup>1720</sup>  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast; no weakness, no con-  
 tempt,

Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and  
 fair,

And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
 Let us go find the body where it lies  
 Soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the  
 stream

With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs,  
 wash off

The clotted gore. I, with what speed the  
 while

(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my  
 friends, <sup>1730</sup>

To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,  
 With silent obsequy and funeral train,  
 Home to his father's house. There will I  
 build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade  
 Of laurel ever green and branching palm,  
 With all his trophies hung, and acts en-  
 rolled

In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts  
 To matchless valour and adventures high;  
 The virgins also shall, on feastful days, <sup>1741</sup>  
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewail-  
 ing

His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt

What the unsearchable dispose  
 Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
 And ever best found in the close.

Oft He seems to hide his face,  
 But unexpectedly returns, <sup>1750</sup>  
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place  
 Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza  
 mourns,

And all that band them to resist  
 His uncontrollable intent.

His servants He, with new acquit  
 Of true experience from this great event,  
 With peace and consolation hath dismissed  
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

PART SECOND

LATIN POEMS

Title-page in Edition of 1645:—"Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata. Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit. Nunc primum edita. Londini, Typis R. R., Prostant ad Insignia Principis, in Cœmeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum Moseley. 1645."



## LATIN POEMS

In the first half of the seventeenth century Latin was not only the accepted language for learned writing, and for writing addressed to a European audience, but in many cases it was spontaneously chosen for other and more intimate purposes. Europe, and especially England, was not yet far enough away from the revival of learning to have begun to throw off the spell of the classics. In the universities, of course, the prejudice in favor of Latin was overwhelming, and he was an indifferent scholar who came away from his Alma Mater without having put that language almost as much at his command as the vernacular. In reading Milton's Latin poetry, therefore, we must bear in mind that it was not task-verse, nor mere language exercise, but that almost as a matter of course he put into it, rather than into his English verse, the first enthusiasm of his mind. Indeed, if it were not for the Nativity Ode, we should be justified in saying that before the Horton period began, he possessed a much greater facility and poetical power in Latin than in English. As it is, we find in his Latin poetry that record of his poetic boyhood which we look for in vain among the meagre and (with one great exception) disappointing English verse of his early period.

The most obvious interest which attaches to the Latin poems is the definite autobiographic material which they contain. In the first elegy, for example, we learn of Milton's suspension from college, and of the manner in which he employed himself during his enforced vacation. In the sixth elegy occurs the first mention of the Nativity Ode, at the close of a noble statement of that poetic creed, making great art in-

separable from great living, which he had already at the age of twenty-one fully developed. Then, set in odd relief against this precocious solemnity, there follows in the seventh elegy an account of a thoroughly boyish and naïve love affair, a chance meeting in a London street with a girl whose eyes draw the soul out of his body, — one of those lightning flashes from the clear sky of youth which tell of the summer passion suspended there. In the verses *To Manso*, we get the first announcement of Milton's intention to write an epic poem on the legendary history of Britain, in a connection suggestive of the manner in which the heroic poems of Italy had stimulated and made definite his vague poetical ambitions. In the *Epitaphium Damonis* we learn of his decision, arrived at only after much debate and weighing of the odds, to write in English rather than in Latin.

More interesting even than these scraps of definite information, is the light thrown by the Latin poems upon Milton's relations with the people about him. The second elegy shows us the deep feeling of tenderness which he continued to cherish for his tutor, Thomas Young, after their separation; and furnishes a picture of that worthy Smectymnuan which seems to justify the feeling. The verses addressed to his father show us both how carefully and generously the elder Milton provided for his son's growth in all the graces and virtues of the intellect, and also how uneasy the old gentleman became over the refusal of that son to employ his education toward any more definite end than that of becoming a poet skilled to sing of time and eternity. Behind the son's protest against his elder's practicality

there is evident a filial relation of unusual depth and sweetness. Again, in the verses to Salzillo and to Manso, and in the *Epitaphium Damonis*, we get many entertaining glimpses of the friendships which Milton made in Italy. Above all, we get from the Latin poems, as a whole, an understanding of the one great friendship of Milton's life, that with Charles Diodati. The lament upon Diodati's untimely death not only is an exquisite work of art, beautiful with the delicate, pure beauty of the Sicilian lyrists, but it also has a touching humanity very rare in Milton's work.

This latter quality suggests another interest possessed by the Latin poems, namely, the indirect information they convey concerning Milton's character during its plastic period. His enthusiasm for the theatre, his eager holiday interest in the crowds thronging the London parks and suburban pleasure-places, the rapturous praise of English girls to which he is moved by the sight of groups of them promenading in holiday attire, his instantaneous surrender before one pair of challenging eyes, — all this shows a side of Milton unfamiliar to those who know him only through his English verse. The sixth elegy, sent to Diodati at some country-house where Christmas was being celebrated in good old English fashion, has a delightful geniality, not spoiled but only thrown into relief by the mood of strenuousness with which the poem closes. The unrestrained fervor of the lines *On the Approach of Spring* surprises us until we learn from a dozen places in the poems of this period that the lax, voluptuous Ovid was Milton's darling poet among the Latins. Along with these hints of character, we get others of a more familiar kind, — the Puritan boy's indignation over the fact that a godly minister like Young should be compelled to seek sustenance in a foreign country; the Puritan youth's dogma of asceticism as a preparation for the life of poetry; the young bachelor's self-confidence, tinged with the real humility of his feeling toward his father and the venerable Manso with a hint of superb intellectual arrogance behind; and, in the *Ode to Rouse*, the adult

poet's weariness with the wranglings and hoarse disputes of his generation. Milton is Milton still; a knowledge of his Latin poetry can hardly disturb our fundamental conceptions of him; but it is safe to say that no one who is unfamiliar with that poetry can form a true idea of his youth. With only the English poems and letters to judge from, we are left with an uncomfortable sense that young Milton was a young prig; the real dignity of his moral attitude escapes us, because we do not see the opposing forces which he had to overcome.

As to the artistic qualities of this poetry, it would not be profitable to speak here at length. In the main they are qualities of delicacy and felicitousness rather than of strength. They bear a relation to Milton's later English poetry roughly analogous to that which Tennyson's early lyrical experiments bear to his adult work. In them Milton learned his trade of poet, at least on its technical and imitative side. The habit of assimilation, the power to freight his lines with the accumulated riches of past thought, we see here in the making, and we see also how the habit of conveying commonplace thought in a sonorous and magniloquent medium fostered that large Miltonic diction, which was so noble in Milton's own hands, and so intolerably hollow in the hands of his eighteenth-century imitators. It would be wrong, however, to think of these poems as consciously disciplinary. When they were written, the chances seemed even that Milton's main work as poet would be in Latin rather than in English; they represent sincere creative effort, and offer many rare intrinsic beauties in spite of their immaturity.

To see most clearly what Milton could have accomplished in neo-Latin poetry, we must turn to the few pieces written after his apprenticeship had passed, and especially to the *Epitaphium Damonis*. No more convincing proof is needed of the artistic sincerity of Milton's Latin poetry than the fact that he chose the Latin medium for this threnody. For sweet directness of feeling, undiverted by the conventional



mould into which it is thrown, it challenges comparison with Moschus himself, of whose lament for Bion it is formally an imitation. To place the *Epitaphium Damonis* beside *Lycidas* is to show the difference between pastoral poetry in its early purity and pastoral poetry after it had gathered up the confused riches of the Renaissance. *Lycidas* is more splendid; the poet's imagination circles out from his theme with a mightier wing, and lays under contribution a wider area of suggestion: but the *Epitaphium Damonis* has a unity, a plaintive clinging to its grief, a touching absorption in the familiar aspects of the life it mourns, which compensate for its narrower range. This effect of unity is subtly heightened by the recurrence of the paint:—

"Ite domum, impasti; domino jam non vacat,  
agni,"

interrupting the pastoral pictures as they drift by in lovely succession. The episodic passages descriptive of Milton's experiences at Florence, of the Manso cups, and of the incepted epic upon King Arthur, might seem to be exceptions to the unity of design. Such episodes, however, were traditional in poetry of the kind; and they serve, by the touch of garrulous egotism that is in them, to heighten the effect of naïveté proper to the speaker. The conclusion is similar to that of *Lycidas*, but touched with a wilder phantasy. Perhaps no passage in Milton is so original, so daring, as this, where the joys of the redeemed soul in Paradise are represented under the symbolism of the Dionysiac orgies.

### NOTE BY THE REVISER

In the judgment of the reviser, Mr. Moody's translation of the Latin poems, like his sympathetic account of their literary qualities, is extraordinarily fine. His purpose, as explained in his prefatory note, is to add a literal rendering in prose to the metrical versions of Cowper, Strutt, and Masson. But literalness does not mean, necessarily, literal truth to grammar, which often has to be sacrificed for higher considerations of color, form, and idea. In certain cases, Mr. Moody undertakes so to translate as to avoid the necessity of a note, thus interweaving comment with translation. In the opinion of some readers, he has deviated too widely from the text. There are some actual errors, which call for emendation. There are not infrequent omissions, particularly of adjectives, due, the reviser believes, not to Mr. Moody's failure to see the words or to understand their meaning, but to his effort to turn good Latin style into good English style by an occasional pruning of stock epithets and other not indispensable adornments. Now and then he yields to his own imagination, creating the stuff of poetry, but not what Milton designed. The reviser, with some misgiving, has restored most

of the omitted words, and in other regards attempted a closer conformity to the text. He only hopes that in this process, the fine flavor of the original version has not wholly disappeared.

The text adopted by Mr. Moody is substantially that of Masson, a few unimportant pieces being relegated, without translation, to the Appendix. For the revision, the text has been compared with the first edition of 1645 and that of 1673, a few misprints have been corrected, and a very few changes in Masson's punctuation introduced, most of them agreeing with that of the early editions. One emendation, by Warton, has been accepted (see p. 354, l. 171). The only noticeable innovation is the total exclusion of the letter *j*. A study of the facsimiles of autograph pages of Milton given by Beeching in his edition of 1900 aroused the suspicion that the letter which resembles *j* is really no more *j* than it is *i*. This suspicion was confirmed by Dr. Falconer Madan, formerly director of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, who, at the writer's request, examined the autograph manuscript of Milton's *Ode to Rouse*. The same form of the letter is used throughout; it natu-

rally should be printed always *i* rather than always *j*. (See *Modern Philology*, vol. XIX, pp. 315 ff.) Milton's practice in this matter was that of the Humanists of the earlier Renaissance, not that of the printers of his day.

E. K. RAND.

## LATIN POEMS

### [DE AUCTORE TESTIMONIA]

*Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare ut omnia suis potius virtutibus quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quæ plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quàm summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.*

IOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO  
VILLENIS NEAPOLITANUS, AD IOANNEM  
MILTONUM ANGLUM

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse, fores.

AD IOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM, TRIPlici POESEOS LAUREÂ CORONANDUM,  
GRÆCÂ NIMIRUM, LATINÂ, ATQUE HETRUSCÂ, EPIGRAMMA IOANNIS SALSILLI ROMANI

Cede, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;  
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas;  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD IOANNEM MILTONUM

Græcia Mæonidem, iactet sibi Roma Maronem;  
Anglia Miltonum iactat utrique parem.  
SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE

### ODE

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,  
Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona!  
Non più del biondo Dio  
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon  
Diensi a merto maggior maggiori i fregi,  
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del Tempo edace  
Rimaner preda eterno alto valore;  
Non può l' obbligo rapace  
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore. 10  
Sull' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la Morte.

Dell' Ocean profondo  
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede  
Separata dal mondo,  
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:  
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,  
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita  
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetta, 20  
Quella gli è sol gradita,  
Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto;  
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,  
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido  
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama;  
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
E per poterla effigiare al paro  
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro. 30

Così l' ape ingegnosa  
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,  
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante  
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti; 40  
Del Gallo regnator vestesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino,  
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero  
Vide in ogni confino  
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;  
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglia  
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,  
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte, <sup>51</sup>  
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul piano:  
Ch' ode, oltr' all' Anglia, il suo più degno  
idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e  
Roma. <sup>60</sup>

I più profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,  
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani  
Tropo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermarsi gli anni,  
Che di virtù immortale  
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni; <sup>70</sup>  
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia  
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,  
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto;  
Il Tamigi il dirà, ch' egli è concesso  
Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io, che in riva dell' Arno  
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro, <sup>80</sup>  
So che fatico indarno,  
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,  
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCESCHI,  
Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

#### IOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSIS

Iuveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio:  
Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio  
cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut,  
novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus  
apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cuius ore linguæ iam de-  
perditæ sic reviviscunt ut idiomata omnia  
sint in eius laudibus infacunda; et iure ea  
percallet ut admirationis et plausus popu-  
lorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intel-  
ligat:

Illi, cuius animi dotes corporisque sen-  
sus ad admirationem commovent, et per  
ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cuius opera  
ad plausum hortantur, sed venustate vocem  
laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis; in intellectu  
sapientiâ; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in  
ore eloquentia; harmonicos cælestium  
sphærarum sonitus Astronomiâ duce audi-  
enti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per  
quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ  
Philosophiâ legenti; antiquitatum latebras,  
vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, co-  
mite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti  
(At cur nitor in arduum?):

Illi in cuius virtutibus evulgandis ora  
Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor  
in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amo-  
ris ergo hoc eius meritis debitum admira-  
tionis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,  
tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

## ELEGIARUM LIBER — ELEGIES AND EPIGRAMS

## ELEGIA PRIMA

## AD CAROLUM DIODATUM

## ELEGY I

## TO CHARLES DIODATI

This verse-letter marks the occasion of Milton's rustication from college during his second academic year, 1625-26, owing to a dispute with his tutor, William Chappell (see introductory biography). It is addressed to his bosom friend Charles Diodati, to whom also the sixth Latin Elegy and the Italian canzone are addressed, and in whose memory the *Epitaphium Damonis* was written. Diodati was the son of an Italian father — a physician settled in London — and an English mother. Milton's acquaintance with him, begun at St. Paul's School, continued after Diodati went up to Oxford, two years before Milton went to Cambridge. When the present epistle was written, Diodati had taken his first degree, and was visiting in the neighborhood of Chester.

The chief interest of the elegy, besides the light it throws on the incident of Milton's rustication and his feeling toward his college, lies

in the account which he gives of his pastimes during this period of enforced vacation. The enthusiastic account of his theatre-going is especially noteworthy, though ambiguity exists throughout the passage as to whether actual stage representations or merely the reading of drama is meant, an ambiguity which is increased by the fact that the illustrations seem drawn equally from Roman comedy and Greek tragedy, and from the contemporary drama of England. He also recounts his walks in the streets and parks of London, with a youthful zest and freshness doubly delightful in a character like his. His praise of the girls whom he encounters, though couched in the conventional language of pseudo-classic poetry, is thoroughly youthful and gay; even here, however, there is a touch of strenuousness at the end, none the less earnest for being half-playfully uttered.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,

Pertulit et voces nuntia charta tuas;  
Pertulit occidua Dævæ Cestrensis ab ora  
Vergivum prono quâ petit amne salum.  
Multum, crede, iuvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quoddam mihi lepidum tellus longinqua  
sodalem

Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs refuâ quam Thamesis alluit  
undâ,

Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Iam nec arundiferum mihi cura revivere  
Camum,

Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles;

Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,

At last, dear friend, your letter has reached me; the missive paper bears me your words from the western shore of the Dee, by Chester, where that river goes down swiftly to the Irish Sea. Much joy it gives me to think that a far-off country keeps well for me so dear a head as yours, and a heart that loves me; and that this distant region owes me my merry mate, — aye, and will soon repay him at my prayers. That city which Thames washes with her tidal wave keeps me fast, nor does my pleasant birth-place detain me against my will. I have no wish to go back to reedy Cam; I feel no homesickness for that forbidden college room of mine. The bare fields there, niggard of pleasant shade, do not please me. How ill does that place suit with poets! I have no fancy to endure forever my stern master's threats or those

Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
 Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adissse penates,  
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
 Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve re-  
 cuso,

Lætus et exilii conditione fruor. 20  
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.  
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera  
 Musis,

Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus  
 hæres,

Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles  
 adest, 30

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculco barbara verba foro;  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores

Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit  
 amat:

Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragedia scep-  
 trum

Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat;  
 Et dolet, et spectro, iuvat et spectasse  
 dolendo;

Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror  
 inest: 40

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto fiendus amore cadit;  
 Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis  
 ultor,

Conscia funereo pectora torre movens;  
 Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
 Aut huius incestos aula Creontis avos.  
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe  
 latemus,

Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus  
 ulmo,

Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50  
 Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flam-  
 mas,

Virgineos videas præterisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Iovis!

other actions at which my nature rebelled. If this is "exile," to live under my fathers' roof and be free to use my leisure pleasantly, I will not repudiate either the name of out-cast or his lot, but will in all happiness enjoy this state of exile. Oh would that Ovid, sad exile in the fields of Thrace, had never suffered a worse lot! Then he would have yielded not a whit even to Ionian Homer, nor would the first praise be thine, Virgil, for he would have vanquished thee.

I have time free now to give to the tranquil Muses. My books — my very life — claim me wholly. When I am weary, the pomp of the theatre with its sweeping pall awaits me, and the garrulous stage invites me to its own applause. Sometimes the cautious old man holds the scene, or the prodigal heir, or the wooer, or the soldier with his helmet laid aside; or the lawyer, pregnant with a ten-years' suit, thunders barbarous words before an ignorant court. The wily servant helps his young master in his love-scrapes, and tricks the stern father under his very nose; and the girl, wondering at the new ardors that fill her, knows not what love is, and while she knows not, loves. Then frenzied Tragedy shakes her bloody sceptre, and rolls her eyes under her disheveled hair. I suffer and yet I gaze, and find it good to suffer and gaze. A sweet bitterness now and then mingles with my tears as I see some hapless boy leave all his joys untasted and fall lamentable for the rending of his love; or when the fierce avenger of crime recrosses Styx out of the shades, and terrifies conscious breasts with baleful torch; or when the house of Pelops mourns, or mourns the noble house of Ilus; or when the hall of Creon atones for the incest of its ancestors.

But I do not stay indoors always, nor even in town; I do not let the spring slip by unused. I visit the neighboring park, thick-set with elms or the noble shade of some suburban place. There often one may see the virgin bands go past, stars that breathe alluring flames. Ah, how many times have I stood stupefied before the miracle of some gracious form, such as might give old Jove his youth again! Ah, how many

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque  
polus;

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vin-  
cant,

Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque  
capillos,

Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 60  
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina  
sordet

Purpura et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!  
Cedite laudatæ toties Herōides olim,

Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Io-  
vem;

Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ,  
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque  
Ninon;

Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite nym-  
phæ,

Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus;  
Nec Pompeianas Tarpæia Musa columnas  
lactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 70

Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;  
Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.

Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa  
colonis,

Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.

Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno,  
Endymionæ turba ministra deæ,

Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auroque  
puellæ

Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
Creditor huc geminis venisse invecta co-  
lumbis

Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus, 81  
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine  
valles,

Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura  
Cypron.

Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia æcci,  
Mœnia quàm subito linqere fausta paro;

Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat quoque iuncosas Cami remeare pa-  
ludes,

Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire  
Scholæ. 90

Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

times have I seen eyes brighter than gems,  
brighter than all the fires that roll about  
either pole, necks whiter than the arms of  
Pelops, twice called to life, or the Milky  
Way that flows with pure nectar! And  
exquisite grace of brow, and floating locks,  
— golden nets which Love casts deceptively,  
— inviting cheeks, to which the purple of the  
hyacinth, yea, even the blush of thy  
flower, Adonis, is dull! Yield, ye Herōides  
so praised of yore, and all ye loves that  
snared gadding Jove! Yield, ye Persian  
damsels with your turreted brows; and all  
ye who dwell in Susa, in Memnonian  
Nineveh! Even ye, maidens of Danaüs,  
lower the fasces; and ye Trojan brides, and  
ye of the race of Romulus! Let not the  
poet who lived by the Tarpeian rock [Ovid]  
boast the dames of Pompey's porch, nor  
the theatre full of Roman stoles. To the  
virgins of Britain first glory is due; suffice  
it, foreign woman, that thou canst follow  
them! And thou city of London, built by  
Dardanian colonists, thy towered head  
conspicuous far and wide, thou, too happy,  
enclosed with thy walls whatever beauty  
the pendulous Earth owns. Not so many  
stars twinkle over thee in the clear night  
sky, ministrant troops of Endymion's god-  
dess, as through thy highways throng  
troops of girls, bright with beauty and with  
gold, drawing all eyes with their radiance.  
Men say that hither blessed Venus came,  
escorted by her quivered soldier-boy,  
drawn by twin doves, willing to love Lon-  
don more than Cnidos, or the vales watered  
by the stream of Simōis, or Paphos, or  
rosy Cyprus.

But for my part, while the blind boy  
grants me immunity, I make ready to  
leave these fortunate walls as quickly as I  
may; and avoid far off the evil halls of  
Circe the deceiver, using the help of moly,  
that heavenly plant. It has been arranged  
for me to go back to the bulrush swamps of  
Cam, and to the raucous murmur of the  
school. Meanwhile take this poor gift of a  
faithful friend, these few words constrained  
into the measure of elegy.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA

*Anno ætatis 17*

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

## ELEGY II

ON THE DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE

The person to whose memory this elegy is addressed, Richard Ridding, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, died in the autumn of 1626, near the beginning of Milton's third year at the University. Three persons at Cambridge bear the title of Esquire Bedel (Latin *præco*, herald or crier). Their duties are, to bear the mace before the Chancellor on solemn occasions, and to give summons. The office is one of considerable dignity, and has a

life tenure. The opening lines of the elegy have a suspicion of humor in them, but it is safe to say that Milton's tribute was meant in all seriousness. At any rate, the passing away of a picturesque figure from the University life gave the young Latinist too good an opportunity for versifying to be neglected. The date-heading, *anno ætatis 17*, is here and elsewhere misleading; Milton was, in the autumn of 1626, near the end of his eighteenth year.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque  
sæva

Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis

Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Iovem,  
O dignus tamen Hæmonio iuvenescere succo,

Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis

Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ. 10

Tu si iussus eras acies accire togatas,

Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ

Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris;

Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achil-  
lei

Rettulit Atridæ iussa severa ducis.

Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles  
Averni,

Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ?

Turba quidem est telis ista petenda  
tuis. 20

Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,

Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.

Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ  
tristes,

Personet et totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

As beadle, you were wont, standing conspicuous with your shining staff, to assemble the flock of Pallas: but now Death, the ultimate beadle, savagely arrests you, too, beadle, and shows no favor even to his own office. 'Tis true, the locks of your temples were whiter than the swan-plumes under which Jove is storied to have hid, but O, you deserved to grow young again like Æson, with the similes drawn by Medea from the flowers of Hæmonvale! Æsculapius, son of Coronis, heeding the goddess's prayers importunate, should have called you back with his healing art from the Stygian waves. Whenever you were ordered to go as a swift herald from your Apollo [the vice-chancellor of the university] and bring together the togaed hosts, you stood like wing-foot Hermes in the Trojan halls, sent from the ethereal citadel of his Father; or like the herald Eurybates, when before the stormy face of Achilles he delivered the stern demands of King Agamemnon. O thou great queen of sepulchres, handmaid of Avernus, too harsh to the Muses and the arts of Pallas, why shouldst thou not seize instead some human clod, some useless weight of earth? Against such rabble thy arrows might better be aimed. O Academe, grieve in mourning vestment for this good man, and bedew his dark bier with thy tears. Let complaining Elegy pour out her sad strains, and let a mournful dirge ring through all the schools.

## ELEGIA TERTIA

*Anno ætatis 17*

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS

## ELEGY III

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ANDREWES, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

The subject of this elegy, Dr. Launcelot Andrewes, died in September, 1626, at the close of the second long vacation of Milton's academic course. He was a fit subject for eulogy at the hands of young Cantabrigians, because he not only was a Cambridge man,

but had at one time been Master of Pembroke Hall. The tone of the elegy affords a curious contrast to Milton's later utterances, in his anti-episcopal pamphlets, concerning this same bishop.

MÆSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante,  
sedebam,

Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo:  
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago

Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes  
marmore turres

Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face,  
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et iaspide muros,  
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce  
greges.

Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque  
verendi,

Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis; 10  
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera  
raptos,

Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,  
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;  
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:

"Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Iovi,  
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
Et quod in herbosos ius tibi detur agros,  
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa?  
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quer-  
cus 21

Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ;  
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo  
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,  
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pec-  
cus.

SAD and silent I sat, comradeless; and many griefs clung about my soul. Then suddenly, behold, there arose before me an image of the deadly plague which Libitina spread on English soil, when dire Death, fearful with his sepulchral torch, entered the glorious marble towers of the great, shook the walls heavy with jasper and gold, and feared not to lay low with his scythe the host of princes. Then I thought on that illustrious duke [Duke Christian of Brunswick, a victim of the War of the Palatinate] and his worshipped brother-in-arms, whose bones were consumed on untimely pyres; and I thought on those heroes whom all Belgia saw snatched away to the skies, — saw, and wept her lost leaders. But for you chiefly I grieved, good Bishop, once the great glory of your Winchester. I melted in tears, and with sad lip thus complained: "Cruel Death, second among gods to Tartarean Jove, is it then not enough that the woods should feel thy wrath, and that power should be given thee over the green things of the fields? That, touched by thy pestilent breath, the lily withers, and the crocus, and the rose sacred to beautiful Cypris? Thou dost not permit the oak to stand forever by the stream, looking at the slipping-by of the water. To thee succumb the birds, as many as are borne on wings through the liquid sky, — even the birds, though they give augury; and all the thousand animals that roam the dark forests; and the dumb herd that the caves of Proteus shelter.



Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,  
 Quid iuvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugasse  
 suâ?" 30

Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore  
 volvo,

Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiac submerserat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab Eëo littore mensus iter.

Nec mora; membra cavo posui refovenda  
 cubili;

Condiderant oculos noxque soporque  
 meos,

Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro;  
 Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre  
 meum.

Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum iuga sole rubent; 40  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia  
 proles

Vestitu nituit multicolore solum;  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amata levi.

Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea cam-  
 pos;

Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago;  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Fa-  
 voni,

Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis:  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus um-  
 bras

Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat!  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore iubar;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos;  
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus  
 amictu,

Intremuit læto florea terra sono;  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pen-  
 nis;

Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque  
 salutat,

Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore  
 sonos:

"Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia  
 regni;

Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."

Envious! When so much power has been  
 granted thee, what does it pleasure thee  
 to steep thy hands in human slaughter,  
 sharpen thy certain arrows to pierce a no-  
 ble breast, and drive from its tenement a  
 soul half-divine?"

While thus with tears I brooded in the  
 depth of my heart, dewy Hesperus rose from  
 the western waters; for Phœbus, having  
 measured out his journey from the shores  
 of dawn, had submerged his chariot in the  
 seas beyond Spain. Forthwith I laid my  
 limbs upon my pliant bed to be refreshed  
 by sleep. Night and slumber had closed  
 my eyes, when suddenly I seemed to be  
 walking in a wide field. Alas, I have no  
 gift to tell what I saw! There all things  
 shone with a purpureal light, as when the  
 mountain tops are flushed with the morn-  
 ing sun; and the earth gleamed with a  
 vestment of many colors, even as when  
 Iris scatters her wealth abroad. Not with  
 so various flowers did Chloris, goddess  
 loved of light Zephyr, adorn the gardens  
 of King Alcinoüs. Silver streams laved  
 the green champaign; the sand shone  
 richer than Hesperian Tagus. Through  
 the odorous leafage breathed the light  
 breath of Favonius, rising humid from  
 under bowers of roses. Such a place men  
 fable the home of the King of Light to be,  
 far on the shores beyond Ganges. As I  
 stood wondering at the dense shadows of  
 the clustered vines and the radiance of  
 these places everywhere, behold, suddenly  
 before me stood Winchester's bishop! His  
 face shone with glory like the stars; down  
 to his golden sandals his robe flowed all  
 candid; a white fillet encircled his saintly  
 head. As the old man, thus venerably  
 clad, walked on, the flowery earth trembled  
 with joyful sound; hosts of angels clapped  
 their jewelled wings, and through the air  
 rang out a clear, triumphal horn. Each  
 angel saluted his new comrade with em-  
 brace and song; and from the placid lips of  
 One came these words: "Come, son, enjoy  
 the gladness of thy father's realm; rest  
 henceforth from thy hard labors." As He

Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ;  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies;  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.  
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

spoke, the winged choirs touched their  
 psalteries. But from me my golden rest  
 fled with the darkness, and I was left weep-  
 ing that the Dawn, paramour of Cephalus,  
 had stirred my sleep. May the like dreams  
 come to me often again!

### ELEGIA QUARTA

*Anno ætatis 18*

AD THOMAM IUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATORES ANGLICOS  
 HAMBURGÆ AGENTES PASTORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM

### ELEGY IV

TO HIS TUTOR, THOMAS YOUNG, CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS AT HAMBURG

Thomas Young, a young Scotch divine who had come to England in the wake of King James, had been Milton's domestic tutor, and had probably continued in that capacity after the boy was sent to St. Paul's School. Two years before Milton left St. Paul's, Young accepted a position abroad as minister of a Protestant church supported by the English merchants resident at Hamburg in Germany. The present verse-letter, written in 1627, some years after Young's departure, shows by its tone of tenderness and solicitude that, in spite of his dilatoriness in writing, Milton still cherished a sincere affection for his former tutor. He compares his love for Young to that of Alcibiades for Socrates, and plainly states his debt to him for initiation into the delights of classical literature. Milton's references to the troubled state of Germany, and the danger to which Young is exposed, will be made clear by remembering that in 1627 the Thirty Years' War had entered upon its second stage, with Tilly and Wallenstein at the head of the Imperialist forces, and Christian IV. of Denmark as champion of the Protestant cause. When the present epistle was written,

the Imperialist army was reported in England to be on the point of laying siege to Hamburg. This circumstance serves to inflame Milton's indignation over the callousness of England, who had allowed one of her most righteous sons to be driven abroad for sustenance.

The prophecy with which the epistle closes, that Young would soon see his native shores again, was fulfilled in the same or the following year. He received a living at Stowmarket, Suffolk, and held it uninterruptedly until the close of his life in 1655. When the Long Parliament met to inaugurate a new state of things in the church, Young came forward with the famous pamphlet against Bishop Hall and his defence of Episcopacy. This pamphlet was signed *Smeethymnus*, a name made up from the initials of Young and the four other ministers who had collaborated in the production; it was the first of the remarkable series of *Smeethymnus* pamphlets to which Milton contributed. After Milton's break with the Presbyterians, and his embroilment in the divorce controversy, his intimacy with Young probably ceased.

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea littera,  
 pontum;

I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet  
 eunti,

Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipsè ego Sicani frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nym-  
 phis,

Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume iugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10

Run through the great sea, my letter;  
 go, over the smooth waters seek the shores  
 of Germany. Tarry not; let nothing, I  
 pray, stand in the way of your going; let  
 nothing impair your haste. I myself will  
 pray to Æolus, who chains the winds in his  
 Sicilian cave, and to all the green-haired  
 gods, and to cerulean Doris with her nymphs,  
 that they give you a quiet way through their  
 realms. But do you, if possible, get for  
 yourself that swift dragon-team, where-  
 with Medea fled from the face of her hus-

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in  
oras,

Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.

Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,

Ditis ad Hamburgæ moenia flecte gradum,  
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ  
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
Præsul Christicolæ pascere doctus oves;  
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera  
nostræ;

Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20

Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes inter-  
iecti,

Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!

Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime  
Graiûm,

Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;  
Quàmque Stagiritæ generoso magnus  
alumno,

Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Iovi.  
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræus he-  
ros

Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.

Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta iugi, 30  
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque fvente  
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis  
Æthon

Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,

Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorigeni,  
lem

Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster  
opes;

Necdum eius licuit mihi lumina pascere  
vultu,

Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte  
sonorum;

Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa  
vides. 40

Invenies dulci cum coniuge fortè sedentem,  
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo;

Forsitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina  
Patrum

Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,  
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.

Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salu-  
tem,

band; or that with which the boy Triptolemus came into Scythia, a welcome messenger from Eleusis. And when you shall see the German sands gleam, turn your course to the walls of wealthy Hamburg, which takes its name, they say, from Hama, slain by the club of the Danish giant. There a priest of honored fame for ancient piety dwells, skilled to pasture the flocks of Christ. He is the other half of my soul. yea, more; without him I am forced to live a half-life. Ah me, how many seas, how many mountains, interpose to part me from my other self! Dearer he is to me than wert thou, Socrates, wisest of Greeks, to Alcibiades, who had Telamon for ancestor; dearer than the great Stagyræ to his high-born pupil Alexander, whom kindly Olympias of Chaonia bore to Lybian Jove. As to the king of the Myrmidons was Phœnix, the son of Amyntor, or Chiron, son of nymph Philyra, such is this man to me. I followed his footsteps when I first wandered through the hollows of the Aonian mount, and through the sacred groves of the twice cloven hill; with him I first drank the waters of the Pierian spring, and under favor of Clio wet my happy lips thrice with wine of Castaly. But flame-clad Æthon, the sun-hero, had three times seen the sign of the ram, and clothed the woolly back with new gold; and twice, O Flora, thou hadst sprinkled the old earth with new verdure, and twice had Auster, the South-wind, stolen away thy wealth, nor yet was it granted mine eyes to feast upon this man's face, or mine ears to drink in the sweet tones of his voice.

Go, then, and outstrip in your flight the sonorous East-wind. What need there is of admonition, occasion teaches and you yourself can see. Perchance you will come upon him as he sits with his sweet wife, fondling in his breast the dear pledges of their love; or perchance as he turns the massive tomes of the ancient Fathers, or the sacred books of the true God; or as he sprinkles with heavenly dew the souls not yet grown strong in faith, — great work of healing religion. Take care to give him

Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset,  
herum.  
Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum  
defixa modestos,  
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: 50  
"Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia  
Musis,  
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;  
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta  
recepit  
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.  
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere cri-  
men,  
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?  
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60  
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque ro-  
ganti;  
Crimina diminui quæ patuere solent.  
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces;  
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
Iamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;  
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera  
malorum! 71  
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,  
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite  
cingi,  
Et iam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.  
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
Et sata carne virùm iam cruor arva  
rigat.  
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Mar-  
tem;  
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;  
Perpetuòque comans iam deflorescit oliva;  
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam, &  
Fugit, iol! terris, et iam non ultima Virgo  
Creditur ad superas iusta volâsse domos.  
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;  
Et, tibi quam patri non exhibere penates,  
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.

fair greeting, as is wont, and to say what it would beseem your master to say if he were there. Remember, fixing your modest eyes a while on the ground, to speak these words, shyly: "These verses — if there is time in the midst of battles for the gentle Muses — a faithful hand sends thee from the English shore. Accept his heart-felt greeting, late though it be. Aye, let it come all the welcomer for that. Late indeed, but true, was that greeting which chaste Penelope, daughter of Icarus, received from her tardy husband. But why should I seek to clear away a patent fault which my master can in no wise extenuate? Justly he is proved dilatory, and confesses the wrong; he is ashamed to have put off the performance of such a duty. Grant grace to a sinner confessed, a sinner pleading. Wrongs revealed lose half their weight. The wild beast does not open his yawning jaws upon a trembling victim; the lion will not wound with his claw those who lie prone. The cruel hearts of pike-bearing Thracians have often melted at the mournful cry of a suppliant; hands stretched out in appeal avert the lightning-stroke, and a little offering placates the anger of Gods.

"For a long time now he has been moved to write thee, and now at last Love would not suffer more delay; for vague Rumor — alas, true messenger of ill! — says that thy neighborhood is big with wars, that thou and thy city are girt about with truculent soldiery, and that the Saxon chiefs are already in arms. About thee far and wide Enyo the war goddess lays waste the fields, and blood drenches the ground sown with the bodies of men. Mars deserts his Thrace for Germany, and thither drives his Odrysian horses. The olive, always green, now withers; and the Goddess who hates the trumpet's brazen clang has fled — look! she has fled from earth, and already the Maid of Justice, not waiting till the end, is thought to have flown to the celestial realms. Meanwhile about thee sounds the horror of war, where thou livest alone and poor in a strange land. Thou must needs seek in foreign parts the sustenance which thy fatherland denies thee. Fatherland,

Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis hu-  
 mum, 90

Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra  
 docent?

Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa  
 tenebris,

Æternæque animæ digna perire fame!  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis  
 Achabi 99

Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
 Talis et, horrissono laceratus membra fla-  
 gello,

Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix;  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum  
 Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.

At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia  
 curis,

Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus  
 armis,

Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inermes latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide  
 tutus;

Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;  
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas  
 oras

Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;  
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula  
 campum,

Currus arenosam dum quatit actus hu-  
 mum, 120  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella  
 ruentum,

Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta  
 virum.

stern parent, harsher than the white rocks  
 beaten by the foam of your shore. does it  
 beseech you so to expose your innocent off-  
 spring, so to drive them out — O heart of  
 iron! — into a strange land? Those whom  
 God in his providence sent to thee, bearing  
 good tidings from Heaven, to teach the  
 way to the stars after the body is ashes, —  
 will you force these to seek their food in  
 distant regions? If so, you are worthy to  
 live forever shut in the darkness of death,  
 and to perish with the eternal hunger of the  
 soul! Thus did Elijah the Tishbite of old  
 tread with unaccustomed foot the devious  
 desert ways and the rough wastes of Araby,  
 when he fled from out the hands of King  
 Ahab and of thee, dire Jezebel. Thus, his  
 limbs torn by the harsh-crackling scourge,  
 was Cilician Paul driven from the city of  
 Macedon; and thus even Jesus himself was  
 bidden by the citizens — ungrateful souls!  
 — to depart from the shores of fishy Ger-  
 gessa.

"But do thou take heart; let not care or  
 worry steal thy hope, nor ashen fear invade  
 thy bones. For though thou art girt about  
 by gleaming arms, and though a thousand  
 arrows threaten death, no weapon shall  
 touch thy naked side, nor from thy blood  
 shall any javelin drink. For thou shalt be  
 safe under the radiant ægis of God. He  
 shall be thy keeper and thy champion;  
 He who, under the walls of Jerusalem,  
 citadel of Zion, overwhelmed so many As-  
 syrian men in the silence of night, and put  
 to flight those whom primeval Damascus  
 had sent from her ancient fields into Sa-  
 maria. He terrified the dense cohorts and  
 made the king to quake, when on the silence  
 shrilled the clear trumpet, when horny  
 hoofs smote the dust of the field and the  
 chariot in its flight shook the sands, and  
 there was heard the neighing of horses rush-  
 ing to war, and the clash of iron, and the  
 swelling roar of men. Remember to hope,

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare me-  
mento,  
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus  
annis,  
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares."

for that is what is left to the wretched.  
Surmount thy misfortunes great-heartedly.  
And doubt not that better times will come,  
and that once more thou mayst see thine  
old home."

## ELEGIA QUINTA

*Anno ætatis 20*

IN ADVENTUM VERIS

## ELEGY V

ON THE COMING OF SPRING

Although this poem contains no definite autobiographical matter, it throws much light upon Milton's youthful character. The influence of Ovid, everywhere latent and in many places explicitly acknowledged in the Latin poems, is here most evident. The quite pagan fervor and abandon of the entire poem is remarkable. The opening sentence of the second paragraph, it will be seen, was afterwards

transferred almost bodily to the Sonnet on the Nightingale. It is interesting to compare the testimony of the opening lines, concerning the power of the spring to unloose the fountains of poetic inspiration, with Milton's statement to Phillips, many years after, that his vein "never flowed freely but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal."

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
Iam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente,  
novos;  
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata iuven-  
tam,  
Iamque soluta gelu dulcè virescit humus.  
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina  
vires,  
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab  
illo  
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod iam sibi  
poscit opus.  
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen  
oberrat,  
Et mihi Pirenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10  
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora  
motu,  
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intùs agit.  
Delius ipse venit (video Penèide lauro  
Implicitos crines), Delius ipse venit.  
Iam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua  
cæli,  
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
Perque umbras, perque antra feror, pene-  
tralia vatam;  
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deùm;

TIME, revolving in perpetual gyre, now  
as the spring grows tepid calls back new  
Zephyrs. Earth refreshed puts on brief  
youth, and the ground loosened by  
thaws grows gently green. Do I mistake?  
Doth not also my strength in song return?  
At the spring's gift is not inspiration here?  
At the spring's gift 't is here! Again it gath-  
ers strength therefrom (who could believe  
it?) and looks about for some noble task.  
Castaly sways before my eyes, and the  
twice cloven peak of Parnassus; and the  
dreams of night bring to me Pirene, the  
Corinthian spring. My breast is moved  
with mysterious fervors; madness and  
divine tumult inly stir me. Delian Apollo  
himself comes (I see his locks bound with  
Daphne's laurel), Delian Apollo himself  
comes. Now my spirit is rapt into the  
skyey steepes, and freed from the flesh I  
walk through the wandering clouds;  
through the shades I go, and the caverns,  
inmost prophetic sanctuaries; and the inner  
fanés of the gods lie open to me. My soul

Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur  
Olympo,

Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.  
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus  
ore?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer  
iste furor?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur  
illo;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Iam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novel-  
lis,

Instituis modulos, dum silet omne ne-  
mus:

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus  
utrique.

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
Veris, io! rediere vices; celebremus ho-  
nores

Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.  
Iam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque  
arva,

Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis  
opacæ,

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Iamque Lycaonius plastrum cæleste  
Bootes

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;  
Nunc etiam solitas circum Iovis atria toto  
Exubias agitant sidera rara polo.

Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte re-  
cessit,

Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.  
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice  
pastor,

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
"Hac," ait, "hac certè caruisti nocte pu-  
ellâ,

Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos."

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque  
resumit

Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur  
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

"Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora,  
seniles;

Quid iuvat effeto procubuisse toro?  
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ:  
Surge; tuos ignes altus Hymettus ha-  
bet."

Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,

sees all that comes to pass in Olympus, and the darks of Hades escape not my vision. What lofty song does my soul intend, as it stands with lips apart? what does this madness bring to birth, this sacred fury? The spring, the spring which gave me dower of genius, my genius will celebrate. Thus her gifts repaid shall profit her.

Now, Philomel, in thy bower of new leaves, thou beginnest thy modulations, while all the woods are still. Thou in the forest and I in the town, let us begin together, and together chant the coming on of spring. Sing ho! spring now hath her turn again! let us celebrate the glory of spring, let the undying Muse take up her task. For now the sun, fleeing from the Æthiopian strand and the orient fields of Tithonus, turns to the north his golden reins. The journey of night grows brief; brief is the tarrying of murky night, she goes to exile with her horrid shades. Now Boötes, keeper of Lycaon's child, no more follows the heavenly Wain wearily, in a long pathway as before; now even the wonted watches of the stars about the courts of Jove are sparsely set throughout the firmament. For, along with night, bloodshed and fraud and violence retreat; nor do the gods fear any longer the villainy of their giant foes. Perchance some shepherd, lying on a summit of rock, as he sees the dewy earth reddening with dawn, says, "Surely this night, O Phœbus, thou hast lacked loving arms to hold thee back, thee and thy swift horses." Cynthia, when from her high station she beholds the sun's bright wheels, seems to rejoice that by her brother's aid her task has been shortened, and, laying by her faint rays, joyously goes back to her forest and her quiver.

"O Aurora," Phœbus cries, "leave the couch of old Tithonus! what does that chilly bed avail thee? Cephalus the hunter waits for thee in the grassy nook. Arise! Thy flame is waiting thee on high Hymettus!" With shy, averted face, the bright goddess

Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.  
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos.  
 Et cupit, et digna est; quid enim formosius  
 illâ,

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore  
 venusto

Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis?  
 Ecce, coronatur sacro frons ardua luco, <sup>61</sup>

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
 Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos,  
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice, Phœbe; tibi faciles hortantur  
 amores,

Mellitasque movent flamina verna pre-  
 ces;

Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer  
 alâ;

Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. <sup>70</sup>  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in  
 usus

Præbet, et hinc titulos adiuvat ipsa tuos.  
 Quodd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus  
 amor),

Illâ tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore  
 vasto

Et superiniectis montibus abdit opes.  
 Ah! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, <sup>80</sup>  
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem,  
 Phœbe, diurno

Hesperis recipit cærule mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartes-  
 side lymphâ?

Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?  
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in  
 umbrâ;

Huc ades; ardentes imbue rore comas.  
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ;

Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Quâque iaces circum mulcebit lenè susur-  
 rans,

Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. <sup>90</sup>  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelîa fata,  
 Nec Phaënteo fumidus axis equo;  
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni,

confesses her fault, and more swiftly urges  
 on the horses of morning. Earth, revivi-  
 fied, casts off her hated age, and longs for  
 thy embraces, O Apollo! longs for them,  
 and deserves them. For what more beau-  
 tiful than she, when she bares her rich  
 breast, breathing of the harvests of Araby,  
 and when upon her lovely lips the balsams  
 of the Orient mingle with the roses of  
 Paphos? Lo! she encircles her high brow  
 with sacred trees, as the tower of pines  
 that crowns the goddess Ops on Ida; and  
 flowers many-hued she weaves in her dew-  
 drenched hair, in hope of pleasing her  
 lover, as that Sicilian goddess, Proser-  
 pine, when she had bound her loose locks  
 with flowers, pleased Tænarian Dis. Look  
 hither, Apollo; willing love awaits thee;  
 the spring winds are full of honeyed sup-  
 plication. Odorous Zephyr lightly claps  
 his cinnamon-scented wings, and the very  
 birds seem to bear thee blandishments.  
 Nor does Earth, over-bold, come empty-  
 handed to seek thy love, nor is she poor  
 who asks the bridals of her longing.  
 The kindly goddess brings thee whole-  
 some herbs for medicine, whereby she  
 may help thy fame as healer. If riches,  
 if shining gifts, will win thee (and love  
 is still purchased with gifts), she lays be-  
 fore thee all the treasures hidden under  
 the mighty sea or under the roots of the  
 hills. Ah, ever and again, when thou,  
 wearied by the steep sky, hast cast thyself  
 into the vespertine waters, she cries, "Oh,  
 why! Apollo, must it be the cerulean ocean-  
 mother who receives thee when thou com-  
 est to the west weary from thy day's course?  
 What is Tethys to thee? What to thee  
 the Hesperian tide? Why wilt thou bathe  
 thy divine face in impure brine? A better  
 coolness, Apollo, thou mayst find in my  
 shade. Come hither, dip thy hot locks in  
 my dew. A softer sleep shall come to thee  
 in the cool grass. Come hither, and lay  
 thy glories in my breast. Where thou liest  
 a gently whispering breeze will soothe our  
 bodies as we sink relaxed in dewy roses.  
 Believe me, I fear not Semele's fate; I fear  
 not thy chariot, nor the smoking axle of  
 the car that Phaëthon would drive. If  
 thou wilt use thy fires right wisely, Apollo,



Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."  
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;

Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,

Languentesque foveat solis ab igne faces.  
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.

Iamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,

Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,

Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
Marmoreas iuvenes clamant *Hymenæe* per urbes;

Littus *io Hymen* et cava saxa sonant.  
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ;  
Punicum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris

Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110  
Votum est cuique suum; votum est tamen omnibus unum,

Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.  
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,

Et sua quæ iungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,  
Delphinisque leves ad vada summa vocat,

Iupiter ipse alto cum coniuge ludit Olympo;  
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,

Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120  
Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vestustis

Per iuga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan;

Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;  
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,

Consultit in trepidos dum sibi nymphæ pedes;

Iamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri,

Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130

come hither, and lay thy glories in my breast!"

Thus amorously breathes the wanton Earth, and all the rout of her children follow headlong after her example. For now over the whole world Cupid wanders, and at the fire of the sun rekindles his torch. On the lethal horns of his bow sounds a new string; new tips shine baleful on his bright arrows. Now he attempts to conquer even unconquered Diana, even the pure Vestal as she sits by the sacred hearth. Venus herself, in her yearly fashion, purges all signs of age from her form, and seems once more just risen from the warm sea. Through the marble walls of cities the young men cry *Hymenæus!* the shores and hollow rocks give back the cry *Io, Hymen!* Hymen himself comes in gala attire, handsome in his neat tunic, his fragrant vestment breathing the scent of the purple crocus. In crowds the girls go out with gold-cinctured breasts to take the pleasure of the pleasant spring. Each has her special prayer, yet every one the same,—that Cytherea may give her the man on whom her heart is set.

Now, too, the shepherd pipes on his seven reeds, and Phyllis has a song to match. The sailor prays the favor of his stars with nightly song; the sprightly dolphins come to the surface of the waves to listen. Jove himself and his spouse make merry on high Olympus; he invites even the menial deities to his high feast. And now, when the late twilight falls, fleet bands of Satyrs skim over the blossomy fields; and with them Sylvanus, crowned with frond of cypress, god half-goat and goat half-god. The Dryads who hide amid old trees now roam abroad over the ridges, over the lonely fields. Through tilth and covert riots Mænalian Pan; mother Cybele and Ceres are scarce safe from him. Wanton Faunus stalks some Oread, while the nymph flies with startled feet. Now she hides, and, covered not too well, hopes to be seen in her hiding; she flees, but as she flees could wish that she were caught.

Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere  
sylvas,

Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus ha-  
beto,

Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.  
Te referant miseris te, Iupiter, aurea ter-  
ris

Sæcla! quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis?  
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, iugales

Quâ potes, et sensim tempora veris eant:  
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida  
noctes,

Ingruat et nostro senior umbra polo! 140

The gods desert the sky for the woods of  
earth; each grove has its deity.

Long may each grove have its deity!  
Gods, desert not, I pray, your homes amid  
the trees. O Jove, may the golden ages  
bring thee back, back to this wretched  
earth. Why dost thou return to the clouds,  
thy savage armories? At least do thou,  
Phœbus, curb as much as may be thy  
rapid team, and let the days of spring pass  
slowly. Let it be long ere rough winter  
brings us its tedious nights; let the shades  
fall later than their wont about our pole!

### ELEGIA SEXTA

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM RURI COMMORANTEM;

*Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solio minus  
essent bona, quodd inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud satis felicem operam  
Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

### ELEGY VI

*(To Charles Diodati, who, sending the author some verses from the country at Christmas-  
time, asked him to excuse their mediocrity on the ground that they were composed amid  
the distractions of the festival season).*

The above note, given in the original edi-  
tions, explains the purport of the elegy. The  
verse-letter of Diodati's, here referred to, was  
written on the thirteenth of December, 1629,  
and Milton's reply was probably sent soon  
after Christmas. It is of extreme autobio-  
graphic interest, for two reasons. It contains  
a noble statement of Milton's poetic creed, at  
a time when he felt with almost equal inten-

sity the softer and the sterner sides of the  
poet's vocation; and it gives an account of  
the *Hymn on the Nativity*, just completed, or  
perhaps still under way. The picture of  
Christmas merry-making in an English  
country-house gains a peculiar charm from  
the queer medium of seventeenth century  
Latin in which it is conveyed.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salu-  
tem,

Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.  
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camce-  
nam,

Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque  
colamque;

Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur  
arctis,

Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pe-  
des.

Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque  
Decembrim,

Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,

UNSURFEITED with feasting, I send you a  
good-health, for which your full stomach  
may give you need. Why do you tempt  
me to write verses by sending me yours?  
Why will you not allow my Muse to stay  
in the shadow she loves? You desire me  
to tell in verse how much I love and cherish  
you? Believe me, that is a thing you can  
scarcely hope to learn in verse of mine; my  
love cannot be held in the strict bonds of  
metre, nor comes it whole and unimpaired  
to feet that limp.

How well you tell of your high feastings.  
of your December merriment, and all the  
gaieties that celebrate the coming of the

Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris, 11  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta  
 focos:  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque  
 poesin?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina  
 Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse co-  
 rymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suâ.  
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus *Eux*  
 Mista Th,oneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris;  
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. 20  
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque  
 Lyæum,  
 Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius  
 Euan,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque me-  
 rum;  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supi-  
 nus,  
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.  
 Quadrismoque madens lyricen Romanus  
 Iaccho  
 Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque  
 Chloen.  
 Iam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa pa-  
 ratu  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30  
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula ve-  
 nam,  
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fustumque per intima  
 Phœbum  
 Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo,  
 Ceres.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina  
 per te,  
 Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos  
 auro  
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;  
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pe-  
 des. 40  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
 Et revocent quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque  
 plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,

heavenly One to earth!<sup>1</sup> How well you  
 tell of the joys of winter in the country,  
 and of the French must quaffed by the  
 jolly fireside! But why do you complain  
 that poetry is a run-a-way from wining and  
 dining? Song loves Bacchus, and Bacchus  
 loves song. Apollo was not ashamed to  
 wear the green clusters; nay, even to put  
 the ivy of the wine-god above his own  
 laurel. Many a time the nine Muses have  
 mixed with the Bacchic chorus crying *Eux*  
 on the Heliconian hills. Those verses which  
 Ovid sent from the fields of Thrace were  
 bad, because there were no feasts there  
 and no vineyards. What but roses and the  
 grape-laden vine did Anacreon sing in those  
 tiny staves of his? Teumesian Bacchus  
 inspired Pindar's strain; each page of his  
 breathes ardor from the drained cup, as  
 he sings of the crash of the heavy chariot  
 overturned, and the rider flying by, dark  
 with the dust of the Elean race-course.  
 The Roman lyrist drank first of the four-  
 year-old vintage, ere he sang so sweetly  
 of Glycera and blond-haired Chloe. The  
 sinews of thy genius, too, draw strength  
 from the nobly laden table. Your Massic  
 cups foam with a rich vein of song; you pour  
 bottled verses straight from the jar. To  
 this, add art, and Apollo penetrant within  
 the inmost chambers of your heart; small  
 wonder that such delightful verses come  
 from you, since three gods in accord, Bac-  
 chus, Apollo, and Ceres, brought them to  
 birth.

For you, too, the Thracian lute, gold-  
 embossed, sounds now, gently touched by  
 a master hand. In tapestried rooms is  
 heard the lyre, swaying with its quivering  
 measures the feet of young girls in the  
 dance. Let such gracious sights as this  
 hold your Muse at gaze, and let them call  
 back all the inspiration that dull surfeit  
 drives away. Trust me, when the ivory  
 keys of the virginal leap under the player's  
 fingers, and the crowd of dancers fills the

<sup>1</sup> A double reference is intended, to Christ and to  
 Saturn; the Roman Saturnalia was celebrated in  
 December.

Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere  
Phœbum,

Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;  
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonan-  
tem

Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.  
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deo-  
rum est,

Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa  
suos; 50  
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque,  
Venusque,

Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.  
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,  
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.  
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Iove  
cælum,

Heroasque pios; semideosque duces,  
Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta  
deorum,

Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magis-  
tri,

Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60  
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha ca-  
tillo,

Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.  
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta  
iuventus,

Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus;  
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ et lustralibus  
undis

Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta saga-  
cem

Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, se-  
nemque

Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris; 70  
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poterat Homerus  
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados  
aulam,

Et vada femineis insidiosa sonis,  
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine  
nigro

Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges:  
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sa-  
cerdos,

Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Iovem.  
At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modò  
saltem

perfumed chambers, you will feel the spirit  
of song stealing into your heart, penetrat-  
ing your very bones with a sudden glow.  
From the eyes and fingers of the girlish  
player, Thalia will slip into your breast and  
possess it all.

For light elegy is the care of many gods,  
and calls to its numbers whom it will; Bac-  
chus comes, and Erato, Ceres and Venus,  
and tender stripling Love with his rosy  
mother. Such poets, therefore, have a right  
to generous feasts and to stew full often in  
ancient wine. But the poet who will tell  
of wars, and of Heaven under adult Jove,  
and of pious heroes, and leaders half-divine,  
singing now the holy counsels of the gods  
above, and now the realms profound  
where Cerberus howls, — such a poet must  
live sparsely, after the manner of Pythag-  
oras, the Samian teacher. Herbs must  
furnish him his innocent food; let clear  
water in a beechen cup stand at his side,  
and let his drink be sober draughts from  
the pure spring. His youth must be chaste  
and void of offence; his manners strict, his  
hands without stain. He shall be like a  
priest shining in sacred vestment, washed  
with lustral waters, who goes up to make  
augury before the offended gods. In this  
wise, they say, the sage Tiresias lived, after  
his eyes were darkened; and Theban Linus,  
and Calchas, who fled from his doomed  
hearth, and Orpheus, roaming in old age  
through lonely caverns, quelling the wild  
beasts with his music. So, a spare eater  
and a drinker of water, Homer carried Odys-  
seus through the long courses of the sea,  
through the hall of monster-making Circe,  
and past the shoals insidious with women's  
song; and through thy realms, nethermost  
king, where they say he held with a spell of  
black blood the troops of the shades. Yea,  
for the bard is sacred to the gods; he is  
their priest; mysteriously from his lips and  
his breast he breathes Jove.

But if you will know what I am doing, I  
will tell you, if indeed you think my doings

Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) so  
 Paciferum canimus caelesti semine regem,  
 Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris;  
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere  
 tecto

Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque  
 æthere turmas,

Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus  
 illa;

Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata  
 cicutis; 89

Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

worth your concern. I am singing the King of Heaven, bringer of peace, and the fortunate days promised by the holy book; the crying of the infant God, and the stabling under a poor roof of Him who rules with his father the realms above; the star-creating heavens, the hymning of angels in the air, and the gods suddenly shattered in their own fanes. This poem I made as a birthday gift for Christ; the first light of Christmas dawn brought me the theme.

And other strains which I have piped musingly on my native reed await you; you, when I recite them to you, will be my judge.

### ELEGIA SEPTIMA

*Anno ætatis undevigesimo*

### ELEGY VII

This elegy constitutes a personal confession of an unusually intimate kind, a confession of "love at first sight" for a girl whom the poet encountered by chance in some public place in London. Though conceived in a tone of whimsical extravagance and with the conventional sentimental machinery of the pseudo-classic poet, it indubitably records a real experience, and one which is significant in the understanding of Milton's character. The unusual form of the date attached, in which the ordinal is put in place of the numeral, seems to imply that the poem was written before his

nineteenth year was completed, i.e., sometime between May 1 and December 9, 1627.

The postscript which follows the poem probably is to be taken with this elegy alone, though from the manner in which it is printed in the original editions, it may be taken to have a general application to the entire seven. It was written at a later date than the elegies to which it is appended, in some mood of strenuousness when the technical shortcomings of the verse and its occasional rather lax Ovidian tone made an apology seem necessary.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia,  
 nôram,

Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen,  
 Amor.

"Tu puer imbelles" dixi "transfige  
 columbas;

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, tri-  
 umphos;

Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis  
 arma?

Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros."  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus  
 ullus ad iras

Promptior), et duplici iam ferus igne  
 calet. 11

I DID not yet know thy laws, bland Aphrodite, and my heart was still free from Paphian fire. Often I spoke scorn of Cupid's arrows, those boyish darts, and chiefly scoffed, Love, at thy divinity. "Thou boy," said I, "go shoot peaceful doves; only languid battles suit so delicate a chieftain. Or make a swelling triumph, child, over a conquest of sparrows. These are trophies worthy of thy warfare. Why take up thy silly arms against mankind? That quiver of thine avails not against strong men." The Cyprian boy could not endure this (there is no god swifter to anger), and at my words the savage burned with a double fire.

Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina  
villæ

Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem;  
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina  
noctem,

Nec matutinum sustinere iubar.

Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger  
alis;

Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum;  
Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,  
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore  
fuit. 20

Talis in æterno iuvenis Sigeius Olympo  
Miscet amatori pocula plena Iovi;  
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nym-  
phas,

Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse  
putares;

Addideratque truces, nec sine felle,  
minas.

Et "Miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs," in-  
quit;

"Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis  
eris.

Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.

Iipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone super-  
bum 31

Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;  
Et, quoties meminit Penēidos, ipse fatetur  
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.

Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs ar-  
cum,

Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus  
eques:

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.

Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus  
Orion,

Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque co-  
mes. 40

Iupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in  
me,

Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Iovis.  
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela doce-  
bunt,

Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.

Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere  
Musæ;

Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis  
opem."

It was spring, and shining over the roofs of the town, dawn had brought the May-day; but my eyes were turned toward retreating night, and could not endure the radiance of morning. Suddenly Love stood by my bed, Love with painted wings for speed. The swaying quiver betrayed the god where he stood; his countenance betrayed him, and the sweet menace of his eyes, and whatever else about him was boyish and lovely. So Ganymede, the Trojan lad, looks, as he brims the cups of amorous Jove in ever-during Olympus; or the boy who lured the beautiful nymphs to his kisses, Hylas, son of Thiodamas, the water-maiden's prey. Wrath was on him, but you would have deemed it an added grace; and he spoke words of threatening cruelty, full of spite. "Wretch," he said, "thou hadst been wiser to learn my power by the spectacle of others' pain; now thou shalt in thine own person prove what my arm can do. Thou shalt be numbered among those who have felt my might; thy pangs shall strengthen men's belief in me. Perhaps thou art ignorant that I, even I, subdued Apollo, made haughty by his victory over Python; to me that great god had to yield. Whene'er he thinks on Daphne, he confesses that my darts carry surer and deadlier harm than his own. The Parthian horseman, who conquers as he flees, draws not his bow more skilfully than I. The Cydonian hunter yields the palm to me, and Cephalus, who slew his wife unwittingly. Hugs Orion I overcame, and the strong hand of Hercules, and Hercules's friend. Jove himself may turn his thunderbolts against me, but before they strike, my arrows have pierced the side of Jove. If thou still doubtest, my weapons will teach thee the rest better than words, — my weapons, with which not lightly shall I seek thy heart. Deem not, fool, that thy Muses can succor thee, nor that the serpent of Apollo the healer can give thee any aid!" So he

Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,

Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.

Et modò quâ nostri spatiantur in urbe  
Quirites, 51

Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba  
dearum,

Splendida per medias itque reditque vias;  
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscant.

Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?

Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
Impetus et quò me fert iuvenilis agor;  
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia  
misi,

Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60  
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam;  
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.

Hanc memor obiecit nobis malus ille  
Cupido,

Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque  
sagittæ,

Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus.  
Nec mora; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis  
ori,

Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis; 70  
Et quascunque agilis partes iaculator oberat,

Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme  
ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores;  
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus  
eram.

Interea misero quæ iam mihi sola placebat  
Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis;  
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et  
excors,

Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.

Findor; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum;

Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere iuvat.  
Sic dolet amissum proles Iunonia cælum,  
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos; 82  
Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum  
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.

spake, and, shaking his arrow with the golden tip, he flew away into the warm breast of his mother Cypris. But I smiled derisively at his fierce threats, and had not the slightest fear of the boy.

And now I took my pleasure, sometimes in the city parks, where our citizens promenade, sometimes at neighboring country-places. Crowds of girls, with faces like to the faces of goddesses, came and went radiantly through the walks; the day brightened with a double splendor. Surely, the sun himself stole his beams from their faces. I was not stern with myself; I did not flee from the gracious spectacle, but let myself be led wherever youthful impulse directed. Rashly I sent my gaze to meet theirs; I could not control my eyes. Then by chance I noted one supreme above the others, and the light of her eyes was the beginning of my ills. She looked as Venus might wish to seem to mortals; lovely to behold as the queen of the gods was she. That rascal Cupid, harboring his grudge, had thrown her in my path; all alone, he had woven this plot against me. Not far off the sly god was hiding; his torch and many arrows hung as a great load from his back. Not a moment did he lose. Now he clung to her eyelids, now to her virgin face; thence he hopped upon her lips, and occupied her cheeks; and wherever the nimble archer went, ah, me! from a thousand points of vantage he struck my defenceless breast. Suddenly unwonted furies assailed my heart; I burned inly with love, I was all flame. Meanwhile she who was my only delight in misery disappeared, never to be given to my eyes again.

I started on, full of mute complaining, stupefied. Often I stood in doubt whether to go on or turn back. My being was divided, my body remained behind, but my thoughts went after her. I found relief in weeping for the joy so suddenly snatched from me. Such was the grief of Juno's offspring Vulcan, for the heaven he had lost, when he was shot down the sky to the hearths of Lemnos; thus Amphiarus borne down to Orcus by his thunder-stricken horses, gazed back from the abyss at the vanishing light of the sun.

Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus?  
Amores

Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amato-

tos  
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!  
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!  
Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit; <sup>or</sup>  
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales  
amoris;

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
Iam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis  
arcus,

Nate dea, iaculis nec minus igne potens:  
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
Solut et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.  
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme,  
furores;

Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis  
amans: <sup>too</sup>

Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea si qua  
futura est,

Cuspis amatuus figat ut una duos.

*Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,  
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.*

*Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
Indocilisque cetas prava magistra fuit;*

*Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
Præbuit, admissum dedecuitque iugum.*

*Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;*

*Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.*

What shall I do, wretch that I am, and overcome by grief? I cannot take up my love or lay it by. O, may it be granted me to see her loved countenance again and to speak sadly with her face to face! Perhaps she is not all made of adamant, mayhap she would not be deaf to my prayers. Surely no one ever suffered more in Love's flame. I may stand first, a prime exemplar of love-sorrows. Spare me, I pray, since love is tender, and thou art its winged god! Let not thy deeds refute thy office. Now, ah, now at last thy bow is fearful to me, thou goddess-born, whose arrows are potent as fire! Henceforth thine altars shall smoke with my gifts; among all the gods thou shalt be for me single and supreme. Take away, then, my tortures — nay, take them not away! I know not why it is, loving is such sweet wretchedness. Only grant thou leniently, that if hereafter any maiden is my destiny, the two hearts fated to love may be pinned together by a single shaft.

*These vain trophies of my idleness I set up in time past, in unbalanced mood and with lax endeavor. Vicious error hurried me astray, and my untaught years were an ill mistress to me; until the shady Academe [i.e. Plato's philosophy] offered me its Socratic streams, and loosened from my neck the yoke to which I had submitted. At once all these youthful flames became extinct, and since then my breast is rigid with accumulated ice; whence Cupid himself fears freezing for his arrows, and Venus dreads my Diomedean strength.*

# [EPIGRAMMATA]

## [EPIGRAMS]

The short pieces which follow were originally printed without the general title Epigrams, under which they appear in modern editions, but were included under the title Elegies, as being written in elegiac metre. The four epigrams on the Gunpowder Plot are heavy and tasteless; they are signal illustra-

tions of Milton's congenital lack of humor. The epigrams on Leonora Baroni are interesting autobiographically. It has been plausibly conjectured that Milton heard this famous singer at the concert which he speaks of attending at the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, during his first visit to Rome, Octo-



ber and November, 1638. Efforts have been made, ineffectually, to identify her with the "donna leggiadra" of Milton's Italian poems, the Bolognese lady whose novel beauty — "*sotto nova idea pellegrina bellezza*" — enthralled him at some period of his Italian residence. The Baroni were originally a Neapolitan family, but they had settled in Rome about a year before Milton's visit. Of Leonora, Bayle's Dictionary, quoted by Masson, says that she was "one of the finest voices in the world," and that "an infinity of *beaux esprits* made verses in her praise." It is interesting in

this connection to note that Milton's susceptibility to music was accompanied by an almost complete insensibility to the appeal of the plastic and graphic arts, if we are to judge by the absence of any mention of the latter among his recorded impressions of Italy.

Three "epigrams" of minor interest, entitled respectively *Apologus de Rustico et Hero*, *De Mora* (title supplied by the editors), and *Ad Christinam Suecorum Reginam*, will be found, together with three Greek pieces from the *SYLVÆ*, and two epigrams on Salmastius, in the Appendix.

## IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque  
Britannos

Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,

Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,

Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?

Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,

Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis;

Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Par-  
cis,

Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

## IN EANDEM

SICCINÆ tentâsti cælo donâsse Iacobum,

Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?

Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,

Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.

Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit

Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.

Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,

Et quot habet brutos Roma profana  
Deos;

Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque ad-  
iuvet arte,

Crede mihi, cæli vix bene scandet iter. 10

## IN EANDEM

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,

Et sine quo superûm non adeunda do-  
mus.

Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale co-  
ronâ,

Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et "Nec inultus" ait "temnes mea sacra,  
Britanne;

Supplicium spretâ religione dabis;

## ON THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

WHEN, perfidious Faux, you attempted your late unspeakable crime against the King and the British lords, — do I mistake you, or did you really want to show a partial mildness and compensate your crime with a false piety? Doubtless you intended to send them to the high courts of Heaven in a chariot of sulphurous smoke and wheeling flame, even as Elijah, that head inviolable by the fierce Parcæ, was snatched away in a whirlwind from the fields of Jordan.

## ON THE SAME

O BEAST acrouch on the seven hills, did you attempt thus to send King James to Heaven? Unless your divinity has power to bestow better largess, forbear, I pray, your insidious gifts. Without the aid of your infernal powder he has gone, timely late, to the companionable stars. Do you rather blow skyward your base cowls, and all the brute gods profane Rome worships; for unless you aid them thus or somehow else, they will hardly, believe me, clamber up the hard road to Heaven.

## ON THE SAME

KING JAMES laughed at those purgatorial fires through which, forsooth, the soul must approach its supernal home. At this the triple-crowned Latin monster gnashed its teeth, and moved its ten horns in horrid threat, saying: "Man of Britain, thou shalt not mock my mysteries unpunished; thou shalt pay for despising my religion; and if

Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris  
arces,  
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter."  
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab  
igni  
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

## IN EANDEM

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia  
diris,  
Et Styge damnârat, Tænarioque sinu,  
Hunc, vice mutatâ, iam tollere gestit ad  
astra,  
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
At mihi maior erit qui lurida creditur  
arma  
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Iovi.

## AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite,  
gentes)  
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria maior?  
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa  
Deum.  
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli,  
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia  
corda  
Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.  
Quòd, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cuncta-  
taque fusus,  
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

## AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
Cuius ab insano cessit amore furens.  
Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo  
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!  
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem  
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!  
Quamvis Diræo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertiginis sensus  
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ; 10

ever thou enterest the starry dome of  
Heaven, only through flame shall the sorry  
way lie open." O how near the awful truth  
did you speak! A little more, and the words  
had not lacked their weight. For almost  
he went, rolled high by Tartarean fire, a  
burnt shade, to the upper shores.

## ON THE SAME

HIM whom impious Rome had vowed to  
her own Furies, whom she had damned to  
Styx and the Tænarian gulf, him, contrary-  
wise, she now longs to send to the stars,  
and seeks to exalt him to the gods on high.

## ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNPOWDER

BLIND antiquity praised Prometheus,  
who brought the heavenly torch from the  
sun; but for me he shall be greater who  
stole from Jove his lurid arms and three-  
forked thunderbolt.

## TO LEONORA, SINGING

(At Rome)

To every man his angel is allotted (be-  
lieve it, ye people!), his winged angel from  
the ethereal hierarchies. What wonder,  
Leonora, if a greater glory be yours? For  
your very voice sounds the present God.  
Either God himself, or surely at least the  
third Mind emptying Heaven of itself,  
thrills mysteriously through your throat;  
thrills, suavely accustoming mortal hearts  
by tender degrees to immortal sounds.  
Yea, if all things be God, and He be trans-  
fused through all, yet in you alone He  
speaks, the rest He possesses in silence.

## TO THE SAME

ANOTHER Leonora captivated Torquato,  
the poet, who went mad for love of her.  
Ah, poor fellow, how much happier had he  
been to lose his wits in this your day, and  
on your dear account, hearing you sing  
with Pierian voice, and wake the golden  
strings of your mother's lyre! Though he  
rolled his eyes more fiercely than Pentheus,  
and raved to swooning, you could have  
soothed his blind and reeling senses with

Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde quietem,  
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

## AD EANDEM

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli,  
iactas,  
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloidos,  
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
Illa quidem vivitque, et amcenâ Tibridis  
undâ  
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

your voice; and breathing quiet into his sick breast, restored him to himself with your soul-moving song.

## TO THE SAME

WHY, O credulous Naples, do you boast of the renowned fanes of the Siren Parthenope, daughter of Achelous; why do you boast of having given Chalcidian funeral to the shore-nymph when she was found dead on your coasts? Behold, she lives; she has but changed the murmurs of hoarse Posilipo for the pleasant wave of Tiber. There, adorned by the love and favor of the Romans, she holds both men and gods with her singing.

SYLVARUM LIBER — POEMS IN VARIOUS METRES  
IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI

*Anno ætatis 17*

ON THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, A PHYSICIAN

*(Misdated Anno ætatis 16, in editions of 1645 and 1673)*

The personage here celebrated in Horatian verse was John Gostlin, M.D., twice Vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge, whose death occurred in October, 1626, at the beginning of Milton's third academic year. The verses are devoid of the personal accent,

except at the close, where we may perhaps detect a strain of warmer feeling breaking through the tone of exaggerated eulogy conventionally accepted as the proper one for such academic verse-tributes.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,  
Manusque Parcæ iam date supplices,  
Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
Iâpeti colitis nepotes.  
Vos si relicto Mors vaga Tænaro  
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu! moræ  
Tentantur incassum dolique;  
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.  
Si destinatam pellere dextera  
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules 10  
Nessi venenatus cruore  
Æmathiâ iacuisset Cêtâ;  
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ  
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut  
Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
Ense Locro, Iove lacrymante.  
Si triste Fatum verba Hecatæia  
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
Vixisset infamis, potentique  
Ægiali soror usa virgâ. 20

CHILDREN of Iapetus, who inhabit the pendulous orb of earth, learn to obey the laws of fate, and raise hands of humble supplication to the Parcæ. If once wandering Death coming from Tartarus calls you, alas, with woeful voice, in vain shall you resort to stratagem and delay. Every one must go through the shades of Styx. If strength of arm availed to ward off destined death, fierce Hercules would not have fallen on Macedonian Oeta, poisoned by the blood of Nessus; nor would Ilion have seen Hector slain through the base guile of envious Pallas; nor Sarpedon, whom the phantom of Achilles slew with the Locrian sword, while Jove shed tears. If words of witchcraft could forestall Fate, wicked Circe, parent of Telegonus, would have lived on, and the sister of Absyrtus, Medea, would still wield her potent wand.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
 Artes medentūm, ignotaque gramina,  
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastā;  
 Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,  
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;  
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,  
 Cæse puer genetricis alvo.  
 Tuque, O alumno maior Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30  
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
 Iam præfuisse Palladio gregi  
 Lætus superstes, nec sine gloriâ;  
 Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis  
 Horribiles barathri recessus.  
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,  
 Irata cum te viderit artibus  
 Succoque pollenti tot atris  
 Faucibus eripuisse Mortis. 40  
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua  
 Molli quiescant cespitem, et ex tuo  
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,  
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,  
 Interque felices perennis  
 Elysio spatieri campo!

If arts of medicine and knowledge of  
 mysterious plants could thwart the triple  
 goddesses, Machaon, the son of Æsculapius,  
 with all his skill in herbs, would not have  
 fallen before the spear of Eurypylus; nor  
 would the arrow of Hercules, smeared with  
 the blood of Hydra, have undone thee, Chi-  
 ron; nor wouldst thou, Æsculapius, cut at  
 thy birth from thy mother's womb, have  
 perished by the bolts of thy grandfather's  
 thunder.

And if lore in medicine availed, you,  
 Vice-chancellor, to whom was given direc-  
 tion over the gowned throng of the schools,  
 and who were more learned than your nurse-  
 ling Apollo, would not now be mourned by  
 the leafy city of Cirrha at Parnassus' foot,  
 nor by Helicon sitting amid its springs.  
 You would still survive glad and honored  
 to have charge over Pallas's flock. You  
 would not have gone in Charon's boat to  
 visit the awful abyss. But Persephone  
 slit the thread of your life, angry when she  
 saw how many lives you snatched from the  
 black jaws of death by the art of your po-  
 tent medicines. Loved master, I pray that  
 your limbs may rest quiet beneath the  
 gentle sod, and that from your grave roses  
 may spring, and marigold, and the purple-  
 mouthed hyacinth. May Æacus pro-  
 nounce judgment mildly on you, and Pro-  
 serpina, maid of Ætna, give you a smile,  
 and may you walk forever in the Elysian  
 fields among the blessed.

## IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS

*Anno ætatis 17*

### ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, ANNIVERSARY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

The Gunpowder Plot, with the accessories  
 which popular bigotry and ignorance accumu-  
 lated around it, was long a favorite subject for  
 academic versifying. The most elaborate ef-  
 fort in this kind is the *Locusta*, or *Apollyonists*,  
 of Phineas Fletcher, a Cambridge university  
 poet whose work had a traceable influence  
 upon Milton's later production. After Fletch-  
 er's *Locustæ*, the present poem, written in

1626, for the twenty-first anniversary of Guy  
 Fawkes's Day, is perhaps the most notable.  
 It is a very youthful performance, turgid in  
 style and unrestrained in its vituperation of  
 Catholicism, but it has certain Miltonic quali-  
 ties notwithstanding, oddly distorted by the  
 double convention of matter and of manner  
 to which the young poet is here subjected.

IAM pius extremâ veniens Iâcobus ab areto  
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia  
regna

Albionum tenuit, iamque inviolabile fœdus  
Sceptra Caledoniis coniunxerat Anglica  
Scotis:

Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat  
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:  
Cum ferus ignifuo regnans Acheronte ty-  
rannus,

Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul  
Olympo,

Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat  
orbem,

Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque  
fideles, 10

Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.

Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras;

Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos:

Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,

Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace;

Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis aman-  
tes,

Hos cupit adicere imperio, fraudumque  
magister

Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pec-  
tus;

Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes

Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia  
tigris 20

Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia præ-  
dam

Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus as-  
tris.

Talibus infestat populos Summanus et  
urbes,

Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.

Iamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva

Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,

Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia  
proles,

Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atro-  
cem,

Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Troiæ. 30

At simul hanc, opibusque et festâ pace  
beatam,

Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
Quodque magis doliuit, venerantem numina  
veri

Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit

Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;

Good King James, coming from the far north, had begun his rule over the descendants of Trojan Brut and the broad realms of Albion, and inviolable treaty had joined the sceptres of England and Scotland. Rich, happy, and at peace, he was sitting on his new throne, recking naught of open enemies or secret guile. But the fierce tyrant who rules over Acheron's fiery flood, the father of the Eumenides, the restless outcast from Heaven, was wandering through the stretches of the world, numbering his associates in evil and his faithful slaves, sharers after death in his sad realms. Here he rouses dire tempests in mid-air; there he puts hatred between loving friends. He incites invincible nations to turn the sword against each other's breast, and lays waste kingdoms that bloom with the olive of peace. Whenever he sees in love with purity and virtue, he longs to subdue to his rule; and he tries with all his master-arts of fraud to corrupt hearts into which evil has no entrance. He lays silent plots, stretches hidden snares, to seize the incautious; like the Caspian tiger, who follows his timid prey through pathless wilds under a moonless sky where the stars blink drowsily. With no worse destruction does Summanus, the Etruscan thunder-god, come upon the cities and the peoples, wreathed in a whirlwind of smoke and blue flame.

And now, in his flight, Satan sees appear the fields girdled by white wave-beaten cliffs, the land loved by the sea-god, named of old from Neptune's son Albion, who feared not to cross the sea and give furious battle to fierce Hercules, before the cruel cycles of defeated Troy. He gazes on this land, happy in wealth and festal peace, and on the fields rich laden with grain, and — what irks him more — on a people worshipping the holy power of the true God. At the sight he breaks forth in sighs that flame with hellish fire and reek with lurid sulphur,

Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Iove clausus in  
 Ætnâ  
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus  
 ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspidè  
 cuspis;  
 Atque "Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile  
 mundo  
 Inveni" dixit; "gens hæc mihi sola re-<sup>40</sup>  
 bellis,  
 Contemtrixque iugi, nostrâque potentior  
 arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina  
 possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta."  
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre  
 pennis:  
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine  
 venti,  
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua ful-  
 gent.  
 Iamque pruinosas velox superaverat  
 Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sa-  
 bini;<sup>50</sup>  
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria; nec non  
 Te furtiva, Tiberis, Thetidi videt oscula  
 dantem:  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam iam sera crepuscula  
 lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer  
 urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque viro-  
 rum  
 Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimneriis nati in tenebris vitamque tra-  
 hentes.<sup>60</sup>  
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque  
 canentûm  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane loco-  
 rum:  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique ca-  
 terva,  
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in  
 undis,

such sighs as the fell monster Typhœus, shut up in Trinacrian Ætna by Jupiter, breathes from his pestilential mouth. His eyes blaze and the adamant row of his grinding teeth sounds like the clashing of arms and the shock of spear against spear. "This," he says, "is the one lamentable sight I have seen in my wanderings through the world. This people alone is rebellious against me, scorning my yoke and stronger than my arts. They shall not long do so with impunity, if my efforts are of any avail; this land shall not go unpunished for long, or long escape my vengeance." And as he ceases to speak, his pitchy wings swim through the liquid air. Wherever he flies, rush contrary winds in hosts, clouds gather, and lightning flashes thick.

Now his swift flight had carried him beyond the rimy Alps to the borders of Italy. On his left hand were the ancient land of the Sabines and the cloud-wrapped Apennine; on his right Etruria, ill-famed for its poisoners. Thee too, Tiber, he saw, giving furtive kisses to Thetis. Soon he stood on the citadel of Mars's son Quirinus, in the dubious twilight. Through the great city the Triple-crowned Sovereign was going in procession, borne on the shoulders of men, and carrying the gods of bread. Kings bowed the knee before him; long lines of begging brothers bore in their hands wax tapers, — blind souls all, born and bred in Cimmerian darkness! Soon they entered the temples which shone with their many torches (it was the Holy Eve of Peter), and the voices of the singers filled the hollow domes and empty spaces with noise like the howling of Bacchus and his crew, when they hymn their orgies on Theban Aracynthus, while Asopus trembles astonished in his

Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,  
Atque Acheronteo prognatam patre Siopen  
Torpida, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,  
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes);  
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos  
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,  
Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus  
Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora canis;  
Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineracea longo  
Syrmate verrit humum vestis; pendetque cucullus  
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,  
Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.  
Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.  
Subdolanus at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:  
"Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam diademaque triplex  
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua iura Britanni:  
Surge, age! surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,  
Cui reserata patet convexi ianua cæli;

glassy waves, and even Cithæron afar off answers from his hollow cliff.

When at last these rites of customary pomp were done, Night left silently the arms of old Erebus, and with flaying whip, drove her four horses headlong across the sky, — Blind-eyes, and fierce Black-hair, and sullen Silence born of hell, and Shudder wrapped in her streaming mane.

Meanwhile the subduer of kings and heir of Phlegethon entered his bridal chamber (for the secret adulterer prolongs no sterile nights *sans* a gentle mistress at his side); but scarcely had sleep sealed his eyes when the black lord of the shades, ruler of the silences and prayer upon men, stood in a false shape at his bed-side. His temples shone with show of snowy hair; a long beard covered his breast; his ashen vestment swept the ground in a long train. From his shaven head hung a cowl; and as a last touch of art, he had bound his salt loins with a rope of hemp, and moved his latticed sandals in slow steps. Such a figure was Francis the hermit, when he wandered, as they tell, alone, through the dark haunts of wild beasts, subduing wolves and Libyan lions, and bearing to the forest people, impiously, the pious words of salvation.

Thus deceitfully clad, the false Serpent opened his execrable lips and spake: "Dost thou sleep, my son? Does slumber oppress even thy limbs? O unmindful of the Faith, and forgetful of thy flock! Canst thou sleep while a barbarous people by the North Pole laugh at thy throne and thy triple diadem, thou whom all should venerate? Canst thou sleep while the quiver-bearing Britons spurn thy laws? Come, arise! arise! thou slothful one, whom the Holy Roman Kaiser adores, and to whom the gate of the vaulted sky lies all unbarred.

Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio  
     possit, 100  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperix diseetam ulciscere  
     classem,  
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa pro-  
     brosæ,  
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puellâ.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
 Tyrrenum implebit numero milite pon-  
     tum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque  
     cremabit, 110  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla pro-  
     fanis,  
 Cuius gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte  
     laccesses;  
 Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.  
 Iamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus  
     ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe cre-  
     atos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ canisque ver-  
     endos:  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in  
     auras, 119  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus iniecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet An-  
     glia fidos  
 Propositi factique mone: quisquamne tuo-  
     rum  
 Audebit summi non iussa facessere Papæ?  
 Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stu-  
     pentes,  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis  
     Anglos.  
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina  
     fastis, 130  
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amic-  
     tus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile,  
     Lethen.

Break their pride and shameless insolence!  
 Let their sacrilegious eyes see what thy  
 malediction can do, and what the custody  
 of the apostolic key. Take thought to  
 avenge the scattered armada of Spain,  
 the Iberian standards overwhelmed in the  
 broad deep, and all the bodies of thy saints  
 who died on the ignominious cross during  
 the late reign of the Amazonian queen.<sup>1</sup>  
 If thou preferrest to drowse in thy soft bed  
 and refuse to crush the growing strength of  
 the enemy, he will soon fill the Tyrrhenian  
 sea with his ships, and plant his shining  
 standards on the Aventine hill. He will  
 break the relics of old saints and burn them  
 with fire. He will plant his profane heel  
 on thy sacred neck, thou whose sandals  
 kings once rejoiced to kiss. But do not  
 assault him with open war; that would be  
 labor lost. Rather use cunning and fraud;  
 it is righteous to set any kind of trap for  
 heretics. Just now their king calls from far  
 and wide his great men to council, his lords  
 and commons, and aged bishops venerable  
 with robe and snowy hair. These thou  
 canst blow limb from limb, their ashes  
 thou canst scatter to the wind, by placing  
 nitrous-powder beneath the building  
 where they convene. Straightway there-  
 fore do thou admonish of the proposed  
 deed all those in England who are still  
 faithful. Who of thy servants will dare to  
 refuse obedience to his sovran Pope?  
 Then, when the nation is seized with panic  
 terror and stupefied by the catastrophe,  
 let either the fierce Gaul or the savage  
 Spaniard invade them, and the days of  
 Queen Mary will at last return. Once  
 more thou shalt rule over the martial Eng-  
 lish. And, that thou mayest put away  
 all fear, I tell thee that all the gods and  
 goddesses, as many deities as thy church-  
 calendar celebrates, favor the "plan." So  
 speaking, the traitor laid aside the dress he  
 had assumed, and fled to the joyless realms  
 of Lethe.

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to the persecution of the Cath-  
 olics under Elizabeth.



Iam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera  
nati

Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;  
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ ianitor aulæ,  
Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque  
bilinguis,

Efferat quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
Hic inter cæmenta iacent præruptaque saxa  
Ossa inhumata virûm, et traiecta cadavera  
ferro;

Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocel-  
lis,

Iurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia  
fauces;

Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille, viden-  
tur,

Et Timor; exanguisque locum circumvolat  
Horror;

Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes  
Exulant; tellus et sanguine conscia stag-  
nat.

Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus  
antri

Et Phonos et Prodotes; nulloque sequente  
per antrum,

Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum ferali-  
bus umbris,

Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt.  
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fa-  
tur:

"Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit  
æquor

Gens exosa mihi; prudens Natura nega-  
vit

Indignam penitus nostro coniungere  
mundo.

Illuc, sic iubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
Tartareoque leves diffientur pulvere in  
auras

Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata pro-  
pago;

Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ  
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque minis-  
tros."

Finierat: rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.  
Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos

Now rosy dawn, opening the eastern  
gates, gilded the earth with returning light.  
Sorrowing for the death of her black son,  
Memnon, she sprinkled the mountain tops  
with ambrosial tears. The porter of the  
starry halls drove away sleep, and rolled  
back the pleasant dreams and visions of the  
night.

There is a place girt eternally with the  
darkness of night, the vast foundations of a  
building long since given to ruin, now the  
cave of fierce Murder and double-tongued  
Treachery, whom the hag Discord brought  
forth at one birth. Here amid heaps of  
rubble and broken stones lie the unburied  
bones of men, corpses impaled on steel.  
Here forever sits Craft, black, with dis-  
torted eyes; and Contention; and Calumny  
with viper jaws; and Fury; and Fear; and  
a thousand types of death. Pale Horror  
flies about the place. Perpetually through  
the silences howl the insubstantial ghosts.  
The conscious earth is soaked with blood.  
In the inmost recesses of the cavern Mur-  
der and Treachery lurk and tremble, and  
though no one pursues them, on they go  
through the cavern, the grewsome, rocky  
cavern, black with lethal shades; guiltily  
they flee, ever casting looks behind.

These champions of Rome, faithful  
through long ages, the Babylonish priest  
calls together, and addresses thus:  
"On the western confines of the world  
dwells a people hateful to me; their  
land is sea-girt, for scrupulous Nature has  
not held it worthy to be joined closely to  
our world. Thither, I command you, hasten  
quickly. As many men as you find burn-  
ing with desire of the true faith, take them  
to you as helpers and associates; then,  
with hell-powder blow the king and his  
chiefs, vile race that they are, into thin  
air." He ended, and the harsh twins  
[Murder and Treachery] obeyed him ea-  
gerly.

Meantime the Lord, who moveth the

Despicit æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat  
arce,

Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside  
terrâ 170

Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,  
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion  
Ossæ.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque  
fenestræ,

Amplaque per tenues translucent atria  
muros.

Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;

Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia  
bombis

Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia  
iunco,

Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua culmen. 180

Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in  
arce:

Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet  
olli,

Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levis-  
sima captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus  
orbis;

Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique iuven-  
cæ

Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,  
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia  
somno,

Lumina subiectas latè spectantia terras.

Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
Perlustrare, etiam radiantis impervia soli;  
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque lin-  
guis 190

Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque men-  
dax

Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus  
auget.

Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine  
laudes,

Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius  
ullum,

Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pige-  
bit

heavens in a wide circle and lighteneth  
from the ethereal citadel, looks down, and  
smiles at the vain plottings of the erring  
crowd, and will himself safeguard his  
people's cause.

Men tell of a place, midway between  
fertile Europe and the Asian land, looking  
toward the waters of Lake Maeotis. Here  
is placed the tower of Rumor, daughter of  
the Titan Earth. Of brass is the great  
tower, broad and resonant, nearer the  
ruddy stars than Ossa piled high with  
Pelion or Athos. A thousand doors and  
entrances stand open, and a thousand  
windows. Through the thin beaten walls  
gleam the ample courts within. Here  
crowds of people make a various whisper-  
ing, like the buzzing of swarms of flies  
about the milk-pails or through the wat-  
tles of the sheep-cotes, when the Dog-star  
climbs to the summit of the summer sky.  
Throned at the top of her citadel sits Ru-  
mor herself, avenger of her mother, Earth;  
about her head grow innumerable ears, by  
whose aid she gathers in the slightest  
sound, the lightest murmur, from the ends  
of the broad earth. More eyes she has  
than thou, Argus, Arestor's son, unjust  
keeper of the cow Io, eyes that never close  
in sleep, but continually look abroad over  
the lands beneath; with them she is wont  
to search through places void of light,  
impervious even to the sun's rays. With  
a thousand tongues she pours out in un-  
considering speech to any chance comer all  
that she sees or hears, now deceitfully  
making less the truth, now swelling it with  
imagined fabrications.

But, for all that, O Rumor, thou hast  
merited well at our hands, by reason of one  
good deed, than which there was never a  
truer. Thou art worthy to be praised in  
my song; I shall not be reproached for the  
length of my celebration of thee. For

Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli  
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmisso, alloquitur, terræque  
 tremente: 200  
 "Fama, siles? an te latet impia Papistarum  
 Coniurata cohors in meque meosque Bri-  
 tannos,  
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata  
 Iacobo?"  
 Nec plura: illa statim sensit mandata  
 Tonantis,  
 Et, satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,  
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sono-  
 ram.  
 Nec mora; iam pennis cedentes remigat  
 auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere  
 nubes;  
 Iam ventos, iam solis equos, post terga reli-  
 quit: 210  
 Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per  
 urbes  
 Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura spar-  
 git;  
 Mox arguta dolos et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida  
 dictu,  
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula  
 cæcis  
 Insidiis loca structa silet. Stupuerè relatis,  
 Et pariter iuvenes, pariter tremuere pu-  
 ellæ  
 Effræctique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat om-  
 nem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit  
 ausis 221  
 Papicolûm. Capti pœnas raptantur ad  
 acres;  
 At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur hon-  
 ores:  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fu-  
 mant;  
 Turba choros iuvenilis agit; Quintoque  
 Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

through thy offices, uncertain goddess, the  
 English were saved, and we should render  
 thee fit recompense. God, who tempers  
 with motion the eternal fires, sent forth His  
 thunderbolt, and while the earth shook  
 therewith, thus spake to thee: "Rumor,  
 art thou silent? Markest thou not the  
 impious brood of Papists conspired against  
 me and my Britains, or the novel murder  
 meditated against king James?" No more  
 He spake, but straightway she heeds the  
 mandates of the Thunderer; and, swift  
 before, now she puts on strident wings,  
 puts on a light body feathered with motley  
 plumage, and in her right hand takes a horn  
 of sounding brass. She tarries not. Her  
 wings oar the yielding atmosphere. 'T is  
 not enough for her to pass in flight the  
 driving clouds; she leaves the winds behind  
 now, and now the horses of the Sun. First,  
 as is her wont, she scatters vague whispers,  
 uncertain rumors, through the English cit-  
 ies; then with clear voice publishes the  
 designs of the enemy and his detestable  
 work of guile; she reveals the facts in all  
 their horror and adds in her garrulity the  
 very authors of the crime and the place  
 prepared for hidden treachery. At her  
 tale young men stand stupefied, maidens  
 tremble, and weak old men; the sense of  
 the awful ruin to come overwhelms all ages  
 equally. But meanwhile the Heavenly  
 Father pities this people from on high, and  
 frustrates the daring cruelty of the Pope-  
 worshippers. The plotters are captured  
 and dragged to torture. Incense and  
 honors are offered to God in gratitude; the  
 merry cross-roads smoke with genial bon-  
 fires. The throngs of young men dance.  
 No day in all the year is more celebrated  
 than the Fifth of November.

## IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

*Anno ætatis 17*

## ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY

This poem is parallel, in every respect except that of verse-form, with *Elegy III* on the death of Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, was likewise a Cambridge man, and had likewise been Master of Pembroke. His death occurred in October, 1626, only a few days after that of his brother-bishop. No

connection of a personal sort is known to have existed between Dr. Felton and Milton, though the tone of the poem might seem to imply such a connection. The concluding verses, in spite of their somewhat conventional phrasing, are premonitory of Milton's power to suggest the vastness of cosmic space.

ADHUC madentes rore squalabant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turbabant salis  
 Quem nuper effudi pius  
 Dum mæsta charo iusta persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis,  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia)  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos, 10  
 Cessisse Morti et ferreis Sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinûs  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore;  
 Graiusque vates parciûs 20  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.  
 At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor Neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:  
 "Cæcos furores pone; pone vitream  
 Bilemque et irritas minas.  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitòque ad iras percita? 30  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,  
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastove nata sub Chao:  
 Ast illa, cælo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat,  
 (Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,  
 Themidos Iovisque filiæ,) 40

My cheeks were still damp and stained, and my swollen eyes not yet dry from the salt tears I had shed in doing my sad duty over the precious bier of Winchester's bishop, when hundred tongued Rumor (O, always true messenger of evil and disaster!) spread through the cities of rich Britain and among the people sprung from Neptune, the news that you, who were chief pontiff of religion in the isle that bears the name of Ely, had yielded to Death and the dire Sisters. Then straightway ire boiled in my unquiet breast, and often I cursed the potent goddess of the grave, with curses more savage than Ovid conjured up against Ibis. More sparingly did the Grecian bard Archilochus curse the treachery of Lycambes, and Neobule, his own betrothed. But lo, while I was pouring forth heavy curses and was calling down destruction upon the Destroyer, methought I heard astonished these words, borne by a gentle breath beneath the breeze: "Quench thy blind wrath; quench thy gleaming bile and thy unavailing threats. Why dost thou rashly violate the powers which cannot be harmed, but which may be moved to sudden wrath? Death is not, — as thou deemest, poor deluded soul, — the dark daughter of Night, born of Erebus or Erinyes in the vasts of Chaos. No, she is sent from starry heaven to reap everywhere the fields of God. Souls hidden under the weight of flesh she calls into the air and the light, even as the fleet Hours, daughters of Themis and Jove, bring forth day from

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris,  
 At iusta raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari  
 Sedesque subterraneas.  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror,  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,  
 Auriga currus ignei. 50  
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;  
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum;  
 Longèque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triforem, dum coercerat suos  
 Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas, 60  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystalli-  
 nam, et  
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre  
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi  
 Sat est in æternum frui."

night. And these souls she leads before the face of the Sempiternal Father; but the souls of the impious she justly hurries away to the mournful realms of savage Hell, and the subterranean abodes. When I heard her voice calling me I rejoiced; straightway I left my foul prison of flesh, and in the midst of winged soldiery was borne in blessedness to the stars, as of old the aged prophet was rapt to heaven charioted in fire. The wain of bright Boötes, slow with cold, did not appall me, nor the arms of the fearful Scorpion, nor thy sword, Orion. I sped past the globe of the fulgid sun; far beneath my feet I saw the tri-form goddess of the moon tugging at the golden reins of her dragons. Through the ranks of the erratic stars, and the milky stretches of space, I was borne, wondering at the novel speed of my flight, until I came to the glittering portals of Olympus, and the palace of crystal, and the courts paved with jasper and malachite. But here I will be silent, for who born of mortal father can tell the pleasures of that place? It is enough for me to enjoy it forever."

### NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM

#### THAT NATURE IS NOT SUBJECT TO OLD AGE

It is probable, from a letter written by Milton to Alexander Gill, his former master at St. Paul's School, that this piece was composed to oblige a Fellow of Christ's College, who was called upon to furnish some verse of the kind for the commencement exercises of 1628. Milton says: "A certain Fellow of our college, who had to act as Respondent in the philosophical disputation at this Commencement, chanced to entrust to my puerility the composition of the verses required by the annual custom to be written on the questions in dispute, being himself already long past the age for trifles of that sort, and more intent on serious things." The "Respondent in the philosophical disputation" was a person chosen from among the candidates for the Master's degree, to

uphold a given thesis, and defend it against the attacks of two Opponents, similarly chosen. He was required to furnish a kind of poetical illustration of his thesis, to be distributed among the audience before the disputation began. The question here dealt with, that of the ultimate decay or eternal youthfulness of Nature, was a popular one in the seventeenth century, philosophic thought being about equally divided upon it. Milton's verses are a vigorous poetic protest against the theory of degeneracy, conceived with a fervor of conviction and a strength of imagery which gives the trifle a permanent significance. Milton was at the end of his fourth academic year at the time of writing, and hence in the twentieth year of his age.

HEU! quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis

ÆH, how man's roving mind is driven and wearied by perpetual error, involved in profound shade and night such as blind

Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamenta perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nullo eua solubile sæclo  
 Consilium Fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita  
 rugis

Naturæ facies, et rerum publica Mater,  
 Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescet  
 ab ævo?

Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus  
 ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra  
 vetustas

Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque  
 situsque,

Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tem-  
 pus

Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera pa-  
 trem?

Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Iupiter  
 arces

Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tre-  
 mendo,

Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius ictu  
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olym-  
 pius aulâ

Decidat, horribilisque reiectâ Gorgone  
 Pallas;

Qualis in Ægæam proles Iunonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.

Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati  
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ

Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Ne-  
 reus,

Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam ærei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro

Terrebunt Stygium deiecta Ceraunia Di-  
 tem,

In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue  
 bella.

At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs  
 astris,

Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere Fatorum lances, atque ordine  
 summo

Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu Mundi rota prima  
 diurno,

Œdipus knew! Foolishly he dares to measure the deeds of the gods by his own, to his own laws he likens those laws graven on eternal adamant; and the will of Fate, never to be changed or undone, he links with his own perishable days. Shall the face of Nature wither, and be furrowed with wrinkles? Shall the universal Mother grow sterile with age, and her all-creating womb shrivel to nothingness? Shall she go stricken with eld, her steps uncertain, her starry head palsied? Shall the hideousness of age, and filth, and wasting, and the eternal famine of the years, vex the stars? Shall insatiable Time eat up the sky and devour his own father? Alas, could not improvident Jove have warded off this evil from the orbs of Heaven, made them exempt from this sickness of Time, and given them perpetual revolutions? 'T is true, then, that a day will come when with fearful sound the floor of Heaven shall be broken up, when either pole shall shriek against the stroke, as Olympian Jove falls from his supernal dwelling, and dread Pallas, with the Gorgon uncovered on her shield; even as Vulcan, thrown from Heaven's brink, fell down to Ægean Lemnos. Thou too, O Sun-god, shalt imitate the calamity of thy son Phaethon and fall headlong from thy chariot, borne down in sudden ruin, and with thy quenched lamp the Ocean shall smoke and give forth deathly hisses from his waves. Then, torn from its foundation, the æry summit of Mt. Hæmus shall topple down; the Ceraunian mountains once used as missiles in the fratricidal wars of the gods shall crash into the lowest gulf, and terrify Stygian Dis.

Nay, not so. The omnipotent Father, planning for his universe, has more strongly established the stars. The scales of Fate He has balanced with surer weights. He has commanded all things in the great order to preserve unendingly their even way. Wherefore, the first wheel of the Universe [the Primum Mobile] rolls diurnal, and communicates its dizzy motion to

Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.  
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut  
olim

Fulminum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.  
Floridus æternum Phœbus iuvenile corus-  
cat,

Nec foveat effœtas loca per declivia terras  
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper, amicâ  
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rota-  
rum.

Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis  
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,  
Manê vocans, et serus agens in pascua cæli;  
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur  
ulnis.

Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque  
fragore

Lurida percussas iaculantur fulmina rupes.  
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Cau-  
rus;

Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelo-  
nos

Trux Aquilo, spiratque hiemem, nimbosque  
volutat.

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora  
conchâ

Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.

Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille  
vetusti

Priscus abest; servatque suum Narcissus  
odorem;

Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, de-  
corem,

Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior  
olim

Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique  
in ævum

Ibit cunctarum series iustissima rerum;  
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima,  
latè

Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cæli,  
Ingentique rogo flagrat machina Mundi.

the spheres within. Saturn goes no slower than his wont, and eager as of old fulminates red-crested Mars. Florid Phœbus shines ever young, nor does he deflect his team down declivities of sky to warm abandoned places of the earth; but always through the same zodiacal signs he goes charioting, strong with friendly light. The morning and the evening star rise lovely as of yore from the odorous East, shepherd-ing their ethereal flocks on the blanching plains of heaven; in the morning they call home the stars, in the evening lead them out to pasture; disparting the realms of time with twin variety of light. As of old the moon shines through the changing phases of her horns, clasping with the same arms her cerulean fire. The elements, too, keep faith. With the same old crash the lurid lightning smites the cliffs. With undiminished roar Caurus rages through the void, and savage Aquilo flings its same horror of snow and storm against the martial Scythians. The Sea-king still lashes the bases of Sicilian Pelorus; the trumpeter of ocean still sounds his hoarse conch over the waters. With the same vast weight giant Ægæon, they tell, bestrides the back of the Balearic whale. Nor from thee, Earth, does thy ancient vigor fade. The narcissus keeps its odor; the flower of thy boy, O Apollo, is still beautiful, and of thine, Aphrodite. Rich as of old, Earth still guiltily hides the sinful gold in her mountains, and the gems beneath her waves.

So, in fine, the just round of things shall go forever, until the last conflagration lays all waste, envelopes the poles, and wraps the summits of the mighty sky, and as on a huge pyre blazes the frame of the world.

DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT  
ON THE PLATONIC IDEA AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE

This is probably also an academic exercise, written on some occasion similar to the foregoing. It is an attempt to burlesque Aristotle's interpretation, too rigid and physical, of the Platonic doctrine of Ideas or Archetypes. Milton speaks not in his own person, but in

the person of a literal-minded Aristotelian, who demands loudly to know where the Archetype of man can be found, in the heavens above or the earth beneath. The manner of refutation here adopted is unexpectedly genial and humorous.

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorū deæ,  
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Iovis,  
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deūm,  
Quis ille primus cuius ex imagine  
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei? 10  
Haud ille, Palladis gemellus innubæ,  
Interna proles insidet menti Iovis;  
Sed, quamlibet natura sit communior,  
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
Et, mira! certo stringitur spatio loci:  
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum;  
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas; 20  
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ  
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
Atlante maior portitore siderum.  
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
Non hunc silenti nocte Plêiones nepos  
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem;  
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine 32  
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,  
(Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)

YE goddesses who guard the sacred grove, and thou, O Memory, happy mother of the nine-fold deity; and Eternity, lazily recumbent far-off in thy great cavern, guarding the laws and ordinance of Jove and keeping the chronicles and feast-calendars of Heaven, — tell me, who was that first Being, eternal, incorruptible, coeval with the sky, that one and universal Being, exemplar of God, after whose image cunning nature patterned human kind? It surely does not lurk unborn in the brain of Jove, a twin to virgin Pallas. Though its nature is common to many, yet, wonderful to tell, it exists apart after the manner of an individual, and has a local habitation. Perchance as comrade to the sempiternal stars it wanders through the ten spheres of heaven, and inhabits the globe of the Moon, nearest to earth. Perchance it sits drowsing by the oblivious waters of Lethe, among the spirits that wait to enter some living body and be born. Or in some remote region of the world does this Archetype of man walk about as a huge giant, lifting its high head to frighten the gods, taller than Atlas the star-bearer? No, the seer Tiresias, to whom blindness gave but added depth of vision, never saw it in his dreams. Winged Mercury never showed it to the wise band of seers, as he taught them in the silent night. The Assyrian priest, though he knew the long ancestry of ancient Ninus, knew old Belus and renowned Osiris, never heard of such a creature. Not even Hermes Trismegistus, trine and glorious name, though he knew many secret things, told aught of this to the worshipers of Isis.

Ah, Plato, unfading glory of the Academy, if you were the first to bring such



Iam iam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

monsters as this into the schools, you really ought to call back the poets whom you exiled from your republic, for you are the greatest fabler of them all. Bring them in, or else you, the founder, must go out!

## AD PATREM

## TO MY FATHER

This poem was written, as appears from internal evidence, at Horton, probably soon after Milton went there from Cambridge, at the close of his seven years of academic life. His position at that time was peculiar. His father had given him every advantage of education procurable, not only in the way of regular schooling, but also in the way of elegant accomplishments. To this had been added the stimulus of personal advice and encouragement in the prosecution of those large plans of self-improvement which Milton early laid out for himself. It was natural for the father to expect, therefore, that his son would now put this elaborate education to some practical use in adopting one of the professions. When Milton rejected the ministry, and settled down

at Horton with no more definite programme than to make a poet of himself, the good scribe, in spite of his own liberal tastes, may well have been puzzled, or even moved to remonstrate. This poem is at once an earnest avowal of indebtedness and an eloquent plea for the right to continue in the service of song. A very persuasive turn is given to the plea by the poet's declaration that the whole course of his father's conduct towards him has tended to develop in him the longing for high ideal aims; and that, moreover, his father's love of musical composition is only another form of the Muse's service. Milton's intellectual pride and exultant sense of power comes out strikingly as the poem draws toward its close.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora  
 fontes

Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
 Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
 Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime,  
 carmen

Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus  
 ipsi

Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima pos-  
 sint

Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat vacuis quæ redditur arida  
 verbis.

Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina  
 census,

Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravi-  
 mus istâ,

Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea  
 Clio,

Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub an-  
 tro,

Et nemoris laureta sacri. Parnassides um-  
 bræ.

Now may the Pierian fountains pour  
 their waters through my heart, and the  
 stream that falls from the twin peaks of  
 Parnassus roll all its flood upon my lips.  
 My Muse will put by her trivial strain, and  
 rise on audacious wings to praise the par-  
 ent whom I venerate. I know not how  
 welcome, best of fathers, this song will be,  
 this slender work that I meditate for you;  
 but I know no better gift with which to  
 repay your gifts. Gifts the greatest would  
 be too little to repay you, much less can  
 the mere arid return of words hope to equal  
 your kindness. But still this page can set  
 forth my account; on this sheet I have  
 summed up my wealth, which is nothing  
 except what golden Clio gave me, and what  
 dreams have brought me in sequestered  
 caverns, and the laurels of the sacred  
 wood, the shady places of Parnassus.

Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice car-  
 men,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cæli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine  
 mentem,  
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flam-  
 mæ. 20  
 Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque  
 Tartara carmen  
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coerces.  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyl-  
 læ;  
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,  
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita  
 fibris  
 Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in  
 extis.  
 Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus  
 Olympum, 30  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
 Ibis auratis per cæli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plec-  
 tro,  
 Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sona-  
 bunt.  
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circumat igneus orbes  
 Nunc quoque sideris intercinit ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Ser-  
 pens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius  
 Atlas. 40  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa  
 vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna  
 Lyæo.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia va-  
 tes,  
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crin-  
 es,  
 Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta cane-  
 bat,  
 Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glan-  
 des,  
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitus fulmen ab  
 antro.

Do not, my father, hold in disesteem the  
 work of the bard, divine Song, than which  
 nothing more clearly shows man's ethereal  
 beginning, and heavenly seed, and the high  
 origin of his mind. For in song linger holy  
 traces of that fire which Prometheus stole.  
 The gods love song. It has strength to  
 compel the trembling deeps of Tartarus,  
 to bind the lower gods, and chain the cruel  
 shades with triple adamant. Song reveals  
 the secrets of the distant future, spoken by  
 Apollo's priestesses and by the pallid lips  
 of quivering Sibyls. The sacrificer makes  
 verse before the solemn altars, whether he  
 strikes the tossing head of the bull between  
 its gilded horns, or knowingly consults  
 the destinies hidden in the fuming flesh, and  
 reads fate from the entrails still warm with  
 life. We too, when we return to our  
 native Heaven, and when the changeless  
 eras of eternity are ours, shall go through  
 the skyey temples crowned with gold,  
 matching sweet hymns to the soft beat  
 of the plectrum; the stars and the deeps  
 of the twin poles shall ring with them.  
 And even now that fiery Spirit who flies  
 round the swift orbs, himself sings  
 amid the starry chorus an immortal mel-  
 ody a song ineffable, while the ruddy ser-  
 pent-constellation Ophiucus stills his hot  
 hissing, and fierce Orion, lowering his  
 sword, grows gentle, and Mauritanian  
 Atlas feels no longer the weight of the stars.  
 Poetry was wont to adorn the feasts of  
 kings, in the old days when luxury and the  
 vast abyss of the greedy maw were not yet  
 known, but when the table sparkled with  
 seemly and moderate wine. Then, accord-  
 ing to the good custom, the bard, seated  
 at the convivial board, his unshorn locks  
 bound with oak-leaves, used to chant the  
 exploits of heroes and their emulable deeds;  
 and Chaos, and the broad-laid foundations  
 of the world; and the infant gods crawling  
 to find their acorn food; and the thunder-  
 bolt not yet brought from the cavern of

Denique quid vocis modulamen inane luva-  
bit,  
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique  
loquacis?

Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea,  
cantus,

Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit  
aures,

Carmine, non citharâ, simulacraque functa  
canendo

Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine  
laudes.

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere  
Musas,

Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse  
peritus

Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad  
aptos,

Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.

Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse pœ-  
tam

Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine  
iuncti

Cognatas artes studiumque affine sequa-  
mur?

Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;

Dividuamque Deum, genitorque puerque,  
tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odise Ca-  
mcenas,

Non odise reor. Neque enim, pater, ire  
iubebas

Quâ via lata patet, quâ prœior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fuglet spes aurea

nummi;

Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque  
gentis

Iura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere

mentem,

Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum, Aoniæ iucunda per otia ripæ,

Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;

Me poscunt maiora. Tuo, pater optime,  
sumptu

Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia lin-  
guæ,

Et Latii veneres, et quæ Iovis ora dece-  
bant

50

61

70

80

Ætna. And what does mere music avail  
without words, tune vacant of sense and  
eloquent numbers? That will do for the  
sylvan chorus of the birds, but not for  
Orpheus; 't was with his singing voice, not  
with the sound of his cithara, that he held  
back rivers, gave ears to the oaks, and  
drove the ghosts of the dead to tears. From  
song he has the praise for these marvels.

Do not, father, I pray, go on contemning  
the sacred Muses. Do not think them vain  
and poor, by whose grace you yourself  
are skilled to fit a thousand sounds to tune  
and rhythm, and varying your clear voice  
through a thousand modulations, may be  
by right of knowledge heir to Arion's name.  
If it has been your lot to beget me a poet,  
why should you think it strange that, close-  
joined as we are by the dear tie of blood, we  
pursue kindred arts and studies? Phœbus  
wished to divide himself, and gave one half  
himself to me and the other half to you.  
Father and son, we share between us the  
god.

But for all your pretence of hatred  
against poetry I do not believe that you  
hate it. For you did not command me,  
father, to go where the way lies open broad,  
and there is freer field for earning lucre;  
where the hope of gain shines golden and  
sure. Nor did you drag me to the bar, to  
grobe among the nation's ill-guarded laws,  
nor damn my ears to the insipid clamor  
of pleaders. Nay, rather you wished to  
enrich still more my mind, already well-  
nurtured, and led me far from the city up-  
roar into high retirement, and permitted  
me to enjoy happy leisure by the Aonian  
stream, and to walk a glad companion at  
Apollo's side.

I will say nothing of the common love  
and duty due to a dear parent; your claims  
on me are higher. When, at your cost,  
dear father, I had mastered the tongue of  
Romulus and seen all the graces of it, and

Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suasisti quos iactat Gallia flores,  
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loque-  
lam

Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet cælum, subiecta-  
que cælo

Terra parens, terræque et cælo interfluit  
aër,

Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile  
marmor,

Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit;  
Dimotæque venit spectanda Scientia nube,  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula  
vultus,

Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus  
avitas

Austriaci gazas Perûanaque regna præop-  
tas.

Quæ potuit maiora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Iupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cælo?  
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuis-  
sent,

Publica qui iuveni commisit lumina nato,  
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,  
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.

Ergo ego, iam doctæ pars quamlibet ima  
catervæ,

Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;  
Iamque nec obscurus populo miscebor in-  
erti,

Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profa-  
nos.

Este procul vigiles Curæ, procul este Que-  
relæ,

Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo;  
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia,  
rictus;

In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potes-  
tis,

Nec vestri sum iuris ego; securaque tutus  
Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua  
merenti

Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere  
factis,

Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera  
grato

Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, iuvenilia carmina, lusus,

had learned the noble idiom of the magnilo-  
quent Greeks, fit for the great mouth of  
Jove himself, you persuaded me to add to  
these the flowers which France boasts; and  
the speech which the modern Italian pours  
from his degenerate lips, bearing witness  
in every accent of the barbarian tumults;  
and the language in which the singers of  
Palestine speak their mysteries. After-  
wards, whatever the sky holds, or mother  
earth under the sky, or the air of heaven  
between; whatever the wave hides, or the  
restless marble of the sea, — of all this  
through you I am enabled to learn, through  
you, if I care to learn. From the parted  
cloud comes Science, naked and lovely, and  
bends her entrancing face to my kisses;—  
unless I wish to flee, unless I find it irksome  
to taste her lips.

Go, gather wealth, ye dull minds that  
care for the old treasures of Austria, and  
of the Peruvian realm. What greater gift  
than learning could my father have given  
me, or Jove himself, unless he had given me  
all but his very sky? Not more potent,  
though more dangerous, was the gift of him  
who entrusted to his son the general light,  
and the chariot of Hyperion, and the reins  
of day, and the tiara of undulating radi-  
ance. Therefore, since I am a part, though  
the humblest, of the gifted throng, I shall  
sit among the victor's ivy and laurel. I  
shall not mix obscurely with the dull rabble;  
my footsteps shall be far from profane  
eyes. Let wakeful Care avaunt, and Com-  
plaint, and Envy with her crooked leer.  
Fierce Calumny, open not thy poisonous  
jaws! Varlets, ye have no power of evil  
over me; I am not under your law. With  
secure breast I shall walk, lifted high above  
your viper stroke.

But as for you, dear father, since it is  
not granted me to render justice to your  
desert, or equal your gifts with my deeds,  
let it suffice that I remember, that in all  
gratitude I count over my blessings, and  
hold them faithfully in mind.

And ye, my boyish verses, pastime of

Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque paren-  
tis

Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis  
ævo. 120

my youth, perchance if ye dare to hope for  
immortality, dare to look upon the light  
after your master is dead, and are not  
snatched away to crowded Orcus and its  
dark oblivion, perchance these praises  
which I sing in the name of my father will  
last as an example for the age to come.

## AD SALSILLUM POETAM ROMANUM ÆGROTANTEM SCAZONTES

### CHOLIAMBICS TO SALSILLO, A ROMAN POET, IN HIS ILLNESS.

The person addressed in these verses, Giovanni Salzilli, Milton probably met in Rome. His poetry has long been forgotten. He was a member of the literary society called L'Accademia dei Fantastici, or Academy of the Fantastics; and his poems were mostly written as contributions to this club. That he was one of Milton's Roman acquaintances we should know, without the testimony of the present

composition, by his commendatory verses prefixed to the Latin poems. These verses are in the usual fulsome strain, exalting Milton above Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. In the opening lines, Milton alludes jestingly to the kind of metre he has chosen to use, — scazons, or "limping measure," in which a spondee or trochee is inserted instead of the expected iambus in the last foot of each line.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,

Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inessu,  
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum  
Quam cum decentes flava Dæiope suras  
Alternat aureum ante Iunonis lectum,  
Ades dum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
Refer, Camcena nostra cui tantum est  
cordi,

Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò  
divis.

Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10  
Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
Pernix anhela sub Iove exercet flabra)  
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,  
Virosque, doctæque indolem iuventutis,  
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;  
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat; 20  
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano  
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
O dulce divùm munus, O Salus, Hebes  
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe! morborum  
terror,

Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan  
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
Queræta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso

O MUSE, who hast elected to drag a club-foot after thee, who rejoicest to go slowly limping like Vulcan, and esteemest thyself no less engaging so than is blonde-haired Deiope when she moves her trim ankles in the dance before the golden couch of Juno, — come, prithee, and bear these few words to Salsillo, who is so partial to my poetry that he puts me, all unworthy as I am, before the divine singers of old. Say that the man whom he praises sends him these verses; London-bred Milton, who a while ago left his nest and his accustomed tract of sky, where the worst of wild winds fills the sky from its ungovernable lungs with fleet and panting blasts, and came to the fruitful glebe of Italy, to see its proud cities, its noble men, and its gifted youth. Now he sends thee greeting, Salsillo, and much health to thy afflicted body. Surfeit of bile infests thy reins, and spreads sickness through thy organs; it is too impious to spare thee, for all the polished Lesbian song that thou pourest from thy Roman mouth.

O Health, sweetest gift of the gods, sister of Hebe! and thou Apollo (or Pæan, if thou lovest that name better), thou who didst slay Python and art the terror of disease, behold, this is a priest of thine! O ye oaken groves of Faunus, and ye Roman

Colles benigni, mitis Euandri sedes,  
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30  
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis  
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans;  
 Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro;  
 Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum, 40  
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

hills gracious with the dew of the grape,  
 ye seats of mild Evander, if any healing  
 simple grows in your valleys, hasten, strive  
 each to be first in bringing alleviation to  
 your sick poet. Then, restored once more  
 to the dear Muses, he will charm the near  
 fields with sweet song. Numa himself,  
 where he reclines under the dark trees in  
 a blissful eternity of ease, and gazes for-  
 ever at his Egeria, will wonder. Swollen  
 Tiber, soothed by the music, will spare the  
 crop on which the farmer has set his hope  
 of the year. He will cease to rush on with  
 his left rein too loose, to overwhelm the  
 very kings in their sepulchres; but he will  
 temper his waves, till they reach the salt  
 realms of Portumnus, god of the curving  
 harbor.

## MANSUS

Ioannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicæ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus: ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATÀ, lib. 20.

*Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi  
 Risplende il Manso. . .*

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

## TO MANSO

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is a man of the highest repute in Italy, for genius, scholarship, and military accomplishments. Torquato Tasso addressed to him his Dialogue on Friendship; he was a dear friend of that poet, and is mentioned among the princes of Campania in the poem entitled Gerusalemme Conquistata, book xx:—

*Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,  
 Risplende il Manso.*

During the present author's stay at Naples, he was indebted to this nobleman for many offices of kindness and courtesy. After leaving the city, therefore, he sent the following verses to his host, in token of gratitude.

The above headnote, prefixed to the poem for the edition of 1845, leaves only a few additional words of explanation to be given. Milton owed his introduction to Manso, as he tells us in the Defensio Secunda, to an eremite friar with whom he fell in on the way from Rome to Naples, in November, 1638. Born in 1561, the marquis was now verging upon his eightieth year, and was one of the very few munificent private patrons of art and letters still alive in Italy. He had sheltered Tasso, in 1588, when the poet was wandering friendless and distracted over Italy, and published affectionate personal memoirs of that poet after his death. He had stood in the same relation of friendship and helpfulness to Marini, upon

whose shoulders Tasso's mantle fell. At Marini's death, in 1625, he had taken charge of his burial and erected a monument in his honor. A man so intimately connected with the glories of Italian poetry could not but be interesting to Milton. We have abundant evidence that the interest was returned. Milton himself says: "As long as I staid in Naples, I found him truly most friendly to me, he himself acting as my guide through the different parts of the city and the palace of the viceroy, and coming himself more than once to my inn to visit me; and at my going away he seriously excused himself to me in that, though he wished to have shown me greater attention, he had not been able to do so in that city,

because I would not be more close in the matter of religion." The complimentary epigram which Manso gave to his young English guest and which the latter prefixed to his Latin poems, rather bluntly excludes his religious convictions from eulogy: "If, as thy mind, form, bearing, face, and morals, so also thy creed were, thou would'st be not an Angle but an angel."

In the *Epitaphium Damonis* there is a description of the wrought or painted cups which Manso gave his guest as a keepsake:—

"I dreamed of showing thee the two cups which Manso gave me,—Manso, not the least glory of the Neapolitan shore. They are wonders of art, even as the giver is wonderful. About them is wrought a double brede; in the midst rolls the red sea, and spring scatters its odors; along the far coasts of Araby the trees drop balsam. . . . In another

place is the mighty stretch of sky, where Olympus lies open to view."

The poem to Manso is one of singular elegance, and occasionally of high beauty. Autobiographically the most interesting passage is that in which the poet states his intention of writing an epic upon King Arthur; by which announcement he makes a tacit claim to be included in the list of those poets whom Manso has befriended. The concluding passage, in which Milton longs for such a patron and friend as Manso had been to Tasso and Marini, is conceived in a strain of surprising humility and dependence, rising, however, at the end, into confident exaltation.

The exact date of the poem cannot be fixed. It was composed either in Italy, after Milton left Naples, or in England, soon after his return.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi

Pierides; tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,

Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,

Post Galli cineres, et Mæcænatis Hetrusci.  
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,

Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Iunxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa  
Marinum

Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumn-  
num, <sup>10</sup>

Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores,  
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine  
nymphas.

Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:  
Nec Manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici;  
Vidimus ardentem operoso ex ære poem-  
tam.

Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec  
pia cessant

Officia in tumulto; cupis integros rapere  
Orco,

Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere  
leges:

Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte perac-  
tam <sup>20</sup>

Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Mi-  
nervæ;

Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam

THESE verses too, Manso, the Muses intend in praise of you, who are already so well-known to Apollo's choir, and honored by the god above any man since Gallus died and Tuscan Mæcenas. If the breath of my song avails, you too shall sit among the victor's laurels and ivy.

First, a happy friendship joined you with great Tasso, and wrote both your names on eternal scrolls. Next, the Muse, knowing your worth, gave to you sweet-tongued Marini; he rejoiced to be called your fosterling while he sang in copious strains the Assyrian loves of the gods, and enthralled the Italian nymphs with his soft accents. When the poet died, he who had owed you his life gave into your care, to yours alone, his bones and death-bed wishes. Your dear piety was true even to the ghost of your friend, as that monument tells in which he still smiles at us from the wrought bronze. Even this did not satisfy you; your kindly offices did not cease at the tomb. You longed to save both your poet friends from Orcus, and, so much as lay in you, to cheat the avid laws of the Parcæ. And so you told the ancestry of both, their character, their gifts of mind, the various fortune of their lives,—emulous of him who was born on high Mycale, fluent

Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
Ergo ego te, Clîus et magni nomine Phœbi,  
Manse pater, iubeo longum salvere per  
ævum,

Missus Hyperboreo iuvenis peregrinus ab  
axe.

Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere  
Musam,

Quæ nuper, gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,  
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per  
urbes.

Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine  
cygnos

Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per um-  
bras,

Quâ Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis  
Oceanî glaucos perfundit gurgite crines;  
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus  
oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec in-  
utile Phœbo,

Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.

Nos etiâ colimus Phœbum, nos munera  
Phœbo,

Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana  
vetustas)

Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente cho-  
reas.

(Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata de-  
orum,

Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta cane-  
bant.)

Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,

Carminibus lætis memorant Corinēida  
Loxo,

Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Heca-  
ërge,

Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.  
Fortunate senex! ergo quacunque per  
orbem

Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur in-  
gens,

Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausum-  
que virorum,

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates  
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina  
Musas.

Herodotus, chronicler of Æolian Homer. Therefore, sire, in the name of Clio and of mighty Phœbus, I, who come a wandering youth from the Hyperborean realms, send you greeting and long life. You, who are so kind, will not scorn a stranger's Muse, who, nourished sparsely in the frozen north, lately dared a venturesome flight through the cities of Italy.<sup>1</sup> I too, methinks, have heard, through the obscure shades of night, the swans singing in my river at home, where argent Thames, bending above her clear urns, lets her glaucous locks stream wide into the ocean. What do I say? did not Chaucer himself, our Tityrus, come once to these shores?

In truth, we who endure the long nights under wintry Boötes and that region of the firmament over which wheels the seven-fold Wain, are no untaught race, useless to Apollo. We, too, worship him; of old we sent him gifts to his own island, sent him yellowing ears of grain, and baskets of golden apples, and odorous crocus-flowers, (unless the ancient record lies). These we sent, borne by a chosen band of Druids, an ancient race, skilled in the sacred rites of the gods, and singers of the noble deeds of heroes. Often, in memory of this pilgrimage, the Greek girls circle the altars in grassy Delos, as is their gracious wont, and in glad songs commemorate Loxo, daughter of Corineus, and prophetic Upis, and Hecaërge of the yellow hair, — Druid maids, whose nude breasts were stained with Caledonian woad.

Fortunate old man! wherever through the world the mighty name of Tasso is celebrated with honor, wherever the imperishable fame of Marini spreads, you too shall be on the lips of men for praise; you shall fly side by side with these poets on their immortal way. It shall be said that of his own accord Cynthian Apollo dwelt in your house, and that the Muses came as

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to the Latin verses contributed by Milton to the Italian academies.



At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis  
adivit

Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo,  
Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepere hos-  
pes;

Tantum, ubi clamosos placuit vitare bu-  
bulcos,

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta, <sup>61</sup>  
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice  
nigrâ,

Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus  
amici,

Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub  
imo

Saxa setere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,  
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;  
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lyn-  
ces.

Diis dilecte senex! te Iupiter æquus  
oportet

Nascentem et miti lustrârit lumine Phœ-  
bus, <sup>70</sup>

Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus  
ab ortu

Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis  
honores,

Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis  
acumen.

O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,  
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene  
nôrit,

Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina  
reges, <sup>80</sup>

Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moven-  
tem,

Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modò spiritus  
adsit)

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte  
phalanges!

Tandem, ubi, non tacitæ permensus tem-  
pora vitæ,

Annorumque satur, cineri sua iura relin-  
quam,

Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis;  
Astanti sat erit si dicam, 'Sim tibi curæ';

familiars to your threshold. When Apollo came a heavenly fugitive to the fields of King Admetus, it was not of his own free accord, though Admetus had been host to great Alcides. And when he wished to be rid for a while of the shouting ploughmen, he went to that far-famed cave of the gentle centaur Chiron, amid irriguous slopes and roofs of shade, near to the river Peneius. Often there under the dark ilex, at his friend's request, he took his cither and sang to lighten the harsh labors of his exile. Then neither the banks of the stream nor the rocks in the chasm stood quiet. The Trachinian cliff swayed, no longer feeling the mighty weight of its forests. The ash-trees from the mountains drew near, and the spotted lynxes, softened at the new song.

Old man loved of the gods! Surely Jupiter and Phœbus and the grandson of Atlas must have poured upon you mildest radiance at your birth; for no man, unless he were dear from his cradle to the gods above, could have had the fortune to befriend a great poet. This is why your age keeps green with clinging blossoms and covers the stretch that the Fates span for Æson; late blossoms fade not from it; this is why your head preserves so long its locks un-fallen, your nature its vigor, and your mind the keenness of its prime. Oh, may Fate give me such a friend, a man who knows so well how to honor the sons of Phœbus, if ever I shall recall in song the kings of my native land, and Arthur, who carried war even into fairyland. Or I shall tell of those great-hearted champions bound in the invincible society of the Round Table, and (O may the spirit be in me!) I shall break the Saxon phalanxes with British war. Then, when I have lived the measure of my life, not in inglorious silence, and, sated with years, shall give the urn its rights, my patron will stand with wet eyes at my bedside. As he stands there, I shall only say, "Have me in thy care." He will place my

Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ: 90  
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vul-  
 tus,  
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside  
 lauri  
 Fronde comas; et ego securâ pace quies-  
 cam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa  
 bonorum,  
 Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in æthera  
 divûm,  
 Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea  
 virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo  
 (Quantum fata sinunt), et totâ mente sere-  
 num  
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus  
 Olympo. 100

limbs, loosened in death, softly in their humble grave; and perhaps he will carve my face in marble, and bind my sculptured brows with Paphian myrtle or with the laurel of Parnassus, and I shall rest in peace. Then, if faith means aught, if there is any reward for the righteous, I shall stand among the ethereal deities in Paradise, whither labor, and a pure mind, and righteousness that burneth as a flame, carry the souls of men: from some corner of the secret world, the fates permitting, I shall look down and behold all this; my soul shall smile, my serene face shall be suffused with purpureal light, and glad at heart I shall clap my hands in the air of Heaven.

### EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS ON THE DEATH OF DAMON

Milton's intimacy with Charles Diodati continued after they had both left college, and ripened into a friendship of a very pure and exalted kind, as is proved by the letters which passed between them, while one was at Horton and the other in the north of England engaged in the study of medicine. The Italian canzone beginning "Diodati, e' l' te diro con meraviglia," and the fact of Milton's pilgrimage to Lucca, the ancestral home of the Diodati family, show that his friend was still in his mind during his sojourn abroad. He probably did not hear of his bereavement until he reached Geneva, in June, 1639, when Diodati had been dead almost a year, carried off, within a fortnight of his sister, apparently by some epidemic which swept over that region of Blackfriars where the two had taken lodgings. The elegy which follows was written, if we are to take literally the passage beginning "Twice the ear had grown green on the stalk," about two years after Diodati's death, i.e., in the autumn of 1640.

Aside from the rare beauty and passion of

the poem in its Latin form, it has much autobiographic interest. The life which the two friends led together is treated in much more explicit detail than is the case in *Lycidas*, and without the fiction necessary there. Diodati's medical studies, their talks and walks in the country about Horton, Milton's own experiences in Italy and his poetic ambitions, all come in for a treatment which is unusually concrete in spite of the pastoral disguise. Of preëminent interest is the passage concerning the great epic poem on the legendary history of Britain which Milton has already under way, and his decision to write in English instead of Latin. It would be pleasant to know whether the shepherds and shepherdesses who figure in the threnody are actual friends of Milton and Diodati, disguised according to the pastoral convention; in the case of Chloris "from the stream of Chelmer," at least, a real person seems to be indicated. For some discussion of the form and spirit of the poem, see the introduction to the Latin poems.

#### ARGUMENTUM

Thyrsis et Damon, eiusdem vicinâ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis, animi causâ profectus, peregrinè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse accepto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, iuvenis egregius.

#### ARGUMENT

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds dwelling in the same region and pursuing the same studies, were close friends from boyhood. Thyrsis, while travelling abroad for the improvement of his mind, receives news of Damon's death. Returning after a time and finding it true, he deploras himself and his solitude in the following poem. By Damon is to be understood Charles Diodati, connected through his father's family with the Tuscan city of Lucca; in other respects an Englishman: a youth distinguished, during his short life, for unusual talents, learning, and virtue.

HIMERIDES Nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin  
et Hylan,

Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis),  
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida  
carmen:

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura  
Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduus exercuit antra querelis.  
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorum-  
que recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona,  
neque altam

Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola perer-  
rans.

Et iam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,  
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea  
messes,

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub  
umbras,

Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet  
illum

Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in  
urbe.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque  
relicti

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub  
ulmo,

Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit  
amicum,

Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolo-  
rem:—

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina  
cœlo,

Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere,  
Damon?

Siccine nos linquis? tua sic sine nomine  
virtus

Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?  
At non ille animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ

Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne  
silentium.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus antè  
videbit,

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque  
vigebit

Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo 30

Nymphs of Sicily's pastoral song, who forget not Daphnis or Hylas or the long lamented fate of Bion, repeat these Sicilian verses through the cities of Thames; these words which forlorn Thyrsis poured out in grief for Damon's taking-off before his time. He filled the caves with his murmured complaint, the rivers, the purling springs, and the depths of the woods; deep into the night he prolonged his sobs, as he wandered in lonely ways. Twice now the ear had grown green on the stalk, and twice had the yellow harvests been gathered into barns, since the fatal day which bore Damon to the shades, and Thyrsis absent. For love of the sweet Muse kept that shepherd in the far-off city of Tuscany. But when a mind replete, and anxiety for the flock he had left behind, called him home, he sat down beneath the accustomed elm; and then, ah, then at last he felt the loss of his friend, and thus he sought to lighten his overwhelming grief in speech:—

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Ah me! what powers shall I name on earth or in heaven, now that they have seized thee, Damon, in a cruel death? Dost thou leave us so? Shall thy virtue thus go hence without a name, and be merged with shades obscure? Ah, no; he who marshals dead souls with his golden wand, wills it not so; he will lead thee apart into a company worthy thy fellowship, and banish far off the base herd of the voiceless.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Be sure, whatever comes, unless the wolf's eye see me first, thou shalt not crumble in the tomb unwept. Thy honors shall be established, and long be kept green among shepherds.

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere  
laudes,  
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus  
amabit;  
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse,  
piumque,  
Palladiusque artes, sociumque habuisse ca-  
norum.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc  
præmia, Damon.

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi  
fidus

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas,  
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus  
herbis,

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminens ire leones,  
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis?  
Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire doce-  
bit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noc-  
tem

Dulcebis alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
Molle pirum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at  
malus Auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper insonat  
ulmo?

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus  
umbrâ,

Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia  
Nymphæ,

Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum  
mihi risus,

Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque le-  
pores?

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

At iam solus agros, iam pascua solus oberro;  
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,  
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et  
Euræ

Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepus-  
cula silvæ.

To thee, next after Daphnis, they shall  
rejoice to discharge their vows and of  
thee, next after Daphnis, to speak praises,  
so long as Palas and Faunus love the fields,  
if it means aught for a man to have been  
faithful like them of old, and pious, and  
learned in the arts of Pallas, and to have  
had a poet for his friend.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;  
your master has no time for you. These  
rewards, Damon, are thine for certain.  
But me, what will become of me? What  
faithful comrade will cling to my side, as  
thou didst, when through the bitter cold of  
the frost-filled country-sides we went to  
frighten the hungry wolves from the folds,  
or when we must needs go afar under the  
steep sun, where the herbs were dying of  
thirst, to hunt the great lions? Who will  
solace my day with talk and with singing?

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;  
your master has no time for you. To whom  
shall I entrust my heart? Who will teach  
me to assuage my eating cares? Who will  
cheat the long night with sweet converse,  
when the mellow pears hiss before the  
cheery fire, and nuts pop on the hearth,  
and outside the wild wind makes chaos,  
storming through the elm-tops?

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;  
your master has no time for you. Or in  
summer, when the sun is in the zenith at  
noon, when Pan slumbers deep-hidden in  
the oak-shade and the nymphs seek their  
accustomed nooks under the waters, when  
the shepherds are all quiet and the boor  
snores under the hedge, — who will bring  
me thy blandishments, thy laughter, thy  
wit, thy graceful learning?

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;  
your master has no time for you. Now I  
wander alone through the fields and pas-  
tures, all alone now; where the shadows of  
the branches thicken in the valley, I wait  
the evening; over my head the wind and  
the rain-cloud make a mourning sound,  
and the forest twilight is all astir with  
gleams and shadows.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Heu! quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis

Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
Nec myrteta iuvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ

Mcerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphisibæus ad ornos,

Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:

'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas.'

Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abibam.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem fortè notârat

(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),

'Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit; 'quæ te coquit improba bilis?

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;

Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.'

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Mirantur nymphæ, et 'Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?

Quid tibi vis?' aiunt: 'non hæc solet esse iuventæ

Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:

Illæ choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem

Iure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.'

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,

Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perditâ fastu;

Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti: 90  
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Alas, how my fields, once well-tended, are overgrown with weeds! The high corn cracks open with blight; the grape-clusters have withered, unmarried to the elm. My myrtles please me not: I am weary of my sheep as well, but they turn their mournful eyes upon their master.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Tityrus calls to the hazels, Alphisibæus to the ash-trees, Ægon to the willows; to the rivers beautiful Amyntas calls: 'Here,' they cry, 'are cool fountains, here the sward is soft with moss, here are gentle winds, here the arbutus murmurs to the placid stream. They sing to a deaf ear; I plunge into the bushes and leave them.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Mopsus chances to see me returning (skilled in the stars and in the speech of birds is Mopsus), and adds his voice to theirs. 'What ails thee, Thyrsis,' he says, 'what shameful fit of spleen torments thee? Either love wastes thee, or some star has cast on thee a baleful charm: Saturn's star has oft been bitter to shepherds, and with his slant dart of lead has pierced their inmost hearts.'

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. The nymphs gaze at me astonished, and 'Thyrsis,' they say, 'what is in store for thee? what wilt thou? This cloudy brow, these threatening eyes, this gloomy face,—these belong not to youth. Youth cares for dancing and gaiety, and follows after love as its right; twice wretched is he who loves late.'

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Hyas comes, and Dryope; Ægle comes, daughter of Baucis, skilled in numbers and the lyre, and deadly proud withal; Chloris comes, from the stream of Chelmer hard by: their blandishments, their soothing words, are

Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ulla  
futuri.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata  
iuvenci,

Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!  
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit  
amicum

De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula  
thoes,

Inque vicem hirsuti paribus iunguntur onagri:

Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus

Agmina phocarum numerat: vilisque volu-  
crum 100

Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia  
circum

Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens;

Quem si sors letho obiecit, seu milvus  
adunco

Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fos-  
sor,

Protinùs ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis

Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore  
discors;

Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit  
unum;

Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera  
votis, 109

Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ  
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula dam-  
num.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Heu: quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in  
oras

Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosa-  
m? Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam

(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret  
olim

Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),  
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,

Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere  
montes,

Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque so-  
nantes? 120

Ah! certè extremum licuisset tangere dex-  
tram,

nothing to me. Nothing in the present  
pleasures me, nor have I any hope for the  
future.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;  
your master has no time for you. Ah me!  
how like one another are the herds at sport  
in the fields, all companions of like feeling  
under a single law! No one of them seeks  
out a separate friend from the herd. Even  
so the jackals come in crowds to feed, and  
in varying turn the shaggy zebras pair.  
The same law rules on the seas, where on  
the desert shore Proteus numbers his drove  
of sea-calves. Even the sparrow, humblest  
of birds, has always a mate, with whom he  
flies in happy freedom to every heap of  
corn, returning late to his own nest; yet,  
if this mate dies, or a curve-beaked falcon  
slays it, or the ditcher pierces it with his  
arrow, straight he flutters off to find  
another. But we men are a hard race,  
driven by a ruthless fate, alien mind  
from mind, heart from heart discordant.  
Hardly out of a thousand does a man find  
one congenial spirit; or, if fortune sends one,  
at last relenting at our prayers, yet, in an  
hour when we least expect it, he is snatched  
from us, leaving eternal loss behind.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;  
your master has no time for you. Alas,  
what restless fancy drew me to foreign  
shores, across the skyey precipices of the  
snow-clad Alps? What was there so pre-  
cious in the sight of buried Rome (even  
if she had been as she was when Tityrus  
of old left his sheep and his fields to see  
her) that I could part from my sweet  
companion, could put between him and me  
so many deep seas, so many mountains  
and forests, so many rocks and sounding  
rivers? Ah, if I had stayed, I could at  
least have touched his hand at the last,

Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
Et dixisse 'Vale! nostri memor ibis ad astra.'

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,

Pastores Thusci, Musis operata iuventus,  
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,

Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni

Murmura populeumque nemus, quàm mollior herba,

Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,

Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!

Ipe etiam tentare ausus sum; nec puto multum

Displicui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,

Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:  
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos

Et Datis et Francinus; erant et vocibus ambo

Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.

Ah! quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,

'Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon;

Vimina nunc texit varios sibi quod sit in usus';

Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi.

'Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,

Imus, et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,

Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi iugera Cassibelauni?

Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,

150

closed his dying eyes, and said, 'Farewell, do not forget me as thou goest to the stars.'

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Yet, for all, I shall never be loth to keep you in my mind, Tuscan shepherds, youths devoted to the Muses; with you dwell Grace and Pleasantness. Thou, too, Damon, wert a Tuscan; thou tracest thy lineage from Lucca, ancient city of Lucumo. Oh, how mighty was I, when I lay stretched by cool murmuring Arno, on softest grass in the poplar grove, and could now pluck violets, and now sprigs of myrtle, while I listened to Menalcas contending with Lycidas in song. I myself dared to enter the strife, and I think I did not much displease; for I have the gifts you gave me in reward, — rush-baskets, and osier-plaits, and waxen reed-stops. Nay, Datis and Francinus, both of them famous scholars and singers, and both of Tuscan blood, taught my name in song to their native beeches.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Such strains as these the moist moon used to whisper to my glad ear while all alone I was shutting my kids in the wattled close. Ah, how many times I said, — aye even when the urn was holding thy ashes, 'Now Damon is singing, or setting traps for the hare. Now he is plaiting osiers for his various uses.' With easy mind I hoped, and lightly I fitted the future to my wish, picturing it all present before my eyes. 'Heigh, friend,' I would say, 'art thou busy? If nothing is to hinder, shall we go lie and chat a bit in the shade, by the waters of Colne<sup>1</sup> or on the heights of Cassebelanus?<sup>2</sup> Thou shalt tell over to me thy herbs

<sup>1</sup> A river flowing past Horton.

<sup>2</sup> Near St. Albans, in Herts.

Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foli-  
umque hyacinthi,  
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque  
medentûm.'

Ah! pereant herbæ, pereant artesque me-  
dentûm,

Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere ma-  
gistro!

Ipe etiam — nam nescio quid mihi grande  
sonabat

Fistula — ab undecimâ iam lux est altera  
nocte —

Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis:  
Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec  
ultra

Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque  
ne sim

Turgidulus; tamen et referam; vos cedite,  
sylvæ. 160

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non  
vacat, agni.

Ipe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora  
puppæ

Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Ino-  
geniæ,

Brennumque Arviragumque duces, pris-  
cumque Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege  
colonos;

Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iöger-  
nen;

Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis  
arma,

Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita super-  
sit,

Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu  
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata

Camcenis 170

Brittonicum strides! Quid enim? omnia  
non licet uni,

Non sperâsse uni licet omnia; mî satis  
ampla

Mercès, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus  
in ævum

Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius  
orbi),

Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor  
Alauni,

Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus  
omne Treantæ,

Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca  
metallis

and medicines, hellebore, and the lowly  
crocus, and hyacinth-leaf; thou shalt tell  
me what simples are to be found in such  
and such a pond, and reveal to me all the  
arts of healing.' Ah, perish the simples!  
Perish the arts of healing! They could not  
profit their master! And as for me, — 'tis  
eleven nights and a day now since I — ah, I  
know not what large strain my pipe was try-  
ing to sound — I was accustoming my lips  
to new reeds perhaps: suddenly the fas-  
tening burst; the reeds flew asunder, un-  
able to endure longer the grave sounds to  
which I racked them. I know not — per-  
haps I am over-bold; still, I will tell about  
it. Give way, my woodland song, to a  
sterner theme.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;  
your master has no time for you. I am  
about to sing of the Trojan ships that  
passed along our Kentish coast, and the  
old realm of Imogene, daughter of Pan-  
drasus and the chiefs Brennus and Arvira-  
gus and old Belinus, and the colonists who  
settled at last in Armorica under British  
laws. Then I shall tell of Igraine, pregnant  
with Arthur through the fatal wizardry  
of Merlin, who gave to Uther Pendra-  
gon the face and the armor of her husband  
Gorlôis. Oh then, if life is granted me,  
thou, my shepherd-pipe, shalt hang neg-  
lected on the gnarled pine, or be changed  
to shrill forth the strains of my native land,  
and the cry of Britons in battle. Native  
strains, do I say? Yea, one man cannot  
hope to accomplish all things. It will be  
sufficient reward and honor for me, even  
though I remain forever unknown and in-  
glorious among the other nations of the  
world, if only blond-haired Ouse shall read  
me, and he who drinks of Alan-water, and  
the whirling Humber, and the woods of  
Trent; above all, if my Thames shall sing



Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

"Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula

Mansus, <sup>187</sup>

Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria  
ripæ,

Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,

Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.

In medio Rubri Maris unda, et odoriferum ver,

Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ;

Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,  
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,

Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;  
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus

Olympus: <sup>190</sup>

Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pietæque in nube pharetræ,

Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyro;

Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,

Hinc ferit; at circum flammantia lumina torquens,

Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes

Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:

Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formæque deorum.

"Tu quoque in his — nec ne fallit spes lubrica, Damon —

Tu quoque in his certè es; nam quò tua dulcis abiret

Sanctæque simplicitas? nam quò tua candida virtus? <sup>200</sup>

Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub Orco;  
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra.

Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,

Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;

Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,

Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post iura recepta,

my songs, and Tamur mineral-stained, and the far-off wave-beaten Orkneys.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. All these plans and dreams I was keeping for thee, under the clinging laurel-bark, these and more besides. I dreamed of showing thee the two cups which Manso gave me, Manso, not the least glory of the Neapolitan shore. They are wonders of art, even as the giver is wonderful. About them is wrought a double brede; in the midst the Red Sea rolls, and spring scatters its odors; along the far coasts of Araby the trees drop balsam. Among the trees Phœnix, divine bird, unique on earth, blazes cerulean with multi-colored wings, while he watches the morning rise over the vitreous waters. In another place is the mighty stretch of sky where Olympus lies open to view. Yes, and Love is there, too; in clouds his quiver is pictured, his shining arms, his torch, his arrows tipped with fiery bronze. But he does not aim upon our earth at light minds, at the herd of vulgar souls. No; he rolls his flaming eyes and steadfastly sends his arrows upward through the orbs of heaven, never aiming a downward stroke. Under his fire the souls of the blessed burn, and the bodies of the gods.

"The gods! Thou art among them, Damon, unless elusive hope deceives me; among them thou surely art. For whither should thy sweet and holy simplicity go? Whither thy righteousness and candor? 'T would be sin to seek thee in Lethæan Orcus. Tears are not for thee; I shall weep no more. Go hence, lamentation! Damon the pure dwells in skies of purity. Beneath his feet he has spurned the rainbow. Among hero-souls and deathless divinities he drinks the draft of Paradise; he sips joy with his sacred lips. Now that

Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicumque  
vocarís;

Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior  
audis

Dionotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210  
Cælicolæ nōrint, sylvisque vocabere Da-  
mon.

Quodd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe  
iuvēntus

Grata fuit, quodd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En! etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!  
Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante co-  
ronâ,

Lætæque frondentis gestans umbracula  
palmæ

Æternū perages immortales hymenæos,  
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista  
beatīs,

Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsō."

thou possessest the rights of Heaven, O my friend, stand at my right hand, show me thy gentle favor, however I call upon thee, — whether by the old name of Damon that our woods heard, or whether Dionotus please thee better, the divine name Gift-of-God, by which the heavenly people know thee. Because thy cheek kept its rosy blush and thy youth its stainlessness, because thou knewest not the joy of marriage, lo, for thy virginal spirit virginal honors are reserved. Thy bright head crowned with light, and glad palms in thy hand, thou dost ever act and act again the immortal nuptials, there where singing is, and the lyre mixes madly with the chorals beatific, and the wild orgies rage under the thyrsus of Sion."

## AD IOANNEM ROUSIUM

### OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM

January 23, 1646

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ Publicâ reponeret, Ode.*

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen seculimus, commodè legendi potius quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici *monostrophicum* debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ στίχους, partim ἀποσπασμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

## TO JOHN ROUSE

### LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

On a book of poems, which he (the Librarian of Oxford) la'ely asked to be sent to him, in order that he might place it with the author's other works in the public library, and which was lost on the journey.  
An Ode.

In 1646, John Rouse, Librarian of the Bodleian, applied to Milton for copies of all the works which he had published, in order that a complete set might be deposited in the library. Milton accordingly sent his 1645 volume of English and Latin poems ("double book in a single binding,") together with the eleven prose pamphlets written between 1641 and 1644. The pamphlets arrived safely, but the volume of poems was lost or stolen on the journey. Rouse then applied for another copy, which Milton sent, accompanying it with the following half-serious ode, addressed to the lost book. The references in it to the troubled state of England were rendered particularly pertinent by the fact

that at the time of writing Oxford was the headquarters of the Cavalier army, and all academic routine had been broken up. Milton looks forward, rather wistfully and wearily, to the time when the Muses of learning shall be recalled to their old abodes, and the "harpy pest" of royal soldiery be driven away. He sees in the placing of his own books in the care of a sedulous scholar, and in the shadow of a great library, an earnest of the time when "a distant generation, an age of sounder hearts, will render fairer judgment on all things." To get the full force of the passage, we must remember that Milton had just come to the end of the divorce controversy, which had ex-hausted him with its passion and bitterness.

## STROPHE I

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Munditieque nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Iuvenilis olim  
 Sedula, tamen haud nimii poetæ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit,  
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Dau-  
 nio 10  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

## ANTI-STROPHE

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo,  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto iugiter obsecrante amico,  
 Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamesis ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi 20  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,  
 Celeberque futurus in ævum?

## STROPHE 2

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,  
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,  
 Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus, 30  
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
 Iam penè totis finibus Angligenûm,  
 Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne  
 Pegaseo?

## ANTI-STROPHE

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantâ,  
 Semel erraveris ægmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus, 40  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili  
 Callo tereris institutoris insuli,

## STROPHE I

DOUBLE book in a single binding,  
 crowned mayhap with double laurel, bright  
 with unstudied adornment lavished in time  
 past by my boyish hand, — a sedulous  
 hand, but not yet overmuch a poet's, —  
 while I played through Italy's forest-shade  
 or over the green fields of England, in those  
 days when, still innocent of my nation's  
 troubles, I touched my native lute, or  
 played with Italian quill a far-brought  
 melody to those about me, my feet scarce  
 touching the earth for elation, —

## ANTI-STROPHE

Who filched thee, little book, from thy  
 mates, when at my learned friend's re-  
 peated instance thou tookest thy way from  
 the great city to the cradle of blue Thames,  
 where the limpid fountains of the Muses  
 are, and where ring the sacred shouts of  
 the Bacchic dance which shall be heard  
 and held famous forever, as long as the sky  
 rolls through the immense cycles of Time?

## STROPHE II

Ah, what god or demi-god will take  
 pity on the pristine worth of our English  
 race (if we have enough atoned for our  
 past faults, and our soft degenerate ease)  
 and take from us this curse of civil strife,  
 call back with holy voice the kindly studies  
 of the Muses who have been thrust from  
 their old abodes and driven almost quite  
 from English ground, transfix with Apollo's  
 dart the unclean birds whose claws threaten  
 us, and drive away the whole harpy pest far  
 from the waters of Hippocrene?

## ANTI-STROPHE

Thou, little book, though by the perfidy  
 or carelessness of my messenger thou wert  
 stolen from the number of thy mates, to be  
 thrown into some cave or den, where per-  
 haps thou art rubbed by a stupid huck-

Lætare felix; en! iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
 In Iovis aulam remige pennâ:

## STROPHE 3

Nam te Rôsius sui  
 Optat pecult, numeroque iusto  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogatque venias ille, cuius inclyta 50  
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ;  
 Teque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris  
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,  
 Clarus Erechtheides,  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ. 60

## ANTISTROPHE

Ergo tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amcenos;  
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,  
 Delo posthabitâ,  
 Bifidoque Parnassi iugo;  
 Ibis honestus,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina 70  
 Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ  
 Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

## EPODOS

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Iam serò placidam sperare iubeo  
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque bea-  
 tas  
 Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit solers Rôsis,  
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit,  
 atque longè  
 Turba legentûm prava facesset; 80  
 At ultimi nepotes  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Iudicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Rôsius favente.

ster's sordid palm, yet be glad: lo! the  
 bright hope may again be thine to escape  
 oblivion, and be lifted on oaring wings to  
 the courts of Jove:

## STROPHE III

For Rouse — he into whose care are  
 given the mighty monuments of departed  
 minds — desires thee to be of his flock; he  
 complains that thou art lacking from the  
 full number promised him, and asks that  
 thou be sent. Thee too he will place in the  
 sacred inner places over which he presides;  
 faithful guardian he of works eternal, and  
 custodian of nobler treasures than those  
 shining tripods and Delphic offerings of  
 which Ion, famous son of Apollo and the  
 Attic maid Creusa, had custody in the rich  
 temple of his father.

## ANTISTROPHE

Therefore thou shalt go to look upon the  
 pleasant groves of the Muses; thou shalt  
 enter the divine house of Apollo where he  
 dwells in the vale of Oxford, preferring  
 that habitation to Delos and to cloven-  
 peaked Parnassus. Thou shalt go with  
 honor, at the solicitation of a propitious  
 friend, who reserves for thee no common  
 destiny. Thou shalt be read among the  
 lofty names of Greek and Latin authors,  
 ancient lights of the people and their true  
 glory.

## EPODOS

You then, my labors, were not vain, what-  
 ever this poor genius of mine has put forth.  
 I bid you look forward to a time when envy  
 shall have worn itself out, and you shall  
 enjoy quiet rest in those blessed abiding-  
 places which good Hermes and the watch-  
 ful tutelage of Rouse shall give you, where  
 the prattling tongue of the vulgar shall not  
 penetrate, and the crowd of silly readers  
 keep far off. A distant generation, an  
 age of sounder hearts, perhaps will render  
 fairer judgment on all things; and then,  
 when all spite and rancor is buried, Pos-  
 terity will be able to see with clear eyes  
 whether any merit is mine — by Rouse's  
 favor.

SUPPLEMENTARY LATIN AND  
GREEK POEMS

## FROM THE ELEGIARUM LIBER

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quottannis

Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
Hic, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,  
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.  
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,

Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;  
Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni

(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo;  
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:

Nunc periere mihi et foetus et ipse parens."

## [DE MORO]

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia,  
Mori

Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM  
NOMINE CROMWELLI

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Trionum,

Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!  
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,

Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,  
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu,  
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;

Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

## FROM THE SYLVARUM LIBER

## IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM

QUIS expeditiv Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,  
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?

Magister artis venter, et Iacobæi  
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.  
Quod, si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,  
Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ  
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,  
Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

## IN SALMASIUM

GAUDETE, scombri, et quicquid est piscium  
salo,

Qui frigidâ hieme incolitis algentes freta!  
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques  
Bonus amicare nuditatem cogitat;  
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos  
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii  
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii;  
Gestetis ut per omne ceterarium forum  
Equitis clientes, seriniis mungentium  
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

## PSALM CXIV

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες ὄτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου  
Αἰγύπτῳ ἴλπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,  
Δὴ τότε μόνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἱὸς Ἰούδα·  
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.  
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπὰδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώσας θάλασσαν,  
Κύματι ἐλυμένη ῥοβίῳ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστὺν ἐλλίχθη  
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν·  
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,  
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγύοντες εὐτραφερῶς ἐν ἄλῳ·  
Βαῖτεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐρίπναι,  
Οἷα παρὰ σύργγι φιλὴν ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρρες.  
Τίπτε σὺν', αἰνὰ θάλασσαν, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώσας  
Κύματι ἐλυμένη ῥοβίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστὺν ἐλλίχθης  
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
Τίπτε, ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,  
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγύοντες εὐτραφερῶς ἐν ἄλῳ;  
Βαῖτεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,  
Οἷα παρὰ σύργγι φιλὴν ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρρες;  
Σέλεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,  
Γαῖα, θεὸν τρέουσα ὑπατον σέβας Ἰσρακιδάου,  
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοῦς χέε μορμύροντας,  
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, QUI  
EUM IGNOTUM ET INSONTEM INTER REOS  
FORTE CAPTUM INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT  
τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, HÆC SUBITO  
MISIT

Ὁ ἄνα, εἰ ὁλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
Δεινὸν ὧλος δρᾶσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον  
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αἰθι νοήσεις,  
Μαψιδίους δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τέν πρὸς θυμὸν ὁδύρη,  
Τοῖονδ' ἐκ πύλλιος περιούνημον ἄλκαρ ὁλέσσας.

## IN EFFIGIEI EIUS SCULPTOREM

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδῃ μὲν εἰκόνα  
Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύετ' βλέπων.  
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπενήνυες, φίλοι,  
Γελάτῃ φαύλου δυσμύμημα ζωγράφου.



## APPENDIX





## APPENDIX

### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Page 7. ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

15. *Heavenly Muse*; the Muse of sacred song addressed at the beginning of *Par. Lost*.

19. *Now while the Heaven*, etc. Cf. *Elegy VI*, near the end, where Milton speaks of beginning the Hymn at the first light of dawn on Christmas day.

23. *Wizards*; wise men: the present sense of "enchanter" existed in Milton's day, but he follows Spenser in using the word as a term of compliment.

28. *From out his secret altar*, etc.; cf. the Reason of Church Government: "that eternal Spirit, that . . . sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." The reference is to Isaiah vi. 6-7.

41. *Blame*; wrong, not reproof.

48. *Turning sphere*; the whole universe of concentric spheres, according to the Ptolemaic astronomy.

50. *Turtle-wing*; the turtle-dove, like the olive and myrtle, is a traditional emblem of peace.

56. *Hooked chariot*; *currus falcatus*, chariot with scythes projecting outward from the axles.

64. *Whist*; hushed. The word is another form of "hist," both originally onomatopœic exclamations to enforce silence.

68. *Birds of calm*; while the halcyon was breeding, according to the classical tradition, the sea was calm. *Charmèd*; laid under a spell.

71. *Bending one way their precious influence*; bending toward the new-born babe all the good influence which the stars were supposed to exert upon the lives of mortals. Cf. Job xxxviii. 31. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?"

74. *Lucifer*; the morning star.

85. *Lawn*; field, or any open space of ground.

86. *Point of dawn*; break of dawn. Cf. modern French *point du jour*, and the old verb *poindre*, to dawn.

89. *Mighty Pan*; Christ, as the "good shepherd," is frequently introduced into the pastoral poetry of the Renaissance as Pan.

92. *Silly*; simple, innocent.

95. *Struck*; the favorite form with Milton, though he has also *struck* and *strucken*.

101-103. *Construe*: Nature, that heard such sounds thrilling the airy region (i. e. the upper air) beneath the hollow round of Cynthia's seat (i. e. the sphere of the moon).

106. *Its* occurs only three times in Milton. The form was not commonly adopted until the close of the century.

111. *Shamefaced*; shamefast, modest. "Faced" is the Anglo-Saxon suffix *faest*.

114. *Displayed*; spread out. Latin *displacatus*.

116. *Unexpressive*; inexpressible. Cf. Lycidas, "the unexpressive nuptial song," and *Ad Patrem*, "inenarrabile carmen."

125-132. *Ring out, ye crystal spheres*, etc.; for once, let the music of the nine spheres moving upon each other become audible to mortal ears.

146. *Tissued clouds* probably refers to the cloth called tissue, woven of silk and silver threads.

156. *Wakeful trump*; awakening trump.

157-159. "And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire. . . . And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice." *Exod. xix. 18-19*.

168. *The Old Dragon*; Satan is so spoken of in Revelations.

186. *Genius*, i. e. the *genius loci*, or guardian spirit of a place.

189-191. The Lares, beneficent spirits of the dead, were worshiped by the Romans, and a particular room in private houses (here referred to as "holy hearth") was set apart for them. The Lemures were inimical spirits of the dead, of a lower grade than the Lares, and approximating to our ghosts or goblins.

194. *Flamens*, priests of ancient Rome.

"Quaint" is probably to be taken in the sense, not of "odd," but of "elaborate," "ceremonious."

197. *Peor* and *Baalim*; different names of the same sun-god, called also Baal-Peor, worshiped by the Phœnicians.

199. *Twice-battered god of Palestine*; Dagon, a sea-god of the Philistines. See 1 Samuel v. 3-4.

200. *Ashtaroth*, the moon-goddess of the Phœnicians, identical with the Syrian Astarte and the Greek Aphrodite.

203. *Libyc Hammon*; an Egyptian deity whose chief seat of worship was at Thebes. He was represented in the form of a ram, with curled horns.

204. *Thammuz*; see note to *Par. Lost. I. 446*.

205-210. Milton had in mind, Warton thought, the description of Moloch in Sandys's *Travels*, where the god is described as an "Idoll of brasse, having the head of a Calfe, the rest of a kingly figure, with arms extended to receive the miserable sacrifice, seared to death with his burning embracements. For the Idoll was hollowe within, filled with fire. And least their lamentable shrieks should sad the hearts of their parents,

the Priests of Molech did deafen their eares with the continual clang of trumpets and timbrels."

212. *Isis*; goddess of the Earth; Orus, or Horus, god of the sun; Anubis, son of Osiris, represented with the head of a dog or jackal.

213-220. *Osiris* was worshiped by the Egyptians under the form of Apis, the sacred bull. He was said to have been put into a chest by conspirators and floated down the Nile. This chest or ark was preserved at Memphis as an object of worship.

226. *Typhon*, or Typhæus, was represented by the Greeks as a hundred-headed monster, destroyed by Zeus. His Egyptian name was Suti; he was worshiped in Egypt sometimes under the form of a crocodile, which fact Milton seems here to have in mind.

240. *Youngest-teemed*; youngest-born.

Page 10. A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

1. *Terah's faithful son*; Abraham, whose "blest seed" were the children of Israel.

3. *Pharian*; Egyptian, from Pharaoh.

Page 11. A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVI.

46. *Erythrean main*; the Red Sea, from a Greek word meaning red.

65-66. *Seon* . . . that ruled the Amorrean coast; a borrowing from Buchanan's Latin version of Psalm cxxxv.: *Quique Amorrhæis Seon regnavit in oris*.

Page 12. ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT.

8-9. *Grim Aquilo*; Aquilo, or Boreas, the north wind, carried off Oreithyia, the daughter of King Erechtheus.

23-27. *Hyacinthus*, son of the king of Laconia, was slain by a quoit which Apollo threw and which the wind blew from its course. The flower hyacinth sprang from the ground where the boy's blood had flowed. Eurotas is a river of Laconia.

39. *That high first-moving sphere*; the Primum Mobile, or First-moved, the outer containing sphere of the Ptolemaic system. See Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, on Milton's cosmology.

47. *Earth's sons*; the Titans, who strove to conquer Olympus and overthrow Zeus.

50. *That just Maid*; Astræa, or Justice, who left the earth after the Golden Age.

68. *The slaughtering pestilence*; referring to the plague which raged in England during the summer of 1625.

76. *He will an offspring give*; Edward and John Phillips scarcely fulfilled the prophecy.

Page 13. AT A VACATION EXERCISE.

7-8. Milton asks pardon for deferring the English portion of the exercise till the last.

14. *The daintiest dishes*; i. e. the dramatic speeches of Quantity, Quality, and the other Predicaments.

19-20. *Those new-fangled toys*, etc.; an interesting reference to the Marinist school of conceitful writing, by which Milton himself was much affected in his youth.

74. *Subject . . . to many an Accident*; the lines preceding and following constitute a ridicule on the Aristotelian doctrine of Substance;

so long as Substance remained absolute or undetermined by the Accidents of quality, quantity, time, place, posture, habit, action, and passion, he "walked invisible;" he was dependent upon them "for clothing" because undetermined substance is not perceptible.

90. *Your learned hands*; addressed directly to the student audience.

95-100. *Sullen Mole*, that runneth underneath, etc.; the Mole, in Surrey, flows through a subterranean channel for a part of its course. The Severn derived its name from the maid Sabrina, who was drowned in it (see Comus, l. 824). The Dee, near Chester, was hallowed by Druidical associations. Humber was believed to have derived its name from an early Hunnish invader. Thames is "royal-towered" because it flows past Hampton Court, Windsor, and London.

Page 15. THE PASSION.

1-4. This reference to the Hymn on the Nativity shows that the present poem was written later, probably on the following Easter.

6. *Wintry solstice*; when the days are shortest.

24-26. The reference is to the *Christiad*, a Latin poem by Marco Girolamo Vida of Cremona, who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century.

37. *The prophet*; Ezekiel.

43. *That sad sepulchral rock*; the tomb of Christ.

56. *Had got a race of mourners*, etc.; refers to the fable Ixion, who mistook a cloud for Juno and begot the Centaurs.

Page 16. ON SHAKESPEARE.

10. *Thy easy numbers*; "His mind and hand went together: And what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarcely received from him a blot in his papers," say the editors of the first Folio Shakespeare. Milton's habit of composition was very different.

12. *Delphic lines*, i. e. oracular, inspired.

14. *Dost make us marble*; an extravagant and rather tasteless conceit; the meaning is that Shakespeare excites our imagination so intensely that we are carried out of ourselves, become dead to our surroundings.

Page 17. ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

1. *Girt*; girth.

8. *Dodged*; Masson quotes the following definition of the word "dodge" from Wedgwood's Dictionary of English Etymologies; "to jog, to move quickly to and fro; hence to follow in the track of any one, to follow his ins and outs, also to deceive one by change of motion."

Page 17. ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

5. *Sphere-metal*, i. e. of material as enduring as that of the heavenly spheres.

14. *Too long vacation hastened on his term*, a pun on the Long Vacation and Terms of the English universities.

32. *His wain was his increase*; a pun on the word wain, a wagon, and wane, a diminishing.

Page 18. ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

24. *To greet her of a lovely son*; Charles Paulet

Lord St. John of Basing, afterwards Duke of Bolton.

26. *Lucina*; goddess of child-birth.

28. *Atropos*; the Fate who clips the thread of life; her sisters were Clotho and Lachesis.

50. *Sweet rest seize thee*: the verb is used in the legal sense, to put in possession of.

63. *Syrian shepherdess*, Rachel, wife of Jacob.

Page 19. ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

5. *Perhaps my semblance*; an allusion to the extreme youthfulness of Milton's appearance after he reached the age of manhood.

Page 26. L'ALLEGRO.

1-3. Having personified Melancholy, Milton invents a parentage for her, and assigns as her place of birth a cave like that of her father Cerberus, on the banks of Styx, the "river of deadly hate." Erebus, not Cerberus, was properly the spouse of Night.

9. *Ragged*; rugged.

10. *Cimmerian desert*; the Cimmerians are placed by Homer in a waste land far to the west, perpetually involved in mist and darkness.

12-16. The first parentage assigned to Euphrosyne (on the strength of a scholiast's commentary to a passage of the *Æneid*) makes her the half-sister of Comus, who was the son of Circe by Bacchus. Euphrosyne represents innocent pleasure; Comus represents evil, sensual pleasure. In the double parentage Milton has in mind two ideals of innocent pleasure—that which springs from Wine and Love, and that which springs from Dawn and the light breezes of summer.

24. *Buxom*; spritely, lively. It originally meant pliant, yielding (German *biegsam*), and is so used by Milton elsewhere, in the phrase "buxom air."

29. *Hebe*, cup-bearer to the gods, and personification of eternal youth.

36. Liberty is probably called a "mountain-nymph" because of the traditional association of the love of freedom with mountain-dwellers.

40. *Unreproved*; unprovable, innocent.

43. *Watch-tower*; a metaphor which partakes of the nature of a pun; the word is suggested by "tour," which means soaring flight.

45-48. *Then to come*, etc.; a much-disputed passage. What is the construction of the infinitive? Grammatically it seems to be parallel with "to hear" just above, in which case it is L'Allegro who comes to the window of his room. But in that case, to what or whom does he bid good morrow, unless, indeed, it be to the waking world in general? If we suppose "lark" to be the understood subject of the infinitive, the construction is very irregular, and Milton ought to have known that larks do nothing of the kind. Mr. Masson cuts the knot by supposing L'Allegro to have emerged from the house, and to look in at the window to greet some one inside. The reader is at liberty to choose.

45. *In spite of sorrow*; in order to spite sorrow; the idea seems rather awkwardly introduced.

48. *Twisted eglantine*; eglantine is identical with sweet-briar; in calling it "twisted" Milton appears to have confused it with some vine, perhaps the honeysuckle.

55. *Hoar hill*; covered with hoar-frost, since the hunting season is in the autumn.

60. *State*; triumphal progress, like that of a monarch, with the clouds "in thousand liveries dight" as the sun's attendants.

67. *Tells his tale*; the common interpretation of this phrase is "tells his story." But tale may be used in the sense of "number," and tells in the sense of "counts;" in that case the phrase would mean, "counts the number of his flock," to see that none had been lost during the night, — certainly a more realistic morning occupation than story-telling.

71. *Lawns*; open fields: *fallows*; ploughed land left untilled.

77. *Towers and battlements*; probably a reminiscence of Windsor Castle, which is not far from Horton.

80. *Cynosure*; the constellation of the lesser Bear, which contains the Pole-star. The Tyrian (not the Greek) sailors steered by this constellation. Cynosure means literally "dog's tail," the name referring to the fancied shape of the constellation. The secondary meaning of the word, is of course, "something much looked at."

83-88. The names are common ones in both classic and modern pastoral poetry. The introduction of them here gives a touch of unreality which is of questionable appropriateness.

91. *Secure*; from Latin *securus*, care-free.

94. *Rebeck*; a kind of rude fiddle or crowd, the precursor of the violin.

102-114. A maid of the company tells of the mischievous doings of Mab, who was traditionally the patron and tormentor of servant maids. A man then tells of two characters famous in folk-lore, Friar Rush, or Jack-a-lantern, as he was variously called, and Robin Goodfellow. The latter performed for farm-laborers much the same offices of capricious good-will, sprinkled with mischief, as did Mab for the maids.

110. *Lubbar-fend*, i. e. lubbar-fiend. Cf. "Lob-lie-by-the-fire."

114. *Matin*; matin or morning song.

120. *Weeds*; garments. The word was originally of universal application, though now confined to the mourning garments of widows.

131. *Well-trod*; this allusion to the actors is an incidental proof that L'Allegro is supposed to view the plays on the stage of a theatre, not merely to read them.

132. *Jonson's learned sock*; "sock" implies comedy, from the *soccus*, or low slipper, worn by actors in comedy, in contrast with the *cothurnus*, or high boot (buskin), worn by actors in tragedy. The learning displayed by Jonson in his great comedies much impressed his contemporaries.

133-134. *Sweetest Shakespeare*, etc.; this characterization applies better to some of Shakespeare's scattered songs than to his romantic plays or his comedies as a whole. In spite of the epitaph, it is extremely doubtful

whether Milton understood or rightly valued Shakespeare's genius.

136. *Lydian airs*; the Lydian music was melting and voluptuous, in contrast with the "Dorian mode," which was solemn and martial.

139. *Bout*; originally spelled "bought," means bend, turn, or involution. Spenser uses it of the folds of a dragon's tail. It is connected with the verb "bow."

150. *His half-regained Eurydice*; an allusion to the well-known story of the poet Orpheus, who obtained from Pluto the release of his wife from the lower regions, on condition that he should not look back at her until they reached the upper air. When near the entrance he forgot the condition, and looked behind to see if she was following, whereupon she vanished from his sight.

151-152. These lines are a reminiscence from Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd*:—

"If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love."

Page 28. *IL PENSEROSO.*

3. *Bested*; help, profit.

4. *Toys*; trifles, vanities.

6. *Fond*; in the old sense of "foolish."

10. *Pensioners of Morpheus' train*; Queen Elizabeth kept a body of picked noblemen, of great wealth and personal beauty, about her as "gentlemen pensioners," whose duties were similar to those of the present Queen's body-guard. Cf. Shakespeare's "The cowslips tall her pensioners be."

18. Prince Memnon's sister; Memnon was famous for his beauty, Odysseus saying of Eury-pylus that he was the most beautiful man he had ever seen, except divine Memnon. Milton transfers this repute for beauty to Memnon's sister, though no such sister is mentioned by name in the legends.

19. *Starred Ethiop queen*; Cassiopeia, who boasted that not her own, but her daughter Andromeda's beauty was greater than that of the Nereids. In revenge they persuaded Poseidon to send a sea-monster to ravage the country. Both Cassiopeia and Andromeda were set in the heavens as constellations after their death; hence the epithet "starred."

23, 24. By assigning to Melancholy this parentage, Milton implies that melancholy is the outgrowth of solitude and youthful purity or sanctity of life; or possibly of solitude and genius.

29. *Ida's inmost grove*; Mount Ida in Crete, where the infant Jove was nurtured.

33. *Grain*; see note to Par. Lost, V. 285. Here the word probably means dark blue or purple.

35. *Stole*; usually a long, flowing garment, here evidently a kind of shawl or wimple.

*Cypress lawn*; cypress and lawn were usually distinct, the former being black, the latter white, as in Autolycus's song in Winter's Tale:—

"Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cypress black as e'er was crow."

Here the two words taken together mean "black crape."

36. *Decent*; comely, from Latin, *decens*.

42. *Forget thyself to marble*; cf. Ep. on Shak., "make us marble with too much conceiving."

43. *Sad*; sober, serious, with no suggestion of grief.

52-54. Milton has here in mind the description in Ezekiel of the sapphire-coloured throne-chariot of which the four wheels were four Cherubim, and in the midst of which burned a great fire. He singles out one of these Cherubim as the guide of the chariot. It is to be remembered that in mediæval speculation the Cherubim had as their especial gift insight into divine mysteries.

55. *Hist*; an imperative, meaning "usher along or bring along with finger on lip, saying 'Hist!'"

59. *Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke*; the dragon-team does not properly belong to the moon, but to Ceres or Demeter. Milton breaks with the classic tradition in this respect, not only here but in his Latin poems. See his verses on the death of the Bishop of Ely, In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis, ll. 56-58.

63. *Unseen*; unlike L'Allegro, Il Penseroso prefers to have no witness of his walks abroad.

65, 66.

*And, missing thee, I walk unseen*

*On the dry smooth-shaven green;*

The English nightingale is said to cease its singing about the time that the grass is mown. If this is true, these lines show a delicacy of observation unusual in Milton.

74. *Curfew*; from French *couvre-feu*, a bell formerly rung at eight or nine o'clock as a signal that lights should be extinguished.

87. *Outwatch the Bear*; as the constellation of the Bear never sets, this implies watching until the stars faded away at dawn.

88. *Thrice great Hermes*; Hermes Trismegistus, a mythical philosopher and magician, connected perhaps with the Egyptian king and philosopher Thot. Various books of mysticism and magic, written by the Alexandrian Neoplatonists and others, went under his name in the Middle Ages.

88, 89. *Unsphere the spirit of Plato*, i. e. call down his spirit from the heavenly sphere which it inhabits.

93-96. Mediæval speculation established various relations between astrology and demonology, here vaguely hinted at.

99, 100. Milton has in mind such plays as the *Seven Against Thebes* of Æschylus, the *Edipus Tyrannus* and *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Electra* and *Iphigenia* of Euripides, the *Hecuba*, and the *Troades*.

102. *Buskined stage*, i. e. tragic stage; see note to L'Allegro, l. 132. The fact that Milton speaks of examples of noble modern tragedy as "rare," shows that he was out of sympathy with the Elizabethan dramatic movement.

104. *Musæus*; a Greek poet of the mythical age to which Orpheus also belonged.

110-115. *The story of Cambuscan bold*; Chaucer's Squire's Tale. The names which follow are persons of the story. The "Tartar king" is Cambuscan or Cambynskan, a corruption of Gengis Khan, the Grand Khan of Tartary.

113. *Virtuous ring*; ring endowed with magic powers.

120. *Where more is meant than meets the ear*; such poems as those of Spenser, where an allegorical meaning underlies the story.

122. *Civil-suited*; soberly dressed.

124. *The Attic Boy*; Cephalus, the lover of Aurora.

134. *Sylvan*; Sylvanus, god of fields and forests.

147-150. The meaning is, "Let some mysterious dream move to and fro at the wings of Sleep, unrolling its pictures, until they fall upon my eyelids." The expression is so hurried that the idea is slightly obscured.

156. *Cloister's pale*; pale = enclosure. For a long time cloister's was written without the apostrophe, and pale taken as an adjective.

Page 30. TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

4. *Jolly*, from French *joli*, had not its present connotation of rollicking fun. The meaning was rather "gay" or "blithe" in appearance.

6. *First heard*, i. e. if heard before the cuckoo.

Page 30. ON TIME.

3. *The heavy-plummet's pace*; i. e. the slow descent of the weights in an old-fashioned clock.

12. *Individual*; not to be divided or broken, so eternal.

Page 30. AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

2. *Sphere-born sisters*: this is Milton's own mythology. Cf. Comus, l. 241, where Echo is called "Daughter of the sphere."

6. *Consent*; harmony.

23. *Diapason*; octave covering all the notes of the scale.

27. *Consort*; probably "society," from Latin *consortium*.

Page 31. UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

1. *Ye flaming Powers*, i. e. the Seraphim, whose name in Hebrew signifies "burning."

6-9. Masson explains these obscure lines by paraphrasing thus: "if it is impossible for your Angelic constitutions, formed as they are of fire, to yield tears, yet, by burning as you sigh, you may borrow the water of our tears, turned into vapor." The process still remains a trifle vague.

Page 38. ARCADES.

14-15. Older members of the family or friends may have been grouped about the chair of state.

20-22. The comparison of the Dowager to Latona, or Leto, mother of Apollo and Artemis, conveyed a double compliment to her and to her offspring. Likewise the comparison to the "great mother" Cybele, or Rhea, mother of Jove, Juno, Neptune, etc., is appropriate because of the Dowager's large family. The turmented crown of Cybele would have its counterpart in the duchess's coronet.

23. *Juno dares not give her odds*; Juno could compete with her only on equal terms.

26, 27. Lawes, in the character of the Genius of the Wood, addresses the male members of the duchess's family, who form part of the pageant. "For" must be taken not with "swains" but with "gentle," which is used in the sense of "nobly-born."

33. *Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs*; the ladies of the pageant.

44. *Lot*; allotment, appointment.

51. *Thwarting thunder blue*; thwarting may be used in its early sense, "going athwart," i. e. zigzag; or perhaps in its derived sense of hindering, harming. Thunder is of course put here for lightning, as often in Elizabethan literature.

52. *Cross dire-looking planet*; cross means here rather "adverse," "bringing trouble," than "ill-natured."

62-69. These difficult lines can best be made clear by quoting from Plato's account of the Myth of Er, in the tenth book of the Republic, as translated by Davies and Vaughan:—

"They looked down upon a straight pillar of light, stretching across the whole heaven and earth, more like the rainbow than anything else, only brighter and clearer. . . . Arriving at the centre of the light, they saw that its extremities were fastened by chains to the sky. For this light binds the sky together, like the hawser that strengthens a trireme, and thus holds together the whole revolving universe. To the extremities is fastened the distaff of Necessity, by means of which all the revolutions of the universe are kept up. . . . The nature of the whorl may be thus described: In shape it is like an ordinary whorl; but from Er's account we must picture it to ourselves under the form of a large hollow whorl, scooped out right through, into which a similar, but smaller, whorl is nicely inserted, like those boxes which fit into one another. In the same way a third whorl is inserted within the second, a fourth within the third, and so on to four more. For in all there are eight whorls, inserted into one another, . . . and all together forming one solid whorl embracing the shaft, which is passed right through the centre of the eighth. . . . The distaff spins round upon the knees of Necessity. Upon each of its circles stands a siren, who travels round with the circle, uttering one note in one tone; and from all the eight notes there results a single harmony. At equal distances around sit three other personages, each on a throne. These are the daughters of Necessity, the Fates, Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos; who, clothed in white robes, with garlands on their heads, chant to the music of the sirens, Lachesis the events of the past, Clotho those of the present, Atropos those of the future."

The Myth of Er was very popular with seventeenth-century writers, especially with the masque-writers, and in adapting the above passage Milton did not run much risk of mystifying his audience. The "nine infolded spheres" are the concentric sphere of the Ptolemaic

Mundus, or Terrestrial Universe. The "daughters of Necessity" may be thought of as gigantic figures sitting outside the Universe, which rests like the whorl of a spindle on the knees of their mother.

70. *Keep unsteady Nature to her law*; meaning that the music of the spheres tempers the chaotic turbulence of Nature, and makes her functions harmonious and steady.

81. *State*; here used in the sense of *dais*, or platform, upon which sat the throne-chair.

97-102. *Ladon's lilyed banks*, etc. Ladon was a river of Arcadia; Lyceus, Cyllene, Erymanthus, and Mænalus were mountains of Arcadia.

106. Syrinx, a nymph, fleeing from her lover Pan, prayed to be transformed into a reed. The Glosse to Spenser's Shepherd's Calender continues, "So that Pan, catching at the Reedes, in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind), with hys breath made the Reedes to pype; which he seeing, tooke of them, and, in remembrance of his lost love, made him a pype thereof."

Page 40. COMUS.

*Dedication.* Henry Lawes, whose name must often be mentioned in connection with Comus, stood at the head of the English composers of his time. He was born in 1595. His father was a vicar-choral of Salisbury Cathedral, and probably the boy received his first training as a chorister in the Cathedral choir. Later on he studied under the well-known musician Giovanni Coperario, an Englishman who had Italianized his patronymic—John Cooper. In 1626 Lawes was made one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. Coperario had won distinction as a writer of music for Masques; that for the Masque of Flowers, 1614, was from his pen; and Lawes soon turned his attention the same way. In 1633, in conjunction with his brother William Lawes and Simon Ives of St. Paul's choir, he produced the incidental music to Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*; and wrote single handed the music of Carew's *Cælum Britannicum*. Comus followed in 1634. Probably Lawes was responsible for the production of *Arcades*. He excelled as a song-writer. He did not belong to the line of our learned church-composers. He wrote little sacred music, little at any rate that has survived, though we possess the coronation anthem—"Zadock the Priest"—composed at the accession of Charles II. The older historians of English music—Burney and Hawkins—treat Lawes rather contemptuously. The former dismissed his music as "languid and insipid;" the latter complained that much of it was a compromise between recitative and air. Really Lawes's merit lay herein. A poet himself, he was content in setting the poetry of others to subordinate the music to the verse. Accent and rhythm were preserved, and the melody (very often a species of *aria parlante*) did not divert attention from the words. This is perhaps rare with musicians, and it accounted for Lawes's great popularity with contemporary poets—Cartwright, Waller, Carew, Herrick, and others. Herrick and Milton were not alone

in praising the favorite Court-composer. During the civil war he lost his post in the Chapel Royal, but was reinstated at the Restoration. He died in 1662. He was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. A portrait of him hangs in the Music-school at Oxford. The elder brother was killed at the siege of Chester in 1645. The following sonnet by Milton was first printed in 1643 among several laudatory pieces of verse prefixed to a volume of Choice Psalms, put into Musick for three Voices; composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers, and Servants to his Majestie:—

"HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
First taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With Midas' ears, committing short and long," etc.

The first quatrain exactly expresses the quality for which Lawes's music was conspicuous; cf. *Comus* 86-88, and 494-96. The Cambridge draft of these lines is dated Feb. 9, 1646, new style. Evidently political differences had not interrupted the friendship of poet and composer. The best account of Lawes is given in the article on him in Grove's Dictionary of Music.—*VERITY.*

7. *Pestered in this pinfold*; pestered is from a low-Latin word *pastorium*=clog or hobble for a horse at pasture. It means, therefore, "shackled," "confined." Pin-fold=pound, an enclosure for strayed cattle.

10. *Mortal change*; death, change from mortality.

13. *Golden key*; cf. *Lycidas*, 110-111.

17. *Mould*=earth.

18-21. In the division of territory, Neptune took the sea; Jove, the sky; and Dis (nether Jove), Hades.

29. *Quarters to his blue-haired deities*; quarters=assigns. Sea-gods were usually represented on the stage with blue hair, as we learn from the elaborate stage-direction printed with the old masques.

37. *Perplexed*; involved, tortuous.

38. *Horror*; in the Latin sense of "roughness" or "shagginess."

48. *After the Tuscan mariners transformed*; a Latin construction, *post navas mutatos*. The allusion is to the story of Bacchus, who was kidnapped by Tyrrhenian pirates, on his way from Icaria to Naxos. "The god changed the masts and oars into serpents, and himself into a lion; ivy grew round the vessel, and the sound of flutes was heard on every side; the sailors were seized with madness, leaped into the sea, and were metamorphosed into dolphins."—*SMITH'S Class. Dict.*

60. *Celtic and Iberian fields*; France and Spain.

65. *Orient*; this epithet was first applied to gems, as coming from the East, and later came to have a general application to anything rich and clear in color.

67. *Fond*; foolish.

71. *Ounce*; a kind of small tiger or catamount.

88-91. *Nor of less faith* = as faithful in service as he is skilful in song. "In this office, etc., means, "by reason of his office as guardian of the mountain he is the most likely person to be at hand in the present emergency.

93-99. The time indicated seems to be midnight, but the details are not easy to explain. If the "folding-star" is Vesper, the evening-star, it would not "hold the top of heaven," but be below the horizon. The "car of day," would not be just quenching its axle in the Atlantic, but would be at the antipodes. Perhaps the folding-star is merely the first star seen in the east, which would be in the zenith at midnight. "The slope sun," etc., refers to the cone of shadow which the earth throws outward from the sun; at midnight the point of this cone would be in the zenith.

116. *Wavering morrice*; the morrice or morris was a very popular old dance brought from Spain; the word is a corruption of "Moorish."

129. *Dark-veiled Cottyto*; a Thracian goddess, whose worship was introduced into several Greek states. Her rites were celebrated with great licentiousness.

134, 135. The connection of Cottyto with Hecate Milton makes on his own responsibility. The masque-writers allowed themselves great liberties in dealing with the classical mythology.

139. *Nice*; over-fastidious, squeamish.

140. *Cabined loop-hole*; the first rift in the clouds, through which the dawn-light streams.

151. *Trains*; tricks, allurements.

154. *Spongy air*; spongy, as soaking up the spells.

157. *Quaint habits*; fantastic garments. This is one of the few cases in Milton where "quaint" has almost its modern meaning.

167. *Gear* = business; originally, tackle.

189. *Sad votarist in palmer's weed*. Votarist = one who has taken a vow to go on pilgrimage; palmer's weed = the long dark robe of the pilgrim to the Holy Land, who, after accomplishing his pilgrimage, might bear a palm-branch as a token. "Sad" = serious, solemn.

231. *Airy shell*; the surrounding air, conceived of as a hollow containing vessel.

232. *Meander's margent green*; Keightley suggests that this river of Asia Minor was selected as a haunt for Echo because of its windings, which would correspond to the replications of echoing sound.

237. *Narcissus*; Echo, in love with Narcissus, pined away until only her voice was left; in punishment of his hard-heartedness, he was made to fall in love with his own reflection in a brook.

241. *Daughter of the Sphere*; cf. At a Solemn Music, "sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse."

251, 252. A forced and rather tasteless figure, which has been nevertheless much admired.

253-59. Milton mixes mythological personages here with a reckless hand. The island of the Sirens Odysseus passed after leaving Circe. Being previously warned by her, he bade his sailors

put wax in their ears so that they might not hear the singing; he himself listened, bound to the mast. Sycylla and Charybdis were much too far away from the Sirens' Isle to hear their singing. Although Circe has in Homer nothing to do with the Sirens, Verity notes that they are associated in the Inner Temple Masque of William Browne, which Milton had read. In the Odyssey, Circe is waited upon by four nymphs of wood and water.

277-290. This kind of dialogue, called in Greek *συναγωγή*, is employed by all the Greek dramatists, especially Sophocles.

287. *Imports their loss*, etc.; i. e., Is their loss of importance to you, aside from your present need of them?

293. *Swinked*; wearied, from Anglo-Saxon *swincan*, to labor.

297-304. A compliment to the two boys, Lord Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, who were about to enter. One of the chief duties of the masque-writer was to bestow compliments upon the distinguished personages who took part in the presentation.

313. *Bosky bourn* = burn, or brook, with banks covered with bushes and trees. Bourn, meaning limits or boundary, is another word.

315. *Stray attendance*; strayed attendants.

329, 330. *Square my trial*, etc.; i. e. make my trial proportionate to my strength.

332. *Benison* = benediction, blessing; hence, welfare.

341-342.

*star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.*

Callisto, daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia, after being transformed to a she-bear by the jealousy of Juno, was placed by Jupiter in the sky as the constellation of the Great Bear (star of Arcady); Arcas, her son, became the Lesser Bear. The Greek sailors steered by the first constellation, the Phœnicians by the second, whence it is called "Tyrian Cynosure." For Cynosure, see note to L'Allegro, 80. It there means "something gazed at by many people;" here it has its original meaning.

349. *Innumerable*; innumerable.

359. *Over-exquisite*; super-subtle.

360. A metaphor from casting the horoscope in astrology.

369. *Single want*; mere want.

375-380. Fattison calls attention to these lines as a description of Milton's life at Horton.

376. *Seeks to*; resorts to.

378. *Phumes* = prunes.

380. The prefix in "to-ruffled" is intensive.

393-395. One of the labors of Hercules was to fetch the golden apples from the tree in the garden of the Hesperides, guarded by the dragon Ladon. *Unenchanted* = not to be enchanted, proof against enchantment.

401. *Danger will wink on Opportunity*; "wink on" = shut the eye to, fail to see. We would look for some such word as "desire" in the place of "danger."

423. *Unharbored*; offering no shelter or harbor.

424. *Infamous*; of evil fame.
426. *Mountaineer*; mountaineer is in Shakespeare and his contemporaries almost always used in a bad sense.
429. *Horrid*; Latin *horridus*, rough, bristling.
430. *Unblenched*; unflinching. Cf. Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Milton, "You will not blanch Paris in your way;" blanch and blench are the same.
451. *Dashed*; put out of countenance, shamed.
454. *Sincerely* = entirely; Latin *sincerus*, pure, unalloyed.
455. For "liveried angels" compare the line in *Nativity Ode*, "bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable." *Lackey* = attend.
- 471-475. This passage is adapted from the *Phædo* of Plato; see Jowett's translation, vol. i. p. 429.
474. *Sensuality*; i. e. sensuality, and often unwarrantably so emended by editors.
480. *Crude* = undigested, a derived meaning from the original one of "unripe."
483. *Night-founded*; plunged in night, night-bound.
- 494-496. A pretty compliment to Lawes.
495. *Huddling*; hurrying, one wave crowding upon another.
509. *Sadly*; seriously.
517. *Chimeras*; the Chimera, slain by Bellerophon, was a beast with a lion's head, dragon's tail, and woman's body.
520. *Navel*; centre.
- 531, 532. *Crofts* that *brow*, etc.; small enclosed pieces of land near to the houses on the hill, sloping up from the valley.
548. *Ere a close*; "close" is probably used in the technical musical sense of "cadence;" if so, the meaning is, "Ere I had reached the first cadence."
- 552-554. This is a much-discussed passage. All three early editions, that of Lawes, 1637, and those of Milton, 1645 and 1673, read "drowsie frighted;" the Cambridge manuscript alone gives "drowsy flighted" (the hyphen has been put in by the editors). "Drowsy-flighted" is certainly the more picturesque; but what is to be done with "gave respite to"? The "stop of sudden silence" could give to the steeds of Sleep respite from fright, and allow them to proceed in their course undisturbed; but could it give them respite in any other sense? It is possibly this difficulty which caused Milton to leave the picturesque phrase in the one place, and the logical one in the other.
567. "Near" modifies "thou," not "snare."
568. *Lawns*; cleared spaces in the wood.
607. *Purchase*; booty.
610. *I love thy courage yet*; the force of "yet" is either "still as of old," or "although it is of no avail."
620. *Of small regard to see to*; colloquially, "not much to look at." One wonders if Milton has his friend Diodati in mind.
634. *Unknown, and like esteemed*, i. e. unesteemed.

635. *Clouted*; patched. The derivation from French *clou*, nail, has been disproved.

636, 637. Cf. *Odyssey*, x. 281-306: "Therewith the slayer of Argos gave me the plant that he had plucked from the ground, and he showed me the growth thereof. It was black at the root, but the flower was like to milk. Moly the gods call it, but it is hard for mortal men to dig; howbeit with the gods all things are possible" (Butcher and Lang).

638. *Hæmony*; a word of Milton's creation, from *Hæmonia*, or Thessaly, the land of magic.

646. *Limetwigs of his spells*; a reference to the practice of catching birds by smearing bird-lime on the twigs of trees.

655. Virgil (*Æneid*, viii. 251, 252) attributes this action to Cacus, Vulcan's son.

661. Daphne, fleeing from the embraces of Apollo, prayed to be changed into a laurel-tree. The tree was ever afterward sacred to Apollo.

675-676. *Odyssey*, iv. 219-229: "Helen, daughter of Zeus, presently cast a drug into the wine whereof they (Menelaus and Telemachus) drank, a drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let no tear fall down his cheeks, not though his father and mother died. . . . Medicines of such virtue had the daughter of Zeus, which Polydamna, the wife of Thon, had given her, a woman of Egypt" (Butcher and Lang).

685. *Unexempt condition*; condition from which no exemption is given.

694. *Aspects*; apparitions, objects.

698. *Vizored*; concealed or disguised, as with a vizor.

700. *Lickerish*; tempting to the palate, but used in a bad sense. The word is connected with "lecherous."

707, 708. The "Cynic tub" is the tub in which Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, used to sit, in scorn of the comforts and luxuries of life. "Budge doctors of the Stoic fur" means of course, in general, "Stoic philosophers;" but the phrase is not easy to explain. Budge has two meanings, "fur" (cf. Budge-row, the London street where furriers had their shops) and an adjectival meaning = "solemn," "formal." The second meaning would fit here exactly, but seems not to have been in use before the end of the 17th century. "Budge" was especially used of the fur employed in the trimming of academic gowns, and in writing the line Milton doubtless had in mind some of the solemn bigwigs of Cambridge whose pedantry and lifelessness he had had occasion to know.

714. *Curious*; critical, discriminating.

719. *Hutched*; stored. Hutch = bin or shed; cf. rabbit-hutch.

722. *Frieze*; a coarse woolen cloth, imported originally from Friesland.

732-736. Can it be that Milton believed that diamonds were found, like pearls, in the sea, or does he refer to diamonds which have been cast there from shipwrecks? Or is diamond



used in a general sense for precious stones? "They below," i. e. the creatures of the deep, has been unaccountably misunderstood as "men on earth" (*δὲ κάτω*).

750. *Sorry grain*; dull color.

760. *Bolt her arguments*; the metaphor is from the bolting of flour, i. e. the sifting out of the bran so as to leave the flour fine and white.

768-775. A rather striking statement of socialistic doctrine, considering the time and place.

803-805. In allusion to the war between Jove and the Titans.

808. *Canon laws of our foundation*; *Comus* sarcastically represents his palace as a religious institution, ruled by the Canon law, i. e. the series of laws and statutes promulgated by the Pope and the Councils for the government of the church.

817. *Backward mutters of dissevering power*; incantations muttered backward dissolved the enchantments which they had produced.

823. *Soothest*; truest; cf. forsooth, in good sooth.

826-842. The story of *Sabrina* was a favorite one with poets, having been told by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, by Warner in *Albion's England*, and by Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*; all of these poets drew upon the account in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Britons*. Milton tells the story in his *History of England*, a book which he completed during the last years of his life. *Loecine*, son of *Brut*, defeated in battle *Humber*, king of the Huns, who had invaded Britain. *Loecine* was engaged to marry the daughter of *Corineus*, a follower of *Brut* who had been made king over Cornwall; but among the spoils of war taken from *Humber* were certain beautiful maidens, "*Estrildis*, above the rest, passing fair, the daughter of a king in Germany; whom *Loecine*, though before contracted to the daughter of *Corineus*, resolves to marry. But being forced and threatened by *Corineus*, whose authority and power he feared, *Guendolen* the daughter he yields to marry, but in secret loves the other: and . . . had by her a daughter equally fair, whose name was *Sabra*. But when once his fear was off by the death of *Corineus*, divorcing *Guendolen*, he makes *Estrildis* now his queen. *Guendolen*, all in rage, departs into Cornwall, where *Madan*, the son she had by *Loecine*, was hitherto brought up by *Corineus* his grandfather. And gathering an army of her father's friends and subjects, gives battle to her husband by the river *Sture*; wherein *Loecine*, shot with an arrow, ends his life. But not so ends the fury of *Guendolen*: for *Estrildis*, and her daughter *Sabra*, she throws into a river: and, to leave a monument of revenge, proclaims that the stream be thenceforth called after the damsel's name; which, by length of time, is changed now to *Sabrina*, or *Severn*." It will be noticed that Milton uses "step-dame" loosely.

838. *Nectared lavers*; baths sweetened with nectar.

845. *Urchin blasts*; urchin meant originally "hedge-hog," being connected with French *herisson*. Evil spirits were supposed sometimes to take this form, and the word "urchin" came gradually to have the more extended meaning of "evil sprite" (cf. *Merry Wives*, iv. 4, 49), from which its present meaning of "small boy" is a natural development. *Urchin blasts* means therefore "mildew or other blight sent by evil sprites upon grain or cattle."

846. *Shrewd*; the meaning "bad" or "malicious" is usual in Elizabethan literature, and survives in some modern uses of the word.

868-882. *Oceanus*; god of the great Ocean-stream which Homer represents as encircling the earth. *Tethys*, wife of *Oceanus*. The "Carpathian wizard" is *Proteus*, whose home was the island of *Carpathus*, between *Crete* and *Rhodes*. *Glaucus*, a Boeotian fisherman, eating of a magic herb, was transformed into a sea-god and gifted with the power of prophecy. *Leucothea*, a daughter of *Cadmus*, who, to escape her husband's fury, plunged with her son into the sea, and was changed to a sea-goddess; "lovely hands" is the Miltonic variant on the "fair ankles" traditionally ascribed to her. Her son, *Meliceertes*, was identified by the Romans with *Portunus*, god of harbors. *Thetis* is called by Homer "the silver-footed," hence "tinsel-slippered." *Parthenope*, a sea-nymph, whose body was washed ashore at Naples, and to whom a shrine was erected there; see Milton's third Epigram on *Leonora Baroni*. *Ligea* was one of the *Sirens*.

897. *Printless feet*; feet that leave no print.

934, 935. Interpreted literally this would mean the head, i. e. source, of the river. Some confusion arises because Milton is thinking of the head of the nymph also. The purely ideal nature of the image is shown by the mention of "groves of myrrh and cinnamon" which follows.

964. *Mincing*; delicately tripping. The word had none of its modern derogatory connotation. Cf. French *mince*, from which "mincing" comes.

999-1008. The passage is saturated with Milton's peculiar conception of *Paradisaic love*. *Assyrian queen* = *Aphrodite*, connected with the Phœnician *Ashtaroth*.

1015. *Welkin*; sky. Cf. German *Wolke*.

1021. *Sphæry chime*; music of the spheres.

Page 60. *LYCIDAS*.

1-7. These verses are autobiographical; see Introduction to *Lycidas*.

10, 11. *He knew himself to sing*; a few pieces of indifferent Latin verse have been traced to Edward King.

13. *Welter to the parching wind*; the verb "welter" renders very descriptively the helplessness and rolling motion of an object tossed by the swell of the sea.

15, 16. The "Sisters of the sacred well" are the nine Muses of classical mythology, to whom the fountain of *Aganippe*, on Mt. *Helicon*, was sacred. On this mountain was an altar dedicated to *Jove*; Milton alone is responsible for

placing the source of the spring beneath that altar.

18. *Coy excuse*; "coy" had a stronger meaning then than now, approaching that of "disdainful." Verity quotes from Ascham, "courtiers . . . solempne, coye, big, and dangerous of looke."

19. *Muse*; poet; so used frequently.

20. *Lucky words*; words of good omen, auspicious.

23. *What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn*; it is not known exactly what insect Milton intended by "grey-fly." The time indicated is noon.

29. *Battening*; feeding, fattening; usually an intransitive verb. Cf. Hamlet, "Batten on this moor."

33. *Tempered to the oaten flute*; "tempered" probably modifies "satyrs," not "ditties." It means, therefore, "swayed by the rhythm of," or something of the sort.

40. *Gadding vine*; the epithet is a happy one to describe the luxuriant wandering of the vine. It had not in Milton's day its present derogatory sense.

50-55. Milton here addresses the Muses, whose haunts he places, for the purpose in hand, near the scene of King's shipwreck. The "steep" is either Penmaenmawr or the Druid sepulchres at Kerig y Druidion in Denbighshire; Mona is the island of Anglesey, now bare of trees, but mentioned as covered with groves by poets previous to Milton, especially William Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, and Michael Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. Deva, or the Dee, is called a "wizard stream" because of a tradition that the shifting of the channel toward the Welsh or the English side portended good fortune to one or the other nation.

56. *Fondly*; vainly, foolishly.

59-63. *The Muse herself, for her enchanting son*, etc.; the Muse is Calliope, mother of Orpheus, the semi-mythical Thracian poet. Saddened by the loss of his wife Eurydice, Orpheus refused to join in the Bacchic orgies, and was torn in pieces by infuriated menads.

67-69. *As others use*; Milton is looking at the Cavaliers, the gay hedonists of his generation.

70. *Clear spirit*; "clear" probably means "free from worldly taint."

75. *Blind Fury*; Atropos, not one of the Furies, but one of the Fates; her sisters were Clotho and Lachesis. She is not usually represented as blind.

77. *Touched my trembling ears*; a gesture of deep significance, intended here to rebuke the poet and remind him of something he has forgotten. Milton probably had in mind Virgil's

*Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynlithus aurem  
Vellit et admonuit.*

Notice how finely the broken construction above suggests the quickness of Apollo's interruption.

79. *Glistering foil*; "foil" was the term applied to a kind of gold or silver leaf placed be-

hind a gem to throw it into relief. Some such figure is here intended.

83. *Lastly*; the adverb is used emphatically, meaning "at the last Judgment."

85, 86. *Arethuse* was a fountain in Sicily, connected traditionally with the Sicilian pastoral poetry, as the River Mincius was with Virgil's *Eclogues*.

89, 90. The "herald of the sea" is Triton, whose business it was to summon together the marine deities. He is said to "come in Neptune's plea," i. e. to present Neptune's plea of innocence in the case of King's death.

96. *Hippotades*; Æolus, son of Hippotes.

99. *Panope*; one of the daughters of Nereus; her sisters were forty-nine in number.

100-102. This might seem to imply that King's vessel foundered merely because it was unseaworthy. It appears from other sources that the vessel struck a rock during a gale.

103. *Canus*; it had long been the custom of the Cambridge poets to personify the river Cam; "footing slow" suggests the sluggish motion of that stream; "inwrought with figures dim" may be meant to suggest the dim traditions connected with the ancient university.

106. *Sanguine flower*; the hyacinth, which sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, and was inscribed with the Greek exclamation of lament, *ai, ai*.

109-111. The Pilot (i. e. fisherman) of the Galilean Lake is St. Peter, to whom was given the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. Dante gives him two keys, one gold and one silver, both of which admit to Heaven, Purg. X.

119. *Blind mouths*; the immense compression of the phrase contributes to its power of suggesting passionate indignation. The spiritual blindness and the gluttony of the hired ministry are the two thoughts thus powerfully welded together.

123. *Lean and flashy songs*; unedifying and insipid sermons. Flashy is not the modern word meaning "showy," but is from O. E. *flasse*, a pool. It means literally "watery."

126. *Rank mist*; false doctrine.

128. *Grim Wolf with privy paw*; an allusion to the Catholic conversions, which about this time spread much consternation among the Puritans.

130. *Two-handed engine*; this famous *crux* has been explained in numberless ways; the two-handed engine has been interpreted (1) as the "axe that is laid unto the root of the tree," St. Matthew iii. 10; (2) as the two-handed sword of Revelation i. 16; (3) as the two Houses of Parliament; (4) as the sword of St. Michael; (5) as the secular and the spiritual power, etc., etc. The obscurity of the figure only adds to its terror.

136. *Use*; dwell, frequent.

142. *Rathe*; early, whence "rather," originally a comparative form of the adjective.

160. *Fable of Bellerus*, i. e. fabled Bellerus; Bellerus is a name invented by Milton from Bellerium, the Latin name for Land's End in Cornwall. He first wrote Corineus, the name

of a mythical king of Cornwall in the time of Brut, and substituted Bellerus afterwards as more musical. He probably meant it to stand for some mythical king or giant of the region.

161. *Vision of the guarded mount*; St. Michael's Mount, opposite Penzance, on which there were the ruins of an old Norman stronghold and an ancient abbey. A craggy seat, looking out upon the sea, was called St. Michael's Chair; there the apparition of the Archangel was fabled to appear. It is to this ghostly guardian that Milton refers.

162. *Namancos and Bayona's hold*; both these places were in Spain, Namancos in Galicia, east of Cape Finisterre, Bayona a little farther south, on the sea. Verity notes that Namancos is given only in two editions of Mercator's Atlas, and that the later of these, published in England in 1636, the year before Lycidas was written, was doubtless the one Milton used. In that edition the site of Namancos is marked on the map by a drawing of a tower, and that of Bayona by a castle. St. Michael is made, in his character of guardian angel and warrior, to look toward Spain, England's ancient enemy; looking on the map for some definite localities to mention, Milton's eye fell on these two, and he selected them, not because of their importance, but because of the musical value of the names.

176. *Unexpressive*, inexpressible. Compare this whole passage with the close of the Epitaphium Damonis. The idea of the nuptial song is a working over of the passage in Revelation concerning the "marriage of the Lamb." Rev. xix. 6-7.

186. *Uncouth*; from Anglo-Saxon *uncūð*, unknown. It will be remembered that in 1637 Milton was still an "unknown" poet. Perhaps there is also a tinge of the modern meaning.

189. *Doric lay*; cf. Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Milton, where he praises a "certain Doric delicacy in the songs."

192. *Twitched*; caught up from the ground, or perhaps pulled closer round his shoulders because of the coolness of evening.

#### LATER SONNETS.

Page 74. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

10-12. The story is told by Pliny, in his Natural History, vii. 19, that Alexander the Great, after conquering Thebes (the city in which Pindar spent most of his life), commanded that the house of the poet should be spared from destruction. One reason for this action was that Pindar had praised in his odes Alexander of Macedonia, an ancestor of Alexander the Great. *Emathian* is from Emathia, a province of Macedonia, where the monarchy originally had its seat.

12-14. "Plutarch relates, that when the Lacedæmonian general Lysander took Athens [B. C. 404], it was proposed in a council of war entirely to raze the city, and convert its site into a desert." But while the matter was still undecided, "at a banquet of the chief officers, a certain Phocian sang some fine [verses] from

a chorus of the Electra of Euripides; which so affected the hearers, that they declared it an unworthy act to reduce a place, so celebrated for the production of illustrious men, to total ruin and desolation. It appears, however, that Lysander ordered the walls and fortifications to be demolished." — WARTON. The verses in question were part of the first chorus of the Electra, 167 et seq.

Speaking of Milton's learning, Johnson says: "The books in which his daughter, who used to read to him, represented him as most delighting, after Homer, which he could almost repeat, were Ovid's Metamorphoses and Euripides" (Life of Milton). A copy of Euripides with MS. notes by Milton is extant, and one of his textual emendations — ἡδὲ for ἡδὲ — in the Bacchæ, 188 — is universally adopted. See Dr. Sandys's edition (1892) of the Bacchæ (Cambridge Press), where in the notes on 188, 234-236 and 314-318 several interesting parallels between Comus and parts of Euripides are pointed out. — VERITY.

Page 74. TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

2. *The broad way and the green*; Matthew vii. 13, 14: Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction . . . and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.

4. *Hill of Heavenly Truth*; cf. Par. Reg. II. 217, "Seated as on the top of Virtue's Hill."

5. See Luke x. 42; Ruth i. 14-17.

8. Notice the repetition of the same rhyme-word as above; purists object to this license.

11. *Hope that reaps not shame*; "Hope maketh not ashamed." Romans v. 5.

Page 74. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

6. *Dishonest*; disgraceful, Lat. *inhonestus*.

8. Isocrates, the Athenian orator, on hearing of the battle of Charonea, B. C. 338, put an end to his life. The title of Milton's Areopagitica is taken from the Logos Areopagiticus of Isocrates.

9-10. Milton was sixteen when James Ley was made Lord High Treasurer.

Page 74. ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

1. *Tetrachordon*: This pamphlet was published in March, 1645. The title signifies "four-stringed," and is explained on the title-page: "Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage."

4. *Numbering good intellects*; since, because of the close-weaving of its matter, form, and style, only intelligent persons would read it.

7, 8. *Mid-End Green*; so called because it lay about a mile from the centre of old London. Masson says, "it was a common in Milton's time and the favorite terminus of a citizen's walk." It lay in the region now called White-chapel.

8, 9. The Scotch names are selected because the Scotch Presbyterians were most scandalized by the divorce pamphlets. When the sonnet was written the chief topic of talk was Montrose's campaign. Professor Masson says,

"Among Montrose's most influential adherents in his enterprise there were several *Gordons*, of whom the most prominent were George, Lord Gordon, the eldest son of the Marquis of Huntly, and his next brother Charles Gordon, Viscount Aboyne." He also says that the three names in line 9 all belonged to the same person, the younger Alexander Macdonald, called Colkitto, i. e. the Left-handed, an officer of Montrose. See Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, chap. xv.

11. *Quintilian*; the Roman rhetorician, author of the famous treatise *De Institutione Oratoria*. He flourished in the second half of the first Christian century.

12-14. *Sir John Cheek* held the first professorship of Greek at Cambridge, established by Henry VIII. He was afterward tutor to Edward VI. and the young Princess Elizabeth. There is a special reason for the reference to him here; he had been a member of a commission appointed by Edward VI. to formulate an ecclesiastical code, which, among other reforms, advocated relaxation of the church laws of divorce.

Page 75. ON THE SAME.

1. *Clogs*; a peculiarly contemptuous tone is given by this word, which literally means weights or encumbrances put upon beasts to prevent them from straying.

4-7. Latona, after the birth of her children Apollo and Artemis, wandering through Lycia, stopped to drink from a pool. Some peasants tried to prevent her, whereupon she changed them into frogs. The haughtiness of Milton is emphasized by the parallel.

14. *Waste of wealth and loss of blood*, i. e. in the Civil War.

Page 75. ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

For the peculiar form of this sonnet (sonnetto codato) and the uses to which it was commonly put, see introduction, Milton's *Later Sonnets*. The following from Pattison will explain further: "It is of the form called 'colla coda,' a form which seems to have been introduced as early as the fifteenth century, and was much used by a Rabelaisian Florentine satirist who went by the name of Burchiello. From him was derived the denomination *Burchielleschi*, applied to a species of homely and familiar verse. This form went out of fashion during the sixteenth century, but was revived at the beginning of the seventeenth, and Milton may have met with sonnets of this burlesque form in circulation at Florence. At any rate, in this sonnet alone we have sufficient evidence that Milton went to Italian models for his sonnets."

1, 2. In October, 1646, Parliament formally abolished episcopacy ("prelate lord"), having previously forbidden the public or private use of the Book of Common Prayer ("renounced his Liturgy").

3. *Widowed whore plurality*; Pluralism, i. e. the holding by the same minister of more than one living, without rendering service therefor, was as flagrant under the Presbyterian system as it had been under the Episcopal.

5. *Adjure the civil sword*; the Presbyterians were quite willing to call in the power of the state to enforce submission to their rule.

7. *Classic hierarchy*; "Under the Presbyterian organization the *classis* is the synod or council composed of all the ministers and lay-elders of a town or district. It has certain powers over the ministry and religious affairs of the district which it represents. When Presbyterianism was established in England, the country was divided into provinces instead of dioceses, and each province was subdivided according to *classes*. The province, i. e. diocese, of London had twelve of these *classes* or synods."—VERITY.

8. *Mere A. S.*; Adam Steward, a pamphleteer champion of strict Presbyterianism against Independency. He always signed his pamphlets, A. S. *Samuel Rutherford* was one of the four Scotch ministers who, in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, drew up a Presbyterian scheme for England.

12. *Shallow Edwards and Scotch What'd'ye call*; Thomas Edwards, in a pamphlet entitled *Gangraena*; or a Catalogue of many of the Errors, Heresies, Blasphemies, and pernicious Practices of the Sectaries of this Time (1645-46), had taken occasion to attack Milton for his views on divorce. By "Scotch what'd'ye call" is intended George Gillespie (see p. 71), or Rev. Robert Baillie, another Scottish member of the Westminster Assembly, and author of a pamphlet entitled *Dissuasive from the Errors of the Time*, in which Milton's theory of divorce was also animadverted against.

14. The meaning is that the Westminster Assembly was "packed" with Presbyterians as badly as the Council of Trent (1545-63) had been with Roman Catholics.

15. "More than once the Parliament had rebuked the over-officiousness of the Westminster Assembly, and reminded it that it was not an authority in the realm. . . . Especially in April, 1646, there had been a case of this kind, when the Commons voted certain proceedings of the Assembly to be a breach of privilege, and intimated to the Divines that a repetition of such proceedings might subject them individually to heavy punishment."—MASSON.

17. *Clip your phylacteries*; i. e. rebuke your hypocritical pretension. Phylactery, meaning in the Greek, "amulet" or "safeguard" was a piece of parchment inscribed with passages from the Mosaic law, and worn by priests on the forehead or wrist. The size of these phylacteries came to stand as a gauge of the wearer's hypocrisy. Professor Masson comments on this line: In its original form the line ran, "Crop ye as close as marginal P——'s eares": an allusion "to the celebrated William Prynne, the Lincoln's Inn Lawyer, who had been twice pilloried and had his nose slit and his ears cut off for anti-Prelatic pamphlets by sentence of the Star-Chamber. . . . Since his release from prison at the opening of the Long Parliament in 1640, Prynne had been a conspicuous Presbyterian, enforcing his views in tract after tract

of a dry and learned kind, always with references to his authorities running down the margins of the pages. Prynne's want of ears and the labored margins of his pamphlets were subjects of popular jest; but Milton had a special grudge against him on account of a reference to himself in one of the 'marginal' oddities. It was clearly in good taste, however, to erase the allusion in the Sonnet, referring as it did to a cruelty unjustly endured, under a tyrannical Government, by a brave, though thick-headed, man."

17. *Baulk*; pass over, spare; an allusion to the punishment inflicted upon Prynne.

19. *In your charge*; in the charge which will be brought against you.

20. *Neu Presbyter* is *but old Priest writ large*; it is so etymologically, since "priest" is a contraction of the Greek *presbyteros*.

Page 75. TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

*Title.* For an account of Lawes, see opening note to *Comus*.

1-4. A very precise and musicianly description of Lawes's songs. He was content to make his music subordinate to the words, preserving their rhythm and accent with fidelity; so that the poetry, not the music (very often a kind of recitative), was the chief element. This quality explains his great popularity with the poets of the period, many of whom, e. g. Herrick, Cartwright, and Waller, had songs set to music by him.

4. *Midas' ears*; Midas, king of Phrygia, serving as judge between Apollo and Pan as to which were the better musician, gave the verdict to Pan, whereupon his ears were changed by Apollo into asses' ears.

4. *Committing*; matching.

11. *Story*; there is a specific reference here to a poem of Cartwright's, entitled *The Complaints of Ariadne*, which Lawes set to music.

12-14. "Dante, on his arrival in Purgatory, sees a vessel approaching the shore, freighted with souls under the conduct of an angel, to be cleansed from their sins and made fit for Paradise. When they are disembarked the poet recognizes in the crowd his old friend Casella, the musician. In the course of an affectionate dialogue, the poet requests a soothing air; and Casella sings Dante's second canzone [in the] *Convito*. . . . The Italian commentators say that Casella, Dante's friend, was a musician of distinguished excellence. He must have died a little before the year 1300." — WARTON.

"If a new law takes not away from thee memory or use in the amorous chant which was wont to quiet all my wishes, let it please thee therewith to comfort somewhat my soul, which coming here with its body is so wearied." *Love, which discourses in my mind to me*, then began he so sweetly, that the sweetness yet sounds within me. My Master [Virgil], and I, and that folk who were with him appeared so content, as though naught else touched the minds of any. We were all fixed and intent on his notes." — *Purgatorio*, Butler's version.

14. *Milder shades*; i. e. milder than those of

the Inferno, through which Dante and Virgil had just passed.

Page 76. ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON.

*Title.* About 1650 Milton lived for a time at the house of a Mr. Thomson, near Charing Cross; it has been conjectured that the subject of the present sonnet was a member of this family.

10. *Purple*; a word of wide application when Milton wrote; any rich or lustrous color.

Page 76. ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

The sonnet was written in 1648, between June 13, when Fairfax laid siege to Colchester, and August 17, when Cromwell defeated the Scottish army; see note on line 8. In 1648 the Royalists made a fresh and final effort. There were "new rebellions" (line 6) in the king's behalf in Kent, the west of England and Wales, and Scotland sent an army to his aid. Defeated by Fairfax at Maidstone, the surviving leaders of the Royalists in the east retreated to Colchester, which was besieged from June 13 to August 27. This poem therefore was prompted by, and surely breathes the spirit of, a national crisis.

It is addressed to the commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces — Thomas, the third Lord Fairfax; born 1612, died 1671. Milton and he were contemporaries at Cambridge, Fairfax being of St. John's College.

Fairfax was distinguished by extreme personal courage; several of his contemporaries make mention of it; Cromwell (*Letter xxix.*) specially commended his bravery at the battle of Naseby. Compare, too, Milton's words in the *Second Defence*, where, enumerating the great leaders on the side of the Commonwealth, he says: "Nor would it be right to pass over the name of Fairfax, who united the utmost fortitude with the utmost courage; and the spotless innocence of whose life seemed to point him out as the peculiar favourite of Heaven." — *Prose Works*, i. 286, 287. — VERITY.

7. *Hydra heads*; to slay the Lernean Hydra was one of the labors of Hercules. As soon as he cut off one head another grew in its place.

7, 8. *False North displays her broken League*; the Scottish army under Hamilton was at this moment entering England to support the king, in contravention of the Solemn League and Covenant.

9. *Imp*; a hawking term, i. e. to put new feathers in.

Page 76. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

This sonnet and the preceding one were for obvious political reasons not printed in the edition of Milton's poems issued in 1673. They first appeared, inaccurately printed, in Edward Phillips's *Life of Milton*, 1694.

*Title.* "The committee for the propagation of the gospel was a committee of the Rump Parliament. It consisted of fourteen members, and had general administrative duties in church affairs, specially that of supplying spiritual desti-

tution in the parishes. The proposals of certain ministers were fifteen proposals offered to the committee by John Owen, and other well-known ministers, in which they asked that the preachers should receive a public maintenance." — PATTISON.

7. *Darwen stream*; referring to the battle of Preston, August 17, 1648. The Darwen flows near Preston.

8. *Dunbar field*; here, Sept. 3, 1650, Cromwell routed the Scottish army under Leslie.

9. *Worcester*; here Cromwell won a crowning victory, Sept. 3, 1651.

Page 77. TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

First printed, ten years after its composition, in the Life and Death of Sir H. Vane, by George Sikes. Vane was forty years old when the sonnet was written. He had been Governor of Massachusetts and afterwards a leading member of the Long Parliament. At the Restoration he was excluded from the Act of Indemnity, and put to death June 14, 1662.

3, 4. The wisdom of the Senate, rather than the force of the Roman armies, defeated Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, when he invaded Italy; afterwards Hannibal the Carthaginian was repulsed, Milton affirms, by the same agency.

12. *The bounds of either sword*; the limits of the civil and military power.

Page 77. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIERMONT.

4. *When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones*; i. e. before the Reformation, when England was a Catholic country.

12. *Triple Tyrant*; the Pope, so called from his tiara surrounded by three crowns.

14. *Babylonian Woe*; the woe which will be visited upon Babylon (interpreted as the Church of Rome) at the day of Judgment. Cf. Rev. xviii.

Page 77. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

2. *Ere half my days*; Milton was forty-four when his blindness became total. He either speaks loosely or else expected to live to a ripe old age.

3. For the parable of the talents, see Matthew xxv. 14-30.

8. *Fondly*; foolishly.

12. *Thousands*; i. e. of heavenly messengers.

Page 77. TO MR. LAWRENCE.

4, 5. The construction is, "Gaining what we may (what may be won) from the hard season."

6. *Favonius*; the spring wind from the southwest.

10-12. To the close of his life Milton kept up daily practice in music, especially playing on the organ. "Tuscan" is used in a general sense = Italian.

13, 14. *Spare to interpose*; abstain from interposing.

Page 78. TO CYRLACK SKINNER.

1-3. Skinner's grandsire was Sir Edward Coke, author of the Reports and Institutes of the Laws of England.

2. *Themis*; goddess of Justice.

7. *Let Euclid rest*, etc.; Skinner was a mathematician and also an amateur of politics.

8. *What the Swede intend and what the French*; Charles X. of Sweden was then at war with Poland and Russia, and Louis XIV. was overcoming the Spanish in the Netherlands.

Page 78. TO THE SAME.

1, 2. The little touch of vanity on Milton's part concerning his personal appearance is characteristic. Salmasius had twitted him upon his "eyes guttering prevalent rheum," and he replied with proud asperity that "so little do they betray any external appearance of injury that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who see most distinctly."

3. *Bear up*; nautical term, used metaphorically. Cf. Othello, "A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus." This is clearly, from what follows, the sense here, rather than the common modern one of enduring steadfastly.

Page 78. ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

2-4. *Alcestis*; wife of Admetus, king of Phæria in Thessaly, who accepted death in her husband's stead, but was brought back to life by Herakles, "Jove's great son." The story is beautifully told in the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

5, 6. The reference is to the ceremonies of purification after child-birth, enjoined by the Mosaic law. See Leviticus xii.

10. *Her face was veiled*; so also was the face of Alcestis when she appeared to Admetus.

Page 89. PARADISE LOST.

Page 102, line 6. *Heavenly Muse*.

Not one of the nine Muses of the classic poets, but the heavenly power which inspired Moses on Sinai and David on Zion. Milton elsewhere names this Muse of sacred song Urania, i. e. "the Heavenly."

Page 102, line 7. *Oreb*.

*Oreb*, or more properly *Horeb*, was the name given to the whole range of which Sinai formed a part.

Page 102, line 9. *In the beginning*.

This modifies "rose," not "taught."

Page 102, line 11. *Siloa's brook*.

The pool or brook of Siloa (Shiloah) was at the foot of Mt. Moriah, on which stood the temple of Jerusalem. The whole passage is colored by classical reminiscence, the definite parallel being probably with the "dark-colored spring" which, according to Hesiod, flowed from beneath the seat of Jove. It will be interesting to compare Lycidas, 15, 16.

Page 102, line 15. *The Aonian Mount*.

Helicon in Boeotia, sacred to the Muses; Milton means therefore that he will surpass the classic poets, who drew their inspiration thence.

Page 102, lines 20, 21. To the conception of the spirit of God moving upon the face of the deep Milton joins that of the descent of the Holy Ghost "in bodily shape like a dove" at the baptism of our Lord.

Page 102, line 24. *Argument*.

Here, as very frequently, Milton clings to the literal etymologic signification; Latin *argumentum* = theme, subject.

Page 102, line 25. *Assert*.

Vindicate. The first edition inserts "th'" before Eternal.

Page 102, line 29. *Grand*.

First, original; compare *grandfather*.

Page 102, lines 31, 32. The punctuation here given, that of all the early editions, compels us to take "for" in the sense "because of;" modern editions often insert the comma after "will" instead of after "restraint," in which case "for" means "except for."

Page 103, line 57. *Witnessed*.

Gave evidence of.

Page 103, line 58. *Obdurate*.

Milton invariably places the emphasis on the penult in this word.

Page 103, line 59. Some late editions wrongly print "Angel's ken;" ken is not a noun, but a verb.

Page 103, line 68. *Urges*.

Here again Milton clings to the original signification; Latin *urgere*, to afflict, to ply.

Page 103, line 72. *Uter*.

That is, outer, the usual meaning in the seventeenth century.

Page 103, line 73. *The utmost pole*.

That is, the terrestrial poles projected outward through the intervening spheres to the Primum Mobile. See on the Cosmology of Paradise Lost, p. 96.

Page 103, line 81. *The Arch-Enemy*.

Satan, in Hebrew, means "adversary."

Page 104, line 109. The meaning is, "In what, if not in the determination never to yield to the conqueror, lies the test of not being conquered?" *That glory* means the glory which would redound to God from Satan's submission.

Page 104, line 144. *Of force*.

Perforce.

Page 104, line 148. *Suffice*.

Satisfy, slake.

Page 104, line 152. *Gloomy deep*.

Chaos.

Page 104, line 157. *Cherub*.

This word did not have in Milton's day its present diminutive force.

Page 104, line 167. *Fail*.

Latin, *fallor*: "If I mistake not."

Page 105, line 198. *Briareos, Typhon*.

Briareos was one of the Titans, Typhon one of the giants; the latter are here called "earth-born," because they were the offspring of Uranus and Ge (Earth). It was the giants only who "warred on Jove."

Page 105, line 199. *Den by ancient Tarsus*.

An elaboration of a line of Æschylus, in which Typhon is described as living in a "Cilician den;" Tarsus was the capital of Cilicia.

Page 105, line 204. *Night-founder'd*.

Benighted, — brought to a stand by the coming on of night.

Page 105, line 235. *Sublimed*.

Changed from a solid to a vapor by the action of heat.

Page 105, line 257. *All but less than*.

This is slightly illogical, the meaning being "only less than," or "all but equal to."

Page 106, line 266. *Astonished*.

Latin *extonare*, to thunder. Astonished approaches the meaning "thunder-struck."

*Oblivious*. Used in the now unusual causative sense of "inducing forgetfulness."

Page 106, line 289. *Fiesole*.

Now Fiesole, a hill on the outskirts of Florence.

Page 106, line 290. *Valdarno*.

The valley of the river Arno, in which Florence lies.

Page 106, line 294. *Amiral*.

Admiral, here transferred to the ship in which he sails, the flag-ship.

Page 106, line 299. *Nathless*.

Nevertheless.

Page 106, line 304. *Scattered sedge*.

The Hebrew name for the Red Sea signifies Sea of Sedge.

Page 106, line 305. *Orion*.

Orion, in classic myth, was a great hunter, and when placed among the stars, was given a girdle, sword, and club; hence the epithet "armed."

Page 106, line 307. *Busiris*.

Busiris, really an earlier king than Pharaoh, is here made to stand for him.

Page 107, line 353. *Rhene*.

Rhine: the older form has survived in the adjective Rhenish.

Page 107, line 353. *Danaw*.

Danube. The allusion is to the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Goths and Vandals.

Page 107, lines 364-373. These lines are a prelude for the remarkable passage which follows, in which Milton, by a bold invention, links the Biblical narrative with pagan myth and legend.

Page 107, line 392. *Moloch*.

Called in Scripture the "abomination of the children of Ammon;" he was a nature-god, typifying the destructive power of the sun.

Page 107, lines 397-399.

*Rabba* was the capital of the Ammonites; *Argob* a district of the mountain range of Bashan, here called *Basan*, and *Arnon* a boundary river to the east of Jordan. Here, as throughout the following two hundred lines, Milton uses proper names for their grandiloquent sound and vague but rich suggestion, rather than for any definite purpose of conveying information.

Page 107, lines 407-411.

The towns and mountains mentioned here all lie on or near the Dead Sea, called the "asphaltic pool" from the bitumen or asphaltus which it contains. Seon was king of the Amorites.

Page 107, line 413. *Israel in Sitim*.

See Numbers xxv.

Page 108, line 415. *Orgies*.

Used in the classic sense of rites, observances.

Page 108, line 446. *Thammuz*.

An important figure in Phœnician mythology.

He was slain by a boar in Lebanon, but came to life again each spring, his death and resuscitation symbolizing the destructive forces of winter and the quickening forces of spring. When the river Adonis became reddened by the mud brought down from Lebanon by the spring torrents, it was believed to be the flow-

ing afresh of Thammuz's wounds which caused the change of color.

Page 108, line 462. *Dagon*.

A sea-god, the national deity of the Philistines, who dwelt along the seashore. See 1 Samuel v.

Page 108, line 484. *Rebel king*.

Jeroboam, who rebelled against Rehoboam; he made two calves of gold, setting one in Bethel and the other in Dan.

Page 108, line 487. *When he passed*.

That is, when Israel passed out from bondage in Egypt.

Page 108, line 488. *Equalled*.

Used in the sense of levelled, struck down. The reference is to the tenth plague, the smiting of "all the first-born in the land of Egypt. . . . and all the first-born of cattle."

Page 109, line 495. *Eli's sons*.

See 1 Samuel ii. 12-17.

Page 109, line 502. *Flown*.

Flushed.

Page 109, lines 503-505.

For the allusion, see Genesis xix., Judges xix.

Page 109, line 509. *Gods*.

Uranus (Heaven) and Ge (Earth) had as offspring the Titans. One of these, Cronos (Saturn in Roman mythology), dethroned his father, and was in turn dethroned by his son Zeus (Jove), whose mother was Rhea. Milton's scholarship seems at fault here in supposing that there was an individual giant named Titan, who, instead of Uranus, was father of the twelve Titans.

Page 109, line 516. *Middle air*.

Mr. Verity has recently pointed out that this phrase was not loosely used by Milton to mean all the air between Heaven and Earth, but that it signifies merely the middle one of the three belts of air which were believed to be superimposed one upon the other. The middle belt, known to scientists of the seventeenth century as "media regio," reached from the point where the reflected rays of the sun lose their force upward to the tops of the highest mountains.

Page 109, line 517. *Delphian cliff*.

A part of Mt. Parnassus, and seat of the famous oracle of Apollo.

Page 109, line 518. *Dodona*.

At Dodona, in Epirus, there was an oracle of Zeus.

Page 109, line 521. *The Celtic*.

The Celtic land—a Greek idiom.

Page 109, line 523. *Damp*.

Depressed.

Page 109, line 528. *Recollecting*.

Re-collecting.

Page 109, line 546. *Orient*.

Bright, lustrous. The word seems to have been a technical jeweller's term.

Page 109, line 550. *The Dorian mood*.

Grave and stern, in contrast with the softer Lydian mode.

Page 109, line 551. *Recorder*.

A kind of flageolet.

Page 110, line 568. *Traverse*.

Across.

Page 110, line 581. *Armoric knights*.

Knights of Brittany. Aspramont in Provence, Montalban in Languedoc, and Trebisond in Cappadocia, were all famous in the annals of chivalry; Damasco (Damasus) was the scene of many heroic combats during the Crusades. In mentioning Marocco Milton had in mind the struggles between the Spaniards and the Moors. It is indicative of his subtle feeling for names that he should use the form Damasco when speaking of the mediæval, and Damascus when speaking of the Biblical city.

Page 110, line 603. *Considerate*.

Thoughtful.

Page 110, line 605. *Remorse and passion*.

*Remorse* approaches the meaning of pity; *passion* here means strong emotion, not anger.

Page 110, line 611. *Faithful how they stood*.

Supply the verb from line 605. His eye cast, etc., to behold how faithful they stood in spite of all.

Page 111, line 674. *Sulphur*.

In the seventeenth century and earlier, sulphur was believed to be the formative element of metals.

Page 111, line 686. *Centre*.

Here, as elsewhere, "centre" means the Earth, the centre of the terrestrial universe, according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy.

Page 111, line 694. *Works of Memphian kings*.

The Pyramids.

Page 112, line 737. *Hierarchy, orders*.

Milton accepted the mediæval division of all celestial beings into three Hierarchies, each comprising three Orders or Choirs. The lowest Hierarchy comprised the Angels, Archangels, and Principalities; the next higher the Powers, Virtues, and Dominations; the highest the Thrones, Cherubim, and Seraphim.

Page 112, line 738. *His name*.

In Greece it was Hephæstus; in Italy (the Ausonian land) he was called Mulciber, i. e. the welder, from *mulcere*, to soften. He was thrown from Olympus for taking the part of Juno in a dispute with Jove.

Page 113, line 795. *Recess*.

Retirement.

Page 113, line 797. *Frequent*.

Crowded, numerous.

Page 113. Book II.

Page 113, line 2. *Ormus*.

Now Hormuz, an island in the Persian Gulf; in the seventeenth century a rich emporium of the East India trade.

Page 113, line 9. *Success*.

Issue, outcome.

Page 114, lines 76-77. *Descent and fall to us is adverse*.

It was one of the tenets of the scholastic philosophers that angels are not subject to the ordinary natural laws, such as that of gravitation. Their tendency is upward, not downward.

Page 114, line 106. *Denounced*.

Indicated, threatened.



Page 115, lines 151-153.

The meaning is: Even granted that death is to be desired, who knows whether God has the power or the willingness to destroy angelic substances?

Page 115, lines 199-202.

The meaning seems to be, "The strength we have will enable us to bear the punishment of our deeds, just as it enabled us to perform those deeds; and the law which ordains that we should do so is not unjust; it would have been well to make up our minds to this endurance when we entered upon so hazardous an enterprise as rebellion."

Page 117, line 278. *Sensible*.

Sense. Compare line 97.

Page 117, line 292. *Field*.

Battle.

Page 117, line 329. *What*.

To what end, why.

Page 117, line 330. *Determined*.

Made an end of, undone.

Page 118, line 337. *Infernal States*.

So in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, Æneas, addressing the assembled warriors, says, "Hail all you states of Greece."

Page 118, line 407. *Uncouth*.

Used here with its original meaning of "unknown," "strange."

Page 118, line 409. *Vast Abrupt*.

That portion of Chaos separating the Earth from Hell, which space is apparently conceived of as a sort of chasm or gulf.

Page 118, line 410. *Arrive the happy Isle*.

Preposition omitted after verb of motion.

Page 119, line 439. *Unessential*.

Having no real essence or being, mere vacuity and negation.

Page 119, line 457. *Intend*.

Consider.

Page 119, line 468. *Lest, from his resolution raised*.

Lest, encouraged by his firm bravery.

Page 119, line 483.

Understand before "lest" some phrase of transition, such as "I say this."

Page 119, lines 488-495.

This characteristic simile shows how thoroughly Milton had absorbed the spirit of classic imagery. The elaborate working out of the figure into a detached and self-sufficient picture, common in Homer and Virgil, is foreign to the spirit of English poetry.

Page 120, line 508. *Paramount*.

Lord, chief. Old French, *paramont*, "at the top," "above."

Page 120, line 512. *Globe*.

To be taken literally; angelic bodies, moving with ease through the air, would as naturally arrange themselves in the form of a globe as human bodies in the form of a compact circle.

Page 120, line 513. *Horrent*.

Bristling.

Page 120, line 518. *Explained*.

Filled.

Page 120, line 570. *Gross*.

Large.

Page 121, lines 575-580.

Milton borrows details from the classical conception of Hades. The characterization of the four infernal rivers corresponds to the etymologic signification of their names, which come from Greek verb stems, meaning respectively "to hate," "to sorrow," "to lament," and "to burn."

Page 121, line 641. *The wide Ethiopian*.

"Ethiopian Sea," Indian Ocean.

Page 122, line 665. *Lapland*.

Long held to be the especial home and rendezvous of witches.

Page 122, line 688. *Goblin*.

Used in the generic sense of demon or fiend.

Page 122, line 709. *Ophiuchus*.

A large constellation of the northern hemisphere.

Page 124, line 842. *Buzom*.

Here used properly, in the sense of "bending," "yielding."

Page 125, line 889. *Redounding*.

Rolling in billows; Latin, *redundare*, to overflow.

Page 125, line 904. *Barca, Cyrene*.

Cities of northern Africa.

Page 125, line 927. *Vans*.

Wings, from Italian *vanni*.

Page 126, line 939. *Syrtis*.

The name of some sandbanks and quicksands off the north coast of Africa; it came to be used generally for any region of the sort.

Page 126, line 945. *Pursues the Arimaspan*.

The Arimasians, according to the legend, were a one-eyed people of Scythia, who fought constantly with the griffins, half-eagle, and half-lion, for the gold of the mines which these monsters guarded.

Page 127, line 1017. *When Argo passed*.

The allusion is to the voyage of Jason to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. His boat was named the Argo. The "justling rocks" are the Symplegades, which moved together to crush boats sailing between.

Page 127, line 1029. *Utmost Orb*.

The outermost of the ten concentric spheres surrounding the earth. See Introduction, on the Cosmology of Paradise Lost.

Page 127, line 1043. *Holds*.

Makes for.

Page 127. Book III.

Page 127, line 1. *Hail, holy Light*.

Hitherto the scene has been laid amid the darkness of Hell and the obscure confusion of Chaos; now it mounts into the cheerful sun-illuminated spaces of our universe and into the clear radiance of Heaven. The reference which Milton makes in this "Hymn to Light" to his own blindness gains from the context both pathos and dignity.

Page 127, line 3. *Express thee unblamed*.

The meaning is, "May I without incurring blame call thee coeternal with God?" In the lines that follow he seeks to justify the epithet.

Page 128, line 7. *Hear'st thou rather*.

Dost thou prefer to be called.

Page 128, line 16. *Utter and middle Darkness*.

Utter darkness, outer darkness, Hell; middle darkness, Chaos.

Page 128, line 21. *Rare*.

Seldom accomplished.

Page 128, line 25. *Drop serene*.

A technical term, Latin *gutta serena*, for the affection of the optic nerve which caused Milton's blindness.

Page 128, line 32. *Nor sometimes forget*.

That is, "And often recall."

Page 128, lines 35, 36.

*Thamyris*, an obscure Thracian bard, mentioned by Homer (*Iliad*, ii, 595-600); *Mæonides*, Homer, so called from Mæonia, the ancient name of Lydia; *Tiresias*, the blind Theban seer who figures in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles; *Phineus*, a blind king and prophet of Thrace.

Page 128, line 75. *Without firmament*.

Without sky, because the sky is inside the Primum Mobile, or opaque outer shell on which Satan is about to alight.

Page 129, line 93. *Glozing*.

Deceitfully flattering.

Page 129, line 107. *What pleasure*.

The meaning seems to be, "What pleasure could I receive from Man's obedience, if both his reason, by which he is enabled to discern the right, and his will, by which he is enabled actively to follow it, were deprived of free play and made the passive instruments of necessity?"

Page 129, line 143. *Which uttering*.

Expressing in his countenance compassion, love, and grace.

Page 130, line 216. *Charity so dear*.

So costly, involving so much sacrifice.

Page 130, line 219. *Patron*.

The use of this word in its Latin sense of "defender at law" is in keeping with the legal wording of the passage.

Page 130, line 231. *Unprevented*.

Used in the difficult sense of "unanticipated by prayer or effort;" from Latin *prævenire*, to come in advance, to anticipate.

Page 131, line 299. *Giving to*.

Submitting to.

Page 132, line 371. *Part*.

Part-song, made up of treble, bass, and mean.

Page 133, line 389. *Transfused*.

Diffused, poured out.

Page 133, line 416. *Above the Starry Sphere*.

Heaven is not only above the starry sphere (the eighth sphere, or sphere of the fixed stars), but also above the crystalline sphere and the Primum Mobile. From the point of view of the earthly singer, however, it is natural to think of the sphere of the stars as the limit of the universe.

Page 133, lines 418-421.

The opaque "convex" of the Primum Mobile shuts in the nine luminous orbs or spheres that encircle the earth, protecting them from the violent tempests, and extremes of heat and cold, of Chaos.

Page 133, lines 431-439.

The geography of this passage has caused

much dispute among commentators. *Imaus* has been usually taken to mean the Himalayas, and in this case the bird in flying toward the sources of the Ganges would not pass over Sericana, which was supposed to occupy the northwest corner of the Chinese Empire. The difficulty has been recently solved by Mr. Verity, who finds in the English edition of Mercator's Atlas, published in the first half of the seventeenth century, and doubtless well known to Milton, a range of mountains marked *Imaus Mons*, running north and south from the northeast corner of the modern Afghanistan to the Frozen Ocean. "The northern part of *Imaus Mons*," says Mr. Verity, "does 'bound' the Tartar, separating his country from Russia; and a vulture starting from this northern part and flying southward to the Ganges would pass over the northwest plains of the Chinese Empire. Judged, therefore, from the seventeenth-century standpoint the passage is quite correct."

Page 133, line 439. *Their cany waggons*.

Todd quotes from Staunton's Embassy to China, published in 1797, "Those *cany* wagons are small carts, or double barrows, of bamboo, with one large wheel between them. When there is no wind . . . it is drawn by a man, who is regularly harnessed to it, while another keeps it steady from behind. . . . The sail, when the wind is favorable, saves the labor of the former of these two men."

Page 134, line 463. *Hither*.

To the outer surface of the Primum Mobile.

Page 134, line 467. *Sennaar*.

Usually written Shinar. Milton always avoids the sound *sh* in proper names; cf. *Siloa* for *Shiloah*, *Beersaba* for *Beersheba*.

Page 134, line 473. *Cleombrotus*.

A philosopher of Ambracia in Epirus, who was induced by reading Plato's description of Elysium to drown himself, in order to achieve a happier existence.

Page 134, line 475. *White, black, and grey*.

Milton mentions three of the four great monastic orders, the Carmelites, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans, named in England respectively White, Gray, and Black Friars, from the colors of their dress. The Augustinian or Austin Friars he does not mention.

Page 134, line 481. *The planets seven*.

In ascending from the earth, the spirits would pass in order through the spheres of Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Moon, all which Milton groups together as "the planets seven," then through the sphere of the Fixed Stars (understand "stars" after "fixed"), then through the crystalline sphere, the swaying back and forth or uncertain motion (balance) of which was supposed to cause the precession of the equinoxes, technically known as "trepidation," and lastly through the Primum Mobile (first moved) to the Fool's Paradise on the outside of the universe.

Page 134, line 502. *Degrees*.

Steps.

Page 134, line 516. *Mysteriously was meant*.

Had a symbolic meaning.

Page 134, lines 518-522.

The stairs extended down through the opening in the outer or tenth sphere to the ninth or crystalline sphere, which was conceived of as a sea of limpid waters, corresponding to "the waters that be above the heavens," of Scripture. Spirits rising from the earth would of course have to pass this sphere.

Page 135, lines 557-561.

He views the universe first from west to east of the Zodiac, then from north to south. The "fleece star," Aries, the Ram, is said to bear Andromeda because Andromeda lies above it in the heavens.

Page 135, line 562. *The World's first region.*

The upper of the three layers or strata into which mediæval physicists believed the air to be divided. See note to line 516, Book I. Satan really descends through the Primum Mobile and the crystalline sphere to the sphere of the Fixed Stars, as is shown by the lines which follow. In traversing this sphere he must "wind his oblique way" in order to avoid the "innumerable stars" with which it is studded.

Page 135, line 575. *Hard to tell.*

Milton says it is hard to tell whether in going toward the Sun Satan is going "by centre" (i. e. toward the centre of the universe) or "eccentric" (i. e. away from the centre), and this has been interpreted as a statement of doubt as to whether the sun is or is not the centre of the universe. It seems more probable that he still thinks of the earth as the centre, and uses the phrase "by centre or eccentric" still further to emphasize the deviousness of Satan's course implied in "up or down" and "oblique way."

Page 135, line 598. *In Aaron's breast-plate.*

See Exodus xxviii.

Page 135, lines 602-605. *Bind volatile Hermes.*

That is, solidify and fix mercury (Latin, Mercurius = Greek, Hermes). Proteus, according to the legend, when seized by Menelaus, transformed himself into various shapes to escape giving prophecy, but at last was compelled to return to his native form. Milton likens the changes which a chemical substance undergoes in the alembic (limbec) of the natural philosopher to these supernatural transformations.

Page 136, line 606. *What wonder then.*

What wonder if here (in the sun) fields breathe forth that "elixir vitæ" which philosophers have sought to find in order to prolong human life? The "elixir vitæ" was believed to exist in the form of "potable gold," to which line 608 contains a reference.

Page 136, line 643. *For speed succinct.*

That is, girt up, so as to leave the limbs free.

Page 137, line 716. *This ethereal quintessence.*

Besides the four elements known directly to the senses, earth, water, air, and fire, Aristotle speaks of a fifth element, ether, which fills the celestial spaces and of which the stars and the spheres are made. Milton says that at the creation this element flew upward, spirited or animated with something that we can conceive of

as whirlpools of denser material, which finally turned to stars. The theory has striking elements in common with the nebular hypothesis of modern cosmology.

Page 137, line 721. *Walls this Universe.*

The rest of the ether which remained after the stars were made went to form the outer sphere of the universe, the Primum Mobile.

Page 137, line 730. *Her countenance triform.*

The moon had three mythic embodiments, Diana, Luna, and Hecate, corresponding to her three phases, crescent, full, and waning. Hence the epithet, *triformis*, which Milton borrows.

Page 137, line 742. *Niphates.*

A mountain of Armenia, on the borders of Assyria.

Page 138. Book IV.

Page 138, line 1. *O for that warning voice.*

See Revelation xii. 7-12.

Page 138, line 10. *The accuser.*

"Devil" is from the Greek *διάβολος*, slanderer or accuser. The reference is to Revelation xii. 10, where Satan comes to earth as the "accuser of the brethren."

Page 138, lines 32-41.

These lines were written as early as 1642, as the opening verses of a contemplated tragedy.

Page 138, line 39. *Above thy sphere.*

Since the sphere of the sun was only fourth in the upward succession of the Ptolemaic spheres. Lucifer had dwelt in the Empyrean.

Page 139, line 115. *Thrice changed with pale.*

Ire, envy, and despair paled his face thrice with their successive agitations.

Page 139, line 123. *Couched.*

Coupled.

Page 140, line 132. *Eden, where delicious Paradise.*

Eden is the whole region where Man was destined to dwell, Paradise a blissful garden set apart on its eastern side. See below, lines 208-215.

Page 140, line 162. *Sabeian odours.*

From Saba, a city of Araby Felix.

Page 140, line 168. *Asmodeus with the fishy fume.*

Asmodeus, an evil spirit, in love with a Jewish maiden Sara, was driven from her by the smell of a fish which Raphael had instructed Tobias, her betrothed, to burn. Fleeing into Egypt, Asmodeus was there bound by an angel. See Apocryphal Book of Tobit. The allusion seems forced.

Page 140, line 170. *With a vengeance.*

Almost in the modern cant sense.

Page 140, line 193.

Compare *Lycidas*, 113-131.

Page 140, line 211. *From Avran eastward.*

Auran, a district of Syria, lying south of Damascus; Seleucia, a city on the Tigris near the modern Bagdad. The region indicated is, roughly speaking, Syria and Mesopotamia.

Page 141, line 223. *Southward through Eden.*

The reader is to imagine a great river flowing south through Eden until it reaches the tableland upon which Paradise is placed. Under this it passes. A portion of its waters are

drawn up in the form of springs or fountains to water the garden; these rills, after flowing through Paradise, fall down the southern slope of the table-land, to join again the river, which here emerges from its subterranean passage.

Page 141, line 239. *Mazy error*.

Latin *errare*, to wander. The present literal meaning of the word was originally metaphoric.

Page 141, line 255. *Irriguous*.

Well-watered, full of rivulets.

Page 141, line 268. *Not that fair field*, etc.

This heaping up of rich allusion is very characteristic of Milton. The field of Enna was in Sicily. The spring of Castaly here spoken of is not the famous one upon Mt. Parnassus, but one in the vicinity of Antioch in Syria, near the sacred grove of Daphne, where the river Orontes flows into the Mediterranean. The Nyseian isle was in the Lake Tritonis, in northern Africa (Milton's version of the legend of Bacchus's parentage differs from the classic one). Mount Amara, according to old tradition, was a mountain in central Abyssinia, a day's journey high, on the summit of which were thirty-four palaces, where the princes of Abyssinia were educated in seclusion. *Ethiop line* = tropic of Cancer.

Page 142, lines 309-10.

Supply the words "when so" between received and yielded.

Page 142, line 323. *Adam the goodliest man*, etc.

Observe the inconsistency of statement; Milton had classical precedent for the idiom.

Page 142, line 332. *Compliant boughs*.

There is a union of the literal and derived meaning in the use of the adjective.

Page 142, line 348. *Insinuating*.

See last note.

Page 142, line 352. *Ruminating*.

Entirely literal, i. e. chewing the cud.

Page 144, line 486. *Individual*.

Latin *individuus* = inseparable.

Page 144, line 492. *General mother*.

"Common" is the expected word.

Page 145, line 537. *Sly circumspection*.

Literal meaning is possibly here uppermost; perhaps the meaning is that Satan looked back over his shoulder as he walked away.

Page 145, line 541. *With right aspect*.

That is, directly in front.

Page 145, line 557. *Thwarts*.

Shoots athwart.

Page 146, line 592. *Whether the Prime Orb*, etc.

This is one of the passages where Milton hesitates between the old Ptolemaic and the new Copernican astronomy; Prime Orb is the Primum Mobile, the outermost of the ten circumterrestrial spheres. See Introduction, on the cosmology of the poem.

Page 147, line 660. Milton's lack of humor may be detected in the extreme formality of these modes of address.

Page 148, line 716. *Unwiser son*.

Epimetheus, who married Pandora, sent by Jupiter to avenge the theft of fire from Heaven by Prometheus. Prometheus was "wiser"

than his brother Epimetheus, because he refused her.

Page 148, line 776. *Shadowy cone*.

The shadow of the earth thrown out into space is, of course, cone-shaped. The time indicated is half way between sunset and midnight.

Page 148, line 785. *Half wheeling*, etc.

Left, to shield-hand; right, to spear-hand.

Page 149, line 804. *Inspiring*.

Breathing in.

Page 150, line 911. *However*.

That is, however he may.

Page 151, line 931.

Supply "as to" or "concerning" after "in-experience."

Page 151, line 971. *Limitary*.

A word of Milton's coining; it means "set to guard certain limits," in allusion to Gabriel's phrase above, line 964.

Page 151, line 980. *Ported spears*.

Held, as Professor Masson explains, in both hands, and slanted to the left, ready to be brought down to the charge at the word of command.

Page 151, line 987. *Unremoved*.

Unmoved or unremovable; it is difficult to say which is meant.

Page 151, line 997. *Golden scales*.

The constellation Libra; a reminiscence of the golden scales in which Jupiter weighed the issue of events.

Page 152. Book V.

Page 152, line 5. *The only sound*.

An inverted construction; only the sound.

Page 154, line 142. *Discovering*.

That is, disclosing.

Page 154, line 150. *Numerous*.

Rhythmic, having the quality of number.

Page 154, line 177. *Five other wandering Fires*.

Really four, — Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, which, with Venus, the Sun, and the Moon, already addressed, made up the seven so-called "planets" of the Ptolemaic scheme. Uranus and Neptune were discovered later.

*Wandering*, because of their irregular motions.

Page 154, line 178. *Not without song*.

The spheres revolving upon one another were thought to give forth harmonious sounds, which together made up the "music of the spheres," so often referred to by the poets.

Page 154, line 180. *Elements . . . that in quaternion run*.

Earth, air, fire, and water, continually changing in fourfold combination.

Page 155, line 214. *Pampered boughs*.

It is hard to say whether or not Milton had in mind the derivation of this word, French *pampré*, Latin *pampinus*, a vine-leaf. Perhaps it is to be taken 'much in the modern sense, i. e. richly nurtured by the soil.

Page 155, line 223. *Seven-times-wedded maid*.

Sara. See note above, Book IV., line 168.

Page 155, line 249. *Ardours*.

A synonym for Seraphim, which is from a Hebrew verb meaning to burn. Dante uses *ardori* in the same sense.

Page 156, line 261. *The glass of Galileo.*

The telescope was still of sufficiently recent invention to be an object of wonder.

Page 156, line 272. *Gazed.*

Gazed at.

Page 156, line 272. *Phoenix . . . that sole bird.*

Only one specimen of this fabulous bird was supposed to exist at any given time. After 500 years of life it flew to the temple of the sun at Heliopolis (not Thebes, as Milton states) to die. From its ashes sprang its successor.

Page 156, line 274. *Sky-tinctured grain.*

Grain has two meanings, of which only one has survived in common use. One refers to texture, as the grain of wood, one to color, as in the phrase "dyed in grain," which originally meant dyed in the durable dark-red of the cocoon insect (Latin *granum*, grain or seed, in application to the seed-like bodies of this insect). For further discussion, see Lectures on the English Language, by George P. Marsh. It is impossible to say which use Milton intends.

Page 157, line 341. *Alcinous.*

King of Phæacia (perhaps modern Corcyra), to which Odysseus came in his wanderings.

Page 157, line 345. *Meaths.*

Greek μέθυ, drink; English, mead.

Page 157, line 349. *Unfumed.*

Unexhaled.

Page 157, line 396. *No fear lest dinner cool.*

The prosaic suggestion jars curiously.

Page 158, lines 415-426.

Milton is here rehearsing certain theories of the scholastic philosophy, derived from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum* and other sources.

Page 158, line 438. *What redounds.*

What is superfluous.

Page 159, lines 488-89. *Discursive or intuitive.*

Discursive reason is that which arrives at its conclusion by comparison and reflection, intuitive reason is immediate insight; the first proper to man, the second to angelic beings.

Page 160, line 577.

Here, as Professor Masson observes, we have the true chronological beginning of the poem. This method of causing previous events to be narrated during a lull in the action, is a convention of the epic form.

Page 160, line 578. *These heavens.*

The ten circum-terrestrial spheres, not the Empyrean, or Heaven of Heavens, where the angels abode.

Page 160, line 583. *Heaven's great year.*

Some immense cycle, corresponding to the earthly year; perhaps Milton had in mind Plato's "great year of the Heavens," measured by a complete revolution of all the spheres from a given relation to each other until they again assumed the same relation.

Page 161, line 671. *His next subordinate.*

After his fall known as Beelzebub.

Page 161, lines 688-89. *Where we possess the quarters of the North.*

In Isaiah xiv. 12, 13, Lucifer is represented as saying, "I will sit upon the mount of the con-

gregation, in the sides of the north." From this a tradition arose that Lucifer possessed the north part of Heaven as his peculiar domain.

Page 163, line 799. *Much less for this.*

Warburton explains these words by making "for this" refer to the preceding phrase "introduce law and edict." The meaning then becomes, "much less for the end of introducing law and edict on us, can any one presume to be our Lord." At best the passage is puzzling and obscure.

Page 164. BOOK VI.

Page 164, line 19. *In procinct.*

In readiness. Latin *procingere*, to gird in front, as a soldier draws tight his belt before action.

Page 165, line 62. *Quadrate.*

Either square or cube, as the celestial armies were not subject to the physical laws which reign on earth.

Page 165, line 84. *With boastful argument portrayed.*

Emblazoned with boastful mottoes or devices.

Page 165, line 93. *Hosting.*

Mustering.

Page 166, line 113. *Explores.*

Not in open speech, but in silent musing.

Page 166, line 115. *Realty.*

Some editors have changed this word to "lealty." No change is necessary; "reality" is from the Italian "reale," which sometimes means "loyal."

Page 169, lines 318-19. *Not need repeat, as not of power, at once.*

I. e. a stroke such as would not need immediate repetition because of its being unpowerful.

Page 169, line 326. *Shared.*

Cut open.

Page 169, line 329. *Griding.*

Smiting; Old English "gird," to strike.

Page 169, line 381. *And from just . . .*

From a just cause.

Page 170, line 429. *Of future.*

In future.

Page 171, line 514. *Adusted.*

From Latin "adurere," to scorch.

Page 171, line 518. *Found.*

Cast.

Page 172, line 541. *Sad.*

Used in the old sense, sober or earnest.

Page 172, line 544. *Borne even or high.*

On a level with the breast or above the head.

Page 172, line 553. *Impaled.*

Fenced in.

Page 172, line 555. *At interview.*

Gazing at each other; no idea of speech is intended.

Page 172, line 581. *Amused.*

At muse, musing.

Page 172, line 605. *Tire.*

Volley; cf. French *tirer*, to shoot.

Page 173, lines 623-24. *Amused them all and stumbled many.*

Cf. line 581, note. Both amused and stumbled are used in a double sense.

Page 174, line 698. *Dangerous to the main.*

Dangerous to the whole creation.

Page 177. Book VII.

Page 177, line 19. *The Aleian field.*

According to the myth, Bellerophon, having fallen from his horse Pegasus, wandered for the rest of his life in these fields. The name signifies "field of wandering." *Iliad* vi. 201.

Page 177, line 33. *Bacchus and his revellers.*

The allusion is to the dissipation of the cavaliers of Charles II.'s court.

Page 177, lines 34-38. *Thracian bard, etc.*

Orpheus, grieving over the loss of his wife Eurydice, was torn to pieces by the Mænads for refusing to sing.

Page 178, line 94. *Absolved.*

Completed.

Page 179, lines 153, 154. *To lose self-lost.*

To lose those who by their own deeds are already lost.

Page 179, line 162. *Meanwhile inhabit lax.*

Until the space left vacant by the rebel angels is filled by man, enjoy the roominess of depopulated Heaven.

Page 180, line 231. *Thy just circumference, O World.*

Christ circumscribes not the limits of the earth, but of the Mundus or Created Universe, of which the earth was the centre, and the outer circumference the Primum Mobile. See introduction on Cosmology of Paradise Lost.

Page 180, lines 261-274.

Milton attempts here, as throughout his account of the creation, to reconcile so far as may be the Biblical narrative with the Ptolemaic astronomy. The "firmament" is the whole expanse of circum-terrestrial space stretching outward to the eight sphere, that of the Fixed Stars. The "waters underneath" are those on the earth's surface, "the waters above," or "crystalline ocean," is the crystalline sphere, the ninth in order from the earth, between the sphere of fixed stars and Primum Mobile. The Mundus or World is said, by a rather bold and difficult figure, to be built on the waters of the crystalline ocean, as the earth, more intelligibly, is said to be built on the terrestrial waters. Some confusion arises from the fact that the word "firmament" was applied by the Ptolemaists, not to the whole expanse of space, but to the sphere of the fixed stars, here regarded as merely the outer limit of the firmament.

Page 180, line 299. *Torrent rapture.*

Rapture keeps its literal signification of a snatching or hurrying along. The reader must be constantly on the lookout for such uses of common words.

Page 181, line 366. *The morning planet gilds her horns.*

Interesting as showing Milton's acquaintance with the discovery, then recent, that Venus has phases like the moon. When between opposition and quadrature she is crescent-shaped.

Page 182, line 421. *Summed their pens.*

Grew their wings complete; Latin *penna*, wing.

Page 182, line 425. *Region.*

Upper air.

Page 183, line 457. *Wons.*

Dwells.

Page 183, line 467. *Libbard.*

Leopard.

Page 185, lines 618, 619. *Founded in view on the clear hyalin.*

See note to lines 261-274, end.

Page 185, line 620. *Almost immense.*

Immense keeps its original strong sense, immeasurable.

Page 185, line 640.

In the first edition this book and the next formed one.

Page 185. Book VIII.

Page 185, line 15. *When I behold, etc.*

The discussion which follows shows that Milton, although accepting the Ptolemaic cosmology for formal purposes, was still in doubt as to its ultimate truth. He may have introduced the passage to guard himself, in case the theories of Copernicus should be established.

Page 186, line 23. *Punctual.*

Tiny, as a mere point; Lat. *punctum*.

Page 186, lines 81-84. *How contrive to save appearances, etc.*

Milton here refers to the complicated devices resorted to by the Ptolemaic astronomers, to "save appearance," as successive objections to their theory arose in observed phenomena. To account for the varying rapidity of the sun's motion, they had assumed that the sun's sphere, instead of revolving around the earth as a centre (centric), was slightly displaced (eccentric) so as to revolve about a point outside the earth. Again, to account for the retrograde motion of the planets they had postulated that instead of being fixed immovably in their spheres, and performing exactly regular revolutions about the earth (cycles), they were in some cases free to move about within those spheres in smaller cycles of revolution (epicycles). The phrase "gird the sphere" refers to the Primum Mobile, which served as a kind of girdle for the universe.

Page 187, line 108. *Numberless.*

I. e. immeasurable.

Page 187, line 130. *Three different motions.*

I. e. revolution on its axis, revolution around the sun, and the oscillation from the line of the axis, which causes the precession of the equinoxes (cf. note on phrase "the trepidation talked," Book III. line 483). In line 131 the word "else" must be interpreted as "either." Raphael says there that movements of the heavenly bodies must be explained either by the old method of referring them to a series of spheres moving obliquely upon each other (thwart obliquities), or by the new method, in which the sun is saved the labor of journey about the earth, and even the "swift nocturnal and diurnal rhomb" of the Primum mobile, invisible except by the eye of imagination, is dispensed with.

Page 187, line 149. *With their attendant moons.*

Galileo had lately discovered the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn.

Page 187, line 158. *Obvious to dispute.*

Open to, inviting, dispute.

Page 191, lines 416, 417. *Not so is Man, but in degree, etc.*

The meaning seems to be, that Man is not perfect, but stands in a scale, with creatures above and below him.

Page 192, line 540.

Milton's doctrine of the essential inferiority of woman to man here finds its most open expression.

Page 192, line 556. *Occasionally.*

In response to an occasion.

Page 193, lines 608-610.

The meaning seems to be "I am not foiled (i. e. unbalanced, robbed of judgment) by the objects which my senses present to me under various forms."

Page 194, line 645. *Since to part.*

Condensed phrase for "Since it is necessary for you to depart."

Page 194. Book IX.

Page 194, lines 14-19. *Argument not less but more heroic than the wrath, etc.*

Milton refers to the three great epics of antiquity: the wrath of Achilles, as sung in the Iliad; Neptune's ire against Odysseus, as sung in the Odyssey; Juno's ire against Æneas, son of Cytherea or Venus, and the rage of Turnus because Lavinia was promised to Æneas, as celebrated in the Æneid.

Page 194, lines 27, 28. *Not sedulous . . . to indite wars.*

Nevertheless, Milton had long pondered the wars of Arthur as an epic subject.

Page 194, line 35. *Impresses.*

Devices on a knight's shield or trappings.

Page 194, line 36. *Bases.*

Kilts or lower garments worn by a mediæval warrior.

Page 195, lines 64-66. *Thrice the equinoctial line he circled.*

The picture of Satan "riding with darkness," i. e. following the shadow of the earth through space, for seven nights, is one of the most simply majestic in the poem. To circle the equinoctial line he flew around the earth three times parallel with the equator. He then flew four times from pole to pole, along the great circles (colures) drawn from the poles through the solstices and the equinoxes.

Page 195, lines 71, 72.

The existence of this stream flowing beneath the garden of Paradise has already mentioned; see note, Book IV. line 223.

Page 195, lines 77-82.

Satan had first flown north from Eden to the *Pool Mæotis*; i. e. the sea of Azof in Russia; then northeast to Of, a river of Siberia. His westward journey had been from Orontes, a river of Asia Minor, across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic to the Isthmus of Darien, and onward across the Pacific to India.

Page 196, line 170. *Obnoxious to.*

Open to harm or indignity from.

Page 197, line 245. *Wilderness.*

Wildness.

Page 197, line 249.

An Alexandrine, unless we count the last two

short syllables as extra-metrical. Cf. Book VIII. line 216.

Page 199, line 384. *So bent.*

I. e. but if he bent on tempting the weaker of us.

Page 199, line 387. *Delia.*

Diana.

Page 199, lines 393-395.

Pales, goddess of pastures; Pomona, goddess of fruits; Ceres, goddess of husbandry.

Page 199, line 396. *Virgin of Proserpina.*

Not yet having borne Proserpina to Jove.

Page 199, line 438. *Hand of Eve.*

I. e. the work of Eve's hand, in apposition with preceding nouns.

Page 199, lines 439-443. *Those gardens feigned.*

The gardens of Adonis, though not mentioned by classic writers (with the exception of a dubious reference by Pliny), are spoken of by Spenser and Shakespeare. These, as well as the gardens of the Phœacian king Alcinoüs, the host of "Laertes's son" Odysseus, Milton speaks of as fabulous in contrast with the real garden of Solomon, where he entertained the daughter of Pharaoh.

Page 200, line 450. *Tedded grass.*

Mown and spread out to dry. The passage has a pathetic side, as a reminiscence of Milton's youth at Horton.

Page 200, line 506. *Hermione and Cadmus.*

Hermione, or Harmonia, and Cadmus, her husband, were at their own request changed into serpents, to escape the miseries of life. "Changed" is used in the difficult sense of "took the place of."

Page 200, line 507. *The god in Epidaurus.*

The god in Epidaurus is Æsculapius, who came to Rome in the form of one of the serpents sacred to his worship. Ammonian Jove or Jupiter Ammon was seen transformed to a serpent in company with Olympias, of whom he was enamored. Capitoline Jove was also seen in serpent shape with the woman who bore him Scipio Africanus, here called the "height of Rome."

Page 201, line 522. *Than at Circean call the herd disguised.*

Circe is fabled to have changed men into beasts by her enchantments, and kept the fantastic herd at her beck and call.

Page 201, line 549. *Glozed.*

Flattered.

Page 202, line 649. *The credit of whose virtue rest with thee.*

Rest is hortative. The meaning is, let it rest with thee, I will not put it to proof.

Page 202, line 668. *Fluctuates.*

Literal, bends or waves to and fro.

Page 204, line 815. *Safe.*

As regards any danger from him (Browne).

Page 205, line 845. *Divine of.*

Divining, being prescient of.

Page 215, line 846. *Faltering measure.*

I. e. the faltering beats of his heart in anxiety.

Page 206, line 945. *Not well conceived of God.*

I. e. it is not easy to conceive that God should lose his own labor.

Page 207, lines 1017-20. *Of sapience no small part, since, etc.*

Adam's witticism is a trifle abstruse and ponderous, depending on the double meaning of the Latin *sapere*, either to taste or to know. The word savour (taste), he says, we apply to intellectual things, and conversely apply to the discerning palate an intellectual epithet, judicious.

Page 208, lines 1102-10.

This description of the banyan tree is famous, especially line 1107, praised by Coleridge.

Page 209. Book X.

Page 210, line 38. *Foretold so lately, etc.*

An absolute construction. What would come to pass having been so lately foretold.

Page 210, line 49. *Death denounced that day.*

In apposition with "sentence;" denounced = pronounced.

Page 211, line 84. *Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.*

The Serpent's guilt is too apparent to need proof, seems to be the meaning.

Page 212, lines 169-174. *More to know concerned not Man.*

It was not necessary for man to understand the "mysterious terms" of God's judgment on the Serpent, which referred to the brute instrument only symbolically, really to Satan; man knew not that Satan was his tempter, nor would such knowledge have altered his offence.

Page 212, lines 183-190. *When Jesus, son of Mary, etc.*

This passage is a curious conglomerate of allusions to Biblical texts: Luke x. 18; Eph. ii. 22; Col. iii. 15; Ps. lxxviii.; Rom. xvi. 20.

Page 212, lines 217, 218. *Skins of beasts, or slain, etc.*

Milton leaves us in doubt whether, to obtain the skins with which Adam and Eve were clothed, beasts were slain, or whether skins were used which had been shed by their wearers, as the snake sheds his, to be "repaid" with a youthful coat.

Page 213, line 231. *In counterview.*

Gazing at each other.

Page 213, line 246. *Sympathy or some connatural force, etc.*

Because the fall of Man had "brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Page 213, line 279. *Feature.*

The derivation is from Latin *facere*, to make; Italian *fattura*, thing made. Here used in sense of shape or image.

Page 213, line 281. *Sagacious.*

From Lat. *sagax*, keen of scent.

Page 213, lines 290-293. *Cronian Sea, etc.*

The Cronian Sea is the Arctic Ocean; Petsora (modern Petchora) is a gulf of the Arctic in "northeastern Russia;" "imagined way" refers to the seventeenth-century hypothesis of a northeast passage to China (Cathay).

Page 213, lines 294-301. *Death with his mace petrific . . . smote.*

Death forms the beginning of the bridge between Hell and the Earth by striking into "Gorgonian rigor," i. e. stiffness like that

which seized upon those who beheld the Gorgon, the uncompounded matter of chaos. This he fastened at the mouth of Hellgate as firmly as Zeus fastened the floating isle of Delos to the bottom of the sea, that there Leto might bring forth Apollo and Artemis. By the same process of solidifying the crude floating substances of chaos he carries the bridge out toward the great ball of the Mundus or created universe, where it hung from Heaven.

Page 214, line 311.

When a storm destroyed the bridge begun over the Hellespont, Xerxes ordered the waves to be scourged.

Page 214, line 313. *Pontifical.*

The present meaning of the word comes from the fact that in ancient Rome the building of bridges was a sacred function, in the hands of priests, who were called pontifices, or bridge-makers.

Page 214, lines 320-329. *And now their way to Earth they had descried.*

We must imagine Sin and Death landing and mooring their bridge somewhere on the outer and upper surface of the opaque ball of the Primum Mobile, and proceeding thence to the opening into the interior of the universe at the foot of the heavenly stairway and directly underneath Heaven-gate. Here was the converging point of "three several ways," one leading upward to Heaven, a second downward to the Earth, the third across Chaos to Hell. Entering here they are about to fly inward through the successive spheres toward the earth ball, when they behold Satan steering upward toward them, keeping, perhaps, from fear of Uriel, as far as possible from the sun; between the constellations of Centaur and Scorpio, he would be separated by nearly the whole expanse of the Heavens from Aries, in which constellation the sun then was.

Page 214, line 348. *Pontifice.*

Bridge structure.

Page 214, line 381. *His quadrature, from thy orbicular world.*

Satan implies that Heaven is square or cubiform, in contrast with the spheric contour of the World. Milton probably had in mind the description of the New Jerusalem as "four-square," as Hume suggests.

Page 215, line 403. *My substitutes.*

I. e. as my substitutes or deputies.

Page 215, lines 431-436. *As when the Tartar from his Russian foe, etc.*

In writing these lines Milton had in mind recent conflicts between the Russians and Tartars on the one hand, and Persians and Turks on the other. Bactrian Sophi = Shah of Persia, Bactria forming a part of the Persian dominion, and Sophi (Sooffee, Suffavee), being the name of the reigning dynasty. The "realm of Aladule" is Greater Armenia, so called from its last king; this country the Persian would leave waste in retreating to his capital Tauris (Tebreez) or the fortified city of Casbeen (Kasveen). — KEIGHTLEY and MASSON.

Page 215, line 457. *Divan.*



Oriental term for council.

Page 216, line 475. *Uncouth*.

Unknown.

Page 216, lines 524-528. *Amphisbœna dire*, etc.

The *Amphisbœna* is a snake which, as the name implies, was believed to go either tail-first or head-first, at will; *hydrus* = water-snake; *dipsas*, a snake whose bite produced raging thirst. The drops of blood falling from the severed head of Gorgon upon the soil of Lybia engendered multitudes of serpents; *Ophiusa*, meaning isle of snakes, of doubtful situation.

Page 217, line 560. *Megæra*.

One of the Furies.

Page 217, line 572. *Whom they triumphed once lapsed*.

Whom they triumphed over for a single transgression.

Page 217, line 579. *Purchase*.

Gain, profit.

Page 217, lines 581-584. *Ophion and Eury-nome*.

*Ophion* and *Eurynome* (the latter word means wide - encroaching), according to an obscure myth, held the sovereignty of Olympus until driven out by Saturn. Milton supposes that the myth refers to Satan and Eve, and was propagated by the fallen angels, in their characters as heathen gods. *Dictæan Jove*; so called from the mountain of Dictæ in Crete.

Page 218, line 656. *Blanc moon*.

Pale; Italian *bianca*, white.

Page 218, lines 659, 661. *Sextile, square, and trine*.

Milton here uses the language of astrology, mentioning the five "aspects" or relations of the planets to each other which determined their good or evil influence. The first aspect, called here *Synod* (more commonly called "conjunction"), was presented by two planets in a line and in proximity on the same side of the sun; the second, third, and fourth aspects, sextile, square, and trine, by two planets separated respectively by one sixth, one fourth, and one third of the Zodiac; the fifth aspect, "opposition," was presented by two planets on opposite sides of the sun, and separated from each other by half the zodiacal signs. Of these aspects, those of square and opposition were commonly held malign, that of *synod* indifferent, and those of sextile and trine, benignant. Milton seems to consider them all capable of "noxious efficacy." It would be interesting to know how far he shared the popular belief of his day in astrology.

Page 218, lines 669-678.

Milton supposes that before the fall of Adam the plane of the ecliptic coincided with the plane of the equator, but that after that event, God, in order to bring in change of season, either tipped the earth to its present angle of 23½ degrees with the ecliptic, or caused the sphere, the fourth sphere, to revolve in such a way as to make the sun journey now north of the equatorial plane, from Aries up through Taurus (of which the Pleiades, called *Atlantic*, because daughters of Atlas, formed a part), thence through Gemini (the Spartan twins Castor and

Pollux), till he reached his farthest point north in Cancer (the Tropic Crab), then again southward till he reached his lowest point in Capricorn, 23½ degrees south of the equatorial plane.

Page 219, lines 681-687. *To them day*, etc.

The meaning is: If the axis of the earth had not been inclined, the days and nights would have been equal over the whole globe, except in the polar circle, where day would have been perpetual; there the sun to make up for his greater distance (greater by half the diameter of the earth) would have rolled perpetually just above the horizon. Also Greenland (*Estotiland*) and the corresponding southern portion of earth below the Straits of Magellan would not be afflicted with the severe winter which they now experience.

Page 219, line 688. *The sun, as from Thyestean banquet*.

The sun is represented as turning from the sight of man's sin as, according to fable, it turned from its course on beholding the flesh of Thyestes's sons served up to their father by *Atræus*.

Page 219, lines 695-706. *Norumbega*.

An old name for a portion of North America, corresponding roughly to New England; *Samœd shore*, the northeast shore of Russia. The four north winds named, rushing south, encounter the two south winds from the Sierra Leone mountains of Africa; at the "storm-centre" meet also the two west winds Zephyr and Tibecchio, and the east winds, Eurus and Sirocco. The names are introduced for their sonorous effect.

Page 219, line 720. *Miserable of happy*.

From being happy. O such misery after such happiness! would come near expressing the idea.

Page 221, line 834. *So might the wrath!*

I. e. would that the wrath might light on me, as does the blame.

Page 221, lines 898-908.

This seems a kind of cynical rewording of the well-known passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, beginning,

The course of true love never did run smooth.

Perhaps the words "his happiest choice too late shall meet" refer to his own meeting with Miss Davis, as Keightley suggests. In the lines below beginning with 909, Milton is believed to have had in mind his own reconciliation with Mary Powell.

Page 224, line 1075. *Tine*.

Kindle.

Page 224. BOOK XI.

Page 224, line 12. *Deucalion and Pyrrha*; the classical counterparts of Noah and his wife.

Page 225, line 74. *Heard in Oreb*.

When the Lord appeared to Moses in the burning bush on Mt. Horeb (Oreb) and commanded him to deliver his brethren from bondage.

Page 226, line 135. *Leucothea*.

The Greek goddess of morning.

Page 226, line 159. *Eve rightly called*.

Because Eve or Havah is from a Hebrew

verb meaning "to live;" hence an appropriate name for the mother of mankind.

Page 227, lines 185-189.

The birds pursued by the eagle and the hart and hind chased by the lion foreshadow the driving of Adam and Eve from the garden by Michael.

Page 227, lines 213, 214. *When the Angels met.*

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim."—Gen. xxxii. 1, 2.

Page 227, lines 216-220. *On the flaming mount . . . in Dothan.*

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—2 Kings vi. 17. The army sent by the king of Syria to apprehend Elisha was smitten with blindness.

Page 228, lines 242, 243. *Melibœan.*

From Melibœa, in Thessaly, where a fish was caught from which a famous purple dye was extracted. Sarra is the "Latinized form of Tsor, or Tyre;" the famous Tyrian purple is meant. For the word grain, see note on Book V. line 285.

Page 229, line 383. *Our second Adam.*

Christ.

Page 229, lines 385-411.

This is the most extended of the many passages in which Milton shows his delight in the sonority and dim but gorgeous suggestiveness of proper names. The less familiar of these are: Temir, better known as Tamurlaine, king of what is now Tartary; Faquin, Pekin, seat of the Chinese (Sinean) kings; Agra and Lahor, in India; the golden Chersonese, i. e. the peninsula of Malacca; Ercoco, the northernmost port of Abyssinia, whose ruler has still the title of Negus; Mombaza, Quiloa, and Melind, on the east coast of Africa, seats of the less (i. e. lesser) maritime kings; Sofala, farther south, once thought to be the Ophir mentioned in the Bible, whence Solomon obtained his gold; Al-mansor, Susa (Tunis), and Tremisen, all in the Barbary States of North Africa. The Sultan is called "Turchestan-born" because the Turks, or Tartars, came from Turkestan. "Geryon's sons" are the Spaniards, so called from the monster Geryon, a mythic king of Spain.

Page 230, line 414. *Purged with euphrasy and rue.*

Euphrasy, "eye-bright," and rue were both believed to have the power of strengthening and spiritualizing the vision.

Page 230, line 433. *Sord.*

An old form of sword.

Page 231, line 487. *Marasmus.*

Consumption.

Page 232, line 573. *Fusil.*

Cast in a mould.

Page 232, line 574. *On the hither side a different sort.*

The sons of Seth are nearer Paradise than the sons of Cain.

Page 233, line 626. *Erelong to swim at large.* I. e. in the Deluge.

Page 233, line 665. *Of middle age one rising.*

The patriarch Enoch, 365 years old.

Page 234, lines 694, 695. *And for glory done, etc.*

Masson interprets these difficult lines by supplying words from preceding clauses: "To be styled great conquerors shall be held the highest pitch of triumph for glory achieved."

Page 235, line 773. *Which neither his fore-knowing.*

Neither, without the following nor, a difficult construction in English, Milton imitates from the Latin.

Page 235, line 831. *Hornéd flood.*

A translation of the classic "tauriformis;" the sweeping of the water to either side as it meets an obstacle gave rise to the epithet.

Page 236, line 866. *Listed.*

Striped.

Page 237. Book XII.

Page 237, lines 1-5.

These five lines were added in the second edition, when the original tenth book was divided into two.

Page 237, line 24. *Till one shall rise.*

Nimrod, whose name Milton derives, line 36, from a Hebrew word meaning "to rebel."

Page 237, line 42. *The mouth of Hell.*

For a moment Milton loses sight of his cosmology and falls back into the classic conception of a subterranean Hell.

Page 238, line 85. *Dividual.*

Separate or separable.

Page 238, line 101. *The irreverent son.*

Ham.

Page 238, line 113. *One faithful man.*

Abraham, said to be "bred up in idol worship" because Terah, his father, "served other gods."

Page 239, line 153. *A son, and of his son a grandchild.*

Isaac and Jacob.

Page 239, line 160. *A younger son.*

Joseph.

Page 239, line 191. *The river-dragon.*

"Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers." Ezekiel xxix. 3.

Page 241, line 310. *Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call.*

As Joshua means Savior in Hebrew, the Greek writers frequently translated it by the word Jesus. The roots of the two words are identical.

Page 241, line 338. *Heaped to the popular sum.*

I. e. added to the sum of sins committed by the people.

Page 241, lines 355-360. *Their strife pollution brings.*

In the person of Antiochus Epiphanes, who, coming to Jerusalem to settle the dissension for the high-priesthood, polluted the temple by entering it. The "stranger," to whom the sceptre is lost, is Pompey. The ruler appointed

by Pompey had as son Herod, whose kingship of Judea "barred the Messiah of his right."

Page 242, line 401. *Appaid*.

Appeased, satisfied.

Page 242, line 452.

It is not necessary to emphasize the second syllable of "triumphing." The reversal of accent in the third foot by which a trochee is substituted for an iambus, breaks and accelerates the movement of the line consonantly with the sense.

Page 244, lines 539, 540. *The day of respiration*. Relief, as at the drawing of a deep breath after some constraint.

Page 244, lines 588, 589. *Top of speculation*.

In a double sense.

Page 245, line 635. *Adust*.

Parched, from Lat. *adurere*, to scorch.

Page 245, line 640. *Subjected*.

Of course literal, "lying beneath."

Page 247. PARADISE REGAINED.

Page 252. BOOK I.

Page 252, line 8. *Thou spirit*.

The same "Heavenly Muse" invoked at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*.

Page 252, line 14. *Wing full summed*.

Full-plumaged; cf. "summed their pens," *Par. Lost*, vii. 421.

Page 252, line 18. *The great Proclaimer*.

John the Baptist.

Page 252, line 43. *Sad*.

In the old sense, "sober, serious."

Page 253, lines 60-64. *If . . . by the head broken, be not intended*, etc.

The meaning is: if the prophecy that the seed of Eve shall bruise the serpent's head, does not mean that our power over the earth and the air shall be entirely reft from us.

Page 253, line 87. *Obtains*.

Holds.

Page 253, lines 89-93. *His first begot we know*.

Satan is ignorant of the identity of the Son of God in Heaven and the Messiah on earth.

Page 254, line 137. *Then told'st*.

A bold omission of the subject, unless "then" is a misprint.

Page 254, lines 201-208. *When I was yet a child*, etc.

These lines have been pointed out as describing Milton's own boyhood and adolescence.

Page 255, line 255. *Just Simeon and prophetic Anna*.

See Luke ii. 25-39.

Page 256, line 302. *Such solitude before choicest society*.

A line of peculiar metre, a trochee being substituted for an iambus in the fourth foot, and two extrametrical short syllables added at the end. Such departures from the monotony of regular structure, more frequent in *Paradise Regained* than in *Paradise Lost*, mark the transition to the elaborate rhythmic system of *Samson Agonistes*.

Page 256, line 333.

The word "ought" is according to present

usage redundant; ought what happens = whatever happens.

Page 256, line 350. *Who fed our jathers here with manna*.

Not literally in the desert where Christ now is; "here" is to be taken generically.

Page 257, lines 368-370.

Job i. 6.

Page 257, lines 371-375.

And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? . . . And there came forth a spirit . . . and he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also. 1 Kings xxii. 21, 22.

Page 257, line 428. *A liar in four hundred mouths*.

I. e. the four hundred false prophets who counselled Ahab to give battle at Ramoth-gilead.

Page 259. BOOK II.

Page 259, line 16. *The great Thisbite*.

Elijah, native of the town of Thisbe in Gilead.

Page 259, lines 87-91. *Trouble, as old Simeon foretold*.

An incident of the Presentation in the Temple. Luke ii. 34, 35.

Page 260, line 125. *So may we hold*.

"So" merely enforces the exclamatory wish; not to be taken adverbially.

Page 260, line 131. *Tasted him*.

Tried him; cf. French "tâter," to touch.

Page 261, lines 178-191.

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." Gen. vi. 2. Milton calls them "false titled" on the ground that they were the followers of Satan, roaming the earth as heathen deities. The names which follow mark some amours famous in the classical mythologies.

Page 261, line 196. *Pelleas conqueror*.

Alexander the Great, born at Pella in Macedonia.

Page 261, line 199. *He surname of Africa*.

Scipio Africanus, who restored a Spanish girl, who had fallen into his hands, to her family.

Page 261, line 217. *Seated as on the top of Virtue's Hill*.

"Seated" refers grammatically to the noun (or pronoun) latent in the possessive "his" in the preceding line.

Page 262, lines 266-276.

See the seventeenth and nineteenth chapters of *Kings*.

Page 262, lines 306-311. *Others of some note*, etc.

The desert where Hagar wandered with Ishmael (Nebaioth, Ishmael's son, is named apparently by oversight), and to which Elijah the Thisbite (Thebez for Thisbe) retired, is here confused with the great desert farther south. Exactness of geography is unimportant for the poet's purpose.

Page 263, line 344. *Grisamber-steamed*.

Ambergris was formerly used as a flavoring in sumptuous cookery.

Page 263, line 347. *Lucrine bay*.

Lake Lucrinus, near Baia in Italy, famous for its shell-fish.

Page 263, line 353. *Hylas*.

A youthful follower of Herakles.

Page 263, line 356. *Amalthea's horn*.

Endowed by Jupiter, whom Amalthea had nursed in infancy, with the power to pour out fruits and flowers in inexhaustible abundance.

Page 263, lines 360, 361. *Knights of the Round Table*.

Familiar to Milton from the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory. Logres, a vague name for Britain; Lyones, Cornwall.

Page 264, line 423. *Antipater the Edomite*.

Father of Herod, appointed governor of the Jews by Pompey.

Page 264, line 458. *Yet not for that a crown*, etc.

"For that" = because. The meaning is: I do not reject your offer because of the cares of kingship, since they constitute the duty and the glory of such an office; but he who rules himself is more a king than he who rules others.

Page 265. Book III.

Page 265, line 14. *Urim and Thummim*.

Gems worn in the breast-plate of the High Priest, and consulted on important occasions as oracles, somewhat as the beryl-stone of mediæval superstition.

Page 267, lines 165-170. *So did not Machabæus*, etc.

Judas Maccabæus, who with his father and brothers led the revolt of the Jews against the king of Syria, and made himself ruler of Judæa.

Page 267, line 213. *Whatever, for itself condemned*.

I. e. Whatever my crime may have been, it was condemned, etc.

Page 268, line 234. *And once a year Jerusalem*.

"Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover."

Page 268, lines 270-309.

To arouse Christ's ambition Satan points out to him the cities and lands held by successive dynasties, Assyrian, Persian, and Macedonian, and now included in the great Parthian empire, founded by Arsaces. The power of this empire, made more tangible by the spectacle of the army issuing to battle, he offers to put in Christ's hand; or, as an alternative, the power of the Roman Empire, sovereign in the West as the Parthian in the East. The reader should not allow the erudition of the passage to interfere with his enjoyment of the gorgeousness and pomp of the marshalled names. *Salmanassar*, who carried the Ten Tribes to captivity in Assyria. *Him who twice led captive*, etc., Nebuchadnezzar.

Page 269, lines 316-321.

The places named range from the northern limit of the empire, Iberia, between the Euxine

and the Caspian, to the southern coast town of Balsara, on the Persian Gulf.

Page 269, line 329. *Indorsed*.

From Latin *dorsus*, back.

Page 269, line 330. *Pioneers*.

Pioneers, soldiers who preceded the army, to prepare the way; hence the modern application of the term.

Page 269, lines 336-344.

The reference is to a famous Italian romance, the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo, which Ariosto carried on in his Orlando Furioso. Agri-cane, king of Tartary, in order to win Angelica, besieged her father Gallaphrone, king of Cathay, with an army of more than two million men.

Page 269, lines 366, 367.

Hyrcanus II., of the dynasty of the Macca-bees, was deposed and taken captive by the Parthians while Palestine was under Roman protection. Antigonos, his nephew, was not taken captive, as Milton supposes, but succeeded to his uncle's throne with the aid of the Parthians.

Page 270, lines 409-12.

Satan having "provoked David" to take the census of Israel, the Lord gave David his choice of punishment, three years' famine, three months of defeat in battle, or three days' pestilence. 1 Chron. 1-14.

Page 270. Book IV.

Page 271, line 40. *Parallax*.

Not used in the strict astronomical sense, but as a synonym for refraction. Rome, being below the horizon, could be seen only by some deflection of the light rays from a straight line.

Page 271, line 66. *Turms*.

Lat. *turma*, a body of about thirty horse.

Page 271, lines 70-79.

The survey is first southward, to Eyene, in southern Egypt, marking the limit of Roman rule; and to Meroë, still further south, below the tropic of Cancer; thence westward to the states of northern Africa ruled over by Bocchus, father of Jugurtha, to Mauritania and the Moorish Sea, southeast across Asia to Malacca (Golden Chersoness) and Ceylon (Taprobane); then westward to Spain (Gades = Cadiz), and thence in a wide circle north and east to the Sea of Azof in Russia (Tauric pool).

Page 272, line 115. *Atlantic stone*.

Numidian marble, according to Keightley.

Page 272, line 119. *Myrrhine*.

Porcelain.

Page 272, line 142. *Scene*.

Theatrical presentation; Latin *scena*, stage.

Page 274, lines 251-253. *The schools of ancient sages*, etc.

The Lyceum was a gymnasium at Athens where Aristotle taught his followers the Peripatetics; the Stoa was a public portico, adorned with pictures of the battle at Marathon; it was frequented by Zeno, founder of the Stoic school of philosophers.

Page 274, line 270. *Shook the arsenal*.

A phrase still unexplained by commentators.

Page 276, line 411. *Abortive*.

To be taken in an active sense, i. e. tending to destroy or render abortive the growths of nature.

Page 276, line 427. *Amice*.

Properly a linen cloth worn by a priest during mass, but here used in the general sense of "robe" or "habit."

Page 276, line 457. *The main*.

The entire universe, or macrocosm, contrasted with man, the microcosm (less universe).

Page 276, line 463. *And seem to point*.

We must understand either, "at whose head they seem to point," or "and seem to be pointing out or prophesying something."

Page 278, lines 563-568.

The reference is to one of the twelve heroic "labors" of Hercules.

Page 278, line 572. *Theban monster*.

The Sphinx, whose riddle was solved by Oedipus.

Page 278, line 605. *Debel*.

Beat down in war.

Page 279, line 624. *Abaddon*.

The "fiend of the bottomless pit," here put for Hell itself.

Page 279, lines 626-632. *He, all unarmed, shall chase thee*.

Milton applies to the final "binding of Satan," or expulsion of the satanic influences from the world, the phraseology of the miracle by which Christ afterward cured the man "tormented by a devil."

Page 281. *SAMSON AGONISTES*.

Page 294, lines 28, 29. *And from some great act, etc.*

This clause is best construed with "ascended," and as correlative with "from off the altar."

Page 294, line 38. *Lower than bondslave*.

A contracted expression, due perhaps to the fact that the intervention of the concrete word "beast" has obscured the speaker's recollection of the abstract word "strength."

Page 295, line 144. *Foreskins*.

Uncircumcised Philistines.

Page 295, line 147. *Azza*.

An alternative form of Gaza.

Page 295, line 148. *Hebron, seat of giants*.

I. e. of the descendants of Anak.

Page 295, line 150. *Whom the Gentiles feign*.

I. e. Atlas, the mythical supporter of the world.

Page 296, line 181. *Eshtaol and Zora*.

Places on the sea-coast between Joppa and Gaza. The "camp of Dan," where Samson grew up, was "between Zorah and Eshtaol."

Page 297, lines 278-289.

Judges viii, 4-9; xii, 1-6.

Page 297, lines 321-325. *Unclean, unchaste, etc.*

Dalila, being a heathen woman, is unclean, under the Mosaic law, and is to be held so in spite of reason, which sees no moral force in the judgment; her unchastity, which was subsequent to her marriage, Samson could not foresee, hence that forms no part of his venal stain in marrying her.

Page 298, line 349. *What not in man deceivable*.

What is there in man which is not deceivable.

Page 300, lines 499-501.

The allusion is probably to Tantalus, punished for revealing the secrets of Zeus.

Page 301, line 624. *Apprehensive tenderest parts*.

The apprehending mind, with its delicate organization.

Page 302, lines 715-718.

Ships of Tarshish, in Cilicia, bound for the isles of Greece and for Cadiz, laden with the spices and silks of the East.

Page 306, lines 988-990.

For the story of Jael and Sisera, see Judges, chapters iv. and v.

Page 306, line 1020. *Paranymph*.

The bridegroom's companion on the wedding day.

Page 307, line 1080. *Og, or Anak and the Emims old*.

Giants of the early Hebrew mythology: Og, king of Bashan; Anak, father of the giant race of the Anakim; the Emims, "a people great and many and tall," defeated by Chedorlaomer in battle at Kiriathaim.

Page 308, lines 1120-21.

*Brigandine*, shirt of mail; habergeon, neck and shoulder piece; vant brass (vant brace), arm-piece; greaves, leg-pieces. Of Goliath it is said, "The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron."

Page 309, line 1242. *Astaroth*.

The Phœnician goddess of the moon.

Page 315, line 1619. *Cataphracts*.

Greek *καταφράκτοι*, protected, a term applied to cavalry when both horse and rider were heavily armed.

Page 316, line 1713. *Caphtor*.

The island of Crete, from which the Philistines were supposed to have come.



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